

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF  
KING LEAR,

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

WITH

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.

AS FIRST PERFORMED ON

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

AS FIRST PERFORMED, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1856

LEAR, KING OF BRITAIN,	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
KING OF FRANCE,	Mr. BRAZIER.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY,	Mr. ROLLESTON.
DUKE OF CORNWALL,	Mr. RAYMOND.
DUKE OF ALBANY,	Mr. J. P. CATHCART.
EARL OF KENT,	Mr. COOPER.
EARL OF GLOSTER,	Mr. GRAHAM.
EDGAR, ( <i>Son of Gloster</i> )	Mr. RYDER.
EDMUND, ( <i>Bastard Son of Gloster</i> )	Mr. WALTER LACY.
CURAN, ( <i>a Courtier</i> )	Mr. BARSBY.
PHYSICIAN,	Mr. F. COOKE.
OSWALD, ( <i>Steward to General</i> )	Mr. DAVID FISHER.
FOOL,	Miss POOLE.
KNIGHT,	Mr. PAULO.
GENTLEMAN,	Mr. G. EVERETT.
HERALD,	Mr. COLLETT.
OLD MAN, ( <i>Tenant to Gloster</i> )	Mr. MORRIS.
MESSINGER,	Mr. STOAKES.
GENERAL,	Miss HEATH.
REGAN,	Miss BUFTON.
CORDELIA,	Miss KATE TERRY.

*Nobles, Knights, Ladies, Pages, Officers, Guards, &c., &c.*



## P R E F A C E.

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THE story of King Lear and his three daughters, belongs to an age preceding the time recorded by authentic history, and is only to be found in the fabulous traditions of our country. Shakespeare, through the sublimity of his genius, has immortalized the name of the passionate, "foolish, fond old man," by a combination of poetic scenes, surpassing in grandeur all other creations of his stupendous mind. This play, perfect and unrivalled, as an embodiment of human misery, presents a harrowing picture of filial ingratitude and paternal despair aggravated into madness. The incidents of the tragedy are presumed to occur when the land was peopled with rude Heathens, and the minds and hearts of men, as yet unreclaimed by the softening influences of Christianity, were barbarous and cruel. It would be useless to attempt any chronological representation of the costume and architecture of Britain about the period when, if we could possibly credit the strange relations of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Romulus was yet unborn, Nitocris ruled in Egypt, and Isaiah prophesied in Israel. I have, however, deemed it advisable to fix upon some definite epoch as the supposed time of action, if only for the sake of securing uniformity of character

in the accessories of this great drama. The Anglo-Saxon era of the eighth century has been selected for the regulation of the scenery and dresses, as affording a date sufficiently remote, while it is, at the same time, associated with British soil. Ample information may be obtained respecting the military and civil habiliments of our early Saxon ancestors by referring to the delineations preserved in their manuscripts, which are without doubt real transcripts of their own days; and while it is to be regretted that the traces of all edifices anterior to the Norman Conquest are few and insignificant, we can yet, with such materials as we possess, attain a degree of approximate truth absolutely impossible in the mythical age to which Lear belongs. The tragedy, although essentially dependent on the exhibition of human feelings and passions, still affords scope for the introduction of those illustrative adjuncts which have been so successfully employed in many other Shakesperian revivals at this theatre.

In accordance, therefore, with the principle which has heretofore guided my efforts, and under the firm belief that accuracy of detail is on all occasions not only necessary, but advantageous on the stage, I trust that the attempt I have made in the present instance to realize a picture of early English history, will be again accepted as a pleasing and instructive appendage to the intellectual lessons of the author.

CHARLES KEAN.

# KING LEAR.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A CHAMBER IN KING LEAR'S PALACE.

*Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

*Kent.* I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord ?

*Glo.* His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, his mother could. Do you smell a fault ?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.<sup>1</sup>

*Glo.* But I have, Sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this,<sup>2</sup> who yet is no dearer in my account ; though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better,

<sup>1</sup> Handsome.

<sup>2</sup> About a year.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years;<sup>3</sup> and away he shall again. (*Trumpets sound without.*) The king is coming.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A ROOM OF STATE IN KING LEAR'S PALACE.

KING LEAR on his throne (A), attended by CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, KENT, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, the Royal Sword Bearer (B), Nobles, Knights, Ladies, Pages, and Musicians (c).

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLOSTER and Attendants.*]

*Lear.* Meantime, we shall express our darker purpose.<sup>4</sup> Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent<sup>5</sup> To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will<sup>6</sup> to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters, Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir, I  
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

<sup>3</sup> — *out nine years,*] absent nine years.

<sup>4</sup> *Id est.,* we will discover the reason (not yet communicated and therefore *doubt*) by which we shall regulate the partition of the kingdom.

<sup>5</sup> Determined resolution.

<sup>6</sup> A determination.

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;  
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*Cor.* What shall Cordelia do ?—Love and be silent.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,  
 With shadowy forests and wide-skirted meads,  
 We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issue  
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self-metal as my sister,  
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
 I find, she names my very deed of love ;  
 Only she comes too short,—I am alone felicitate<sup>7</sup>  
 In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then poor Cordelia ! [aside.  
 And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's  
 More richer than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;  
 No less in space, validity,<sup>8</sup> and pleasure,  
 Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
 Although the last, not least ; to whose young love  
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
 Strive to be interest'd ;<sup>9</sup> what can you say, to win  
 A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing ?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
 My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty  
 According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little,  
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.

<sup>7</sup> Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits.

<sup>8</sup> Made happy.

<sup>9</sup> Value.

<sup>10</sup> From the French verb, *intresser*.

*Cor.* Good, my lord,  
You gave me being, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,  
They love you, all? Happly,<sup>11</sup> when I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry, like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

*Cor.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?<sup>12</sup>

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Thy truth then be thy dower:  
For by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
And, as a stranger to my heart and me,  
Hold thee, from this,<sup>13</sup> for ever.

*Kent.* Good, my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!  
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:  
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To Cordelia.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?  
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly course,  
With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

<sup>11</sup> Perhaps.

<sup>12</sup> Unkind.

<sup>13</sup> From this time.

Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain  
 The name, and all the additions<sup>14</sup> to a king;  
 The sway, revenue, execution of the test,<sup>15</sup>  
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
 This coronet part between you. [Giving the crown.

*Kent.* Royal Lear,  
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd—  
*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.  
*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
 When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life no more.  
*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
 To wage against thine enemies; <sup>16</sup> nor fear to lose it,  
 Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!  
*Kent.* See better, Lear.  
*Lear.* Now by Apollo,—  
*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,  
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!  
 [Laying his hand on his sword

*Alb. Corn.* Dear Sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;  
 Kill thy physician;  
 For, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
 I'll tell thee thou dost evil.  
*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!  
 On thine allegiance hear me!—  
 Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
 (Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,

<sup>14</sup> Titles.

<sup>15</sup> All the other business.

<sup>16</sup> *Id est.*, I never regarded my life as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a pawn or pledge, to be employed in waging war against your enemies.

<sup>17</sup> Pride exorbitant—passing due bounds.

To come betwixt our sentence and our power;<sup>18</sup>  
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,) Our potency made good,<sup>19</sup> take thy reward.  
 Five days we do allot thee for provision,  
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
 The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,  
 This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,  
 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
 The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[To CORDELIA.

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—  
 And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
 Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;  
 He'll shape his old course<sup>20</sup> in a country new. [Exit.

*Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.*

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,  
 We first address towards you, who with this king  
 Hath rivall'd for our daughter.  
 Sir, there she stands;  
 If aught within that little, seeming<sup>21</sup> substance,  
 Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
 And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
 She's there, and she is yours,  
 Take her, or leave her.

<sup>18</sup> Our power to execute that sentence.

<sup>19</sup> In the full power of our authority.

<sup>20</sup> Follow his old mode of life—he will continue to act upon the same principles.

<sup>21</sup> Specious.

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal Sir ;  
 Election makes not up on such conditions.<sup>23</sup>

*Lear.* Then leave her, Sir ; for by the power that made me,  
 I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE.

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
 To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you  
 To avert<sup>24</sup> your liking a more worthier way,  
 Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange !  
 That she, that even but now was your best object,  
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
 The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time  
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
 So many folds of favour !

*Cor.* Yet beseech your majesty, that you make known  
 It is no vicious blot, nor other soulness,  
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :  
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;  
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
 That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,  
 Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

*France.* Is it but this ?<sup>25</sup> a tardiness in nature,  
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
 That it intends to do ?  
 Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;  
 Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd ;  
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :  
 Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :

<sup>23</sup> Election comes not to a decision.

<sup>24</sup> To turn.

<sup>25</sup> Is it no more than this ?

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.<sup>26</sup>

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we  
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—Therefore begone,  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.<sup>27</sup>—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. *Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, GLOSTER,*  
*and Attendants.*]

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:  
To your professing bosoms I commit him:  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So farewell to you both.

*Gon.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Reg.* Let your study  
Be, to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning<sup>28</sup> hides;  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.—  
Well may you prosper.

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

### SCENE III.—A HALL IN THE EARL OF GLOSTER'S CASTLE.

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess;<sup>29</sup> to thy law  
My services are bound: Wherefore should I

<sup>26</sup> Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. *Here and where* have the power of nouns.

<sup>27</sup> Blessing.

<sup>28</sup> Cunning thinly concealed—thinly spread over.

<sup>29</sup> In allusion to his birth as a natural son.

Stand in the plague of custom,<sup>20</sup> and permit  
 The curiosity of nations<sup>20</sup> to deprive me,<sup>21</sup>  
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
 Leg of a brother? Why branded? Wherefore base?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as generous; and my shape as true,  
 As honest madam's issue? Well then,  
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow—I prosper.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!  
 And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd<sup>22</sup> his power!  
 Confin'd to exhibition!<sup>23</sup> All this done  
 Upon the gad!<sup>24</sup> Edmund! how now? what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No? What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? Let's see.

*Edm.* I beseech you, Sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

<sup>20</sup> Wherefore should I submit tamely to the plague, and injustice of custom.

<sup>21</sup> The over nice scrupulousness.

<sup>22</sup> To disinherit.

<sup>23</sup> To subscribe is to transfer.

<sup>24</sup> Exhibition is allowance.

*Glo.* Done upon the gad!] viz., to act upon the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly.—JOHNSON.

“Gad” also means an iron bar; and some commentators suppose that the expression is analogous to the phrase “strike the iron while it is hot.”

*Glo.* Give me the letter, Sir.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote  
this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.<sup>15</sup>

*Glo.* (reads.) "This policy, and reverence of age, makes  
the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes  
from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find  
an idle and fond bondage<sup>16</sup> in the oppression of aged tyranny;  
who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come  
to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would  
sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for  
ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR,"—Humph  
—Conspiracy! "Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy."  
My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this?—a heart  
and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who  
brought it?

*Edm.* I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is  
not in the contents.

*Glo.* O villain! villain!—Unnatural villain! Go, sirrah,  
seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where  
you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance  
have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay  
than this very evening.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him  
—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out, I pray you;  
frame the business after your own wisdom.

*Edm.* I will seek him, Sir, presently; convey the business  
as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no  
good to us: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide;  
in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord: in palaces, treason;  
and the bond crack'd between son and father.—Find out this  
villain, Edmund! it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—  
And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence,  
honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit GLOSTER.]

<sup>15</sup> — [taste of my virtue.] *Id est*, a test, trial, or proof of my virtue.

<sup>16</sup> Idle and weak bondage.

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters; the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards and liars, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of licentious man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!

Enter EDGAR.

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses. When saw you my father last?

*Edg.* Why, the night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

*Edg.* Arm'd brother?

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: Pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.— [Exit EDGAR.  
A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,

That he respects none : an whose foolish honesty  
 My practices ride easy !—I see the business.—  
 Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :  
 All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—A COURT-YARD IN THE DUKE OF ALBANY'S PALACE.

*Enter GONERIL, STEWARD, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Stew.* Ay, Madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me : I'll not endure it ; His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle :—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick. [Horns without.]

*Stew.* He's coming, Madam ; I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question : If he dislike it, let him to my sister. Remember what I have said.

*Stew.* Very well, Madam. [Exit.]

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* Now, banish'd Kent,  
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
 (So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
 Shall find thee full of labours. {Horns without.}

*Enter LEAR, returning from the Boar Chase, attended by his KNIGHTS and HUNTMEN.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go, get it ready. (Exit an Attendant) How now, what art thou ?

*Kent.* A man, Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess ? What would'st thou with us ?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust ; to love him that is

honest ; to converse<sup>17</sup> with him that is wise, and says little ; to fight when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.(5)

*Lear.* What art thou ?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough.—What wouldst thou ?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve ?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow ?

*Kent.* No, Sir ; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that ?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do ?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in ; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou ?

*Kent.* Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing ; I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me ; thou shalt serve me.—Dinner, ho, dinner !—Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither :

*Enter STEWARD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter ?

*Stew.* So please you,—

[Exit.

*Lear.* What says the fellow there ? Call the clodpole back. (*Exit a KNIGHT.*) Where's my fool, ho.—I think the world's asleep.—How now ? (*Re-enter KNIGHT,*) Where's that mongrel ?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him ?

<sup>17</sup> —— to converse] to keep company.

*Knight.* Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Gent.* My lord, I knew not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ~~conveniuous~~ affection as you were wont.

*Lear.* Ha! say'st thou so? Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.<sup>23</sup>

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. (*Kent*—*a Knight.*) Go you, call hither my fool.

[Exit another *Knight.*]

#### Re-enter STEWARD.

•*O,* you Sir, you Sir, come you hither. Who am I, Sir?

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father! my lord's knave; you dog! you slave! you cur!

*Stew.* I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you pardon me.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, ~~you base~~ foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

\**Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences.

[Pushes the *Steward* out.]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [Giving *KENT* money.]

<sup>23</sup> Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.] This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him.—STEEVENS.

## Enter FOOL (S)

*Fool.* Let me hire him too ; Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap.*

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave ? how dost thou ?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool ?

*Fool.* Why ? For taking one's part that is out of favour. There, take my coxcomb.<sup>10</sup> Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.

*Lear.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* You gave me nothing for't : Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing,

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to ; he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.

*Lear.* A bitter fool !

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, nuncle, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

*Lear.* No, lad ; teach me.

*Fool.* (Singing.) That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand :

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear ;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, 'faith ! lords and great men, and ladies too,

<sup>10</sup> —— take my coxcomb :] Meaning his cap, called so, because, on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.—WAKEMAN.

they will not let me have all fool to myself. Why, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away.

(Singing.) Then they for sudden joy did weep,  
And I for sorrow sung,  
That such a king should play bo-peep,  
And go the fools among.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of song, sirrah?

*Fool.* Ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL, attended.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on?<sup>40</sup>  
Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Once thou had'st no need to care for her frowning. Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face (*to Goneril*) bids me, though you say nothing. Mum; mum.

(Singing.) He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
Weary of all, shall want some.

*Gon.* Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
But other of your insolent retinue  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth  
In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir,  
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,  
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,  
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,  
That you protect this course, and put it on<sup>41</sup>  
By your allowance,<sup>42</sup> which, if you should, the fault  
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

*Fool.* For you trow, nuncle,  
(Singing.) The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, Sir, I would, you would make use of that

<sup>40</sup> In allusion to the frontlet, which was anciently part of a woman's dress, to which Lear compares her frowning brows.

<sup>41</sup> To promote—push it forward.

<sup>42</sup> — allowance,] approbation.

good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught;<sup>43</sup> and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

*Lear.* Does any here know me? Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Who is it that can tell me who I am? Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* Come, Sir; This admiration is much o' the favour<sup>44</sup> Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright: As you are old and reverend, you should be wise: Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn, More than a grac'd palace. Be then desir'd By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train; Take half away, and see the remainder To be such men at may besort your age, And know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!— Saddle my horses! call my train together! Degenerate viper! I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, Sir, are you come? Is it your will? (to ALBANY.) Speak, Sir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous, when thou shov'st thee in a child, Than the sea-monster.<sup>45</sup>

<sup>43</sup> — fraught;] stored.

<sup>44</sup> — favour] complexion.

<sup>45</sup> The sea-monster is supposed to be the Hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impurity and ingratitude.

*Alb.* Pray, Sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite ! thou liest ! [To GONERIL.  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know ;  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worshipes of their name.—O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !  
Which, like an engine,<sup>44</sup> wrench'd my frame of nature  
From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear,  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [Striking his head,  
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this ?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause,

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap—  
Within a fortnight ?

*Alb.* What's the matter, Sir ?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am ashamed  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :

[To GONERIL.  
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon  
thee !

The untemed<sup>45</sup> woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee ! Old fond eyes,  
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;  
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay.—Yet have I left a daughter !  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find  
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord. Hear, nature, hear ;  
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if  
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !

<sup>44</sup> —— *engine*,] the instrument of torture called the rack.

<sup>45</sup> —— *untemed*,] undressed.

Into her womb convey sterility !  
 Dry up in her the organs of increase ;  
 And from her derogate body<sup>44</sup> never spring  
 A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,  
 Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,  
 And be a thwart disnatur'd<sup>45</sup> torment to her.  
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;  
 With cadent tears<sup>46</sup> fret channels in her cheeks ;  
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,<sup>47</sup>  
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel  
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
 To have a thankless child. Away ! away !      [Exeunt.

<sup>44</sup> Derogate for degraded—blasted.

<sup>45</sup> —— *disnatur'd*] wanting in natural affection.

<sup>46</sup> —— *cadent tears*] falling tears.

<sup>47</sup> —— *pains, and benefits*,] pains and good offices which Goneril, as a mother, bestows upon her child.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIRST.

(a) *Enter King Lear.*] Shakespeare found the story of King Lear in his favourite historian Holinshed, who had abridged it from the chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Holinshed relates as follows :—

"Leir, the son of Bladud, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3195. At what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda. This Leir was a prince of noble demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He made the town of Cairleir, now called Leicester, which standeth upon the river of Dore. It is writ that he had by his wife three daughters, without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, which daughters he greatly loved, but especially the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder.

"When this Leir was come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved to the succession of the kingdom; therefore, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him: the which, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her; with which answer the father, being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him? which answered (confirming her sayings with great oaths) that she loved him more than tongue can express, and far above all other creatures in the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordilla, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him: unto whom she made this answer as followeth:—Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal you have always borne towards me (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me), I protest to you that I have always loved you, and shall continually while I live, love you as my natural father; and if you would more understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.

"The father being nothing content with this answer, married the two eldest daughters, the one unto the duke of Cornwall, named Henninus, and the other unto the duke of Albania, called Magianus; and betwixt them, after his death he willed and ordained his land should be divided, and the one-half thereof should be immediately assigned unto them in hand; but for the third daughter, Cordilla, he reserved nothing.

"Yet it fortuned that one of the princes of Gallia (which is now

called France), whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordilla, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her to wife; to whom answer was made, that he might have his daughter, but for any dower he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other sisters already.

" Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer of denial to receive anything by way of dower with Cordilla, took her to wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her person and amiable virtues. This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those days, as in the Britiah history it is recorded. But to proceed; after that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and rent from him the governance of the land, upon conditions to be continued for term of life: by the which he was put to his pension; that is, to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in process of time was diminished, as well by Meglianus as by Henninus.

" But the greatest grief that Leir took was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little, in so much that, going from the one to the other, he was brought to that misery that they would allow him only one servant to wait upon him. In the end, such was the unkindness, or, as I may say, the unnaturalness, which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past, that, being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallie, there to seek some comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordilla, whom before he hated.

" The lady Cordilla, hearing he was arrived in poor estate, she first sent to him privately a sum of money to apparel himself withall, and to retain a certain number of servants, that might attend upon him in honourable wise, as apperteyned to the estate which he had borne. And then, so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so joyfully, honorably, and lovingly received, both by his son-in-law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordilla, that his heart was greatly comforted: for he was no less honoured than if he had been king of the whole countrey himself. Also, after that he had informed his son-in-law and his daughter in what sort he had been used by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great navy of ships to be rigged to pass over into Britain, with Leir his father-in-law, to see him again restored to his kingdom.

" It was accorded that Cordilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grants made unto her sisters, or unto their husbands, in any manner of wise; hereupon, when this army and navy of ships

were ready, Lear and his daughter Cordelia, with her husband, took the sea, and arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battle, in which Magianus and Higanicus were slain, and then was Lear restored to his kingdom, which he ruled after this by the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried at Leicester, in a vault under the chancel of the river Dove, beneath the town."

Holinshed further narrates that Cordelia became queen after her father's death, but her nephews<sup>44</sup> levied war against her, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally took her prisoner, and laid her fast in ward, wherewith she took such grief, being a woman of manly courage, and despising to recover liberty, there she slew herself.

(n) ——*Sword bearer.*] The King was seated on his throne, habited in his robes of state, a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand; on his left hand appears his sword bearer, who was fully armed, and is generally represented standing.—*Strutt's Saxon Antiquities*, vol. 1.

The handles of the swords of state were made of gold, and embellished with precious stones. The sheath in which the sword was contained, and its girdle or belt by which it was attached to the side, were also ornamented in the same splendid manner.—*Strutt's Habits of the Anglo-Saxons*, vol. 1.

(o) ——*Musicians.*] The musical instruments principally in use among the Anglo-Saxons were the harp, the pætry, violin, horn, trumpet, and a peculiar war trumpet, very long, called cornicinus. They played on two flutes (like the Romans), and this they accompanied with a lyre of four strings, which was beat with a small instrument for this purpose. The harp, however, was the national instrument.—*Vide Strutt.*

(p) ——*and to eat no fish.*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish;* to signify he's a friend to the government, and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season, by Act of Parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast.* To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he *called for fish.*" And *Mardon's Dutch Courtesan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish on Fridays.*"—*Warburton.*

(q) ——*Enter Fool.*] The fool in this play is the genuine domestic buffoon; but notwithstanding his sarcastical flashes of wit, for which

we must give the poet credit, and ascribe them in some degree to what is called stage effect, he is a mere *natural*, with a considerable share of cunning. Thus Edgar calls him an *innocent*, and every one will immediately distinguish him from such a character as Touchstone. His dress on the stage should be particoloured; his hood crested either with a cock's comb, to which he often alludes, or with the cock's head and neck. His bauble should have a head like his own, with a grinning countenance, for the purpose of exciting mirth in those to whom he necessarily presents it.

The kindness which Lear manifests towards his fool, and the latter's extreme familiarity with his master in the midst of the most poignant grief and affliction, may excite surprise in those who are not intimately acquainted with the simple manners of our forefathers. An almost contemporary writer has preserved to us a curious anecdote of William duke of Normandy, afterwards William I. of England, whose life was saved by the attachment and address of his fool. An ancient Flemish chronicle among the royal MSS. in the British Museum, 16, F. iii., commences with the exile of Salvard Lord of Boussillon and his family from Burgundy. In passing through a forest they are attacked by a cruel giant, who kills Salvard and several of his people; his wife Emergard and a few others only escaping. This scene the illuminator of the manuscript, which is of the fifteenth century, has chosen to exhibit. He has represented Emergard as driven away in a covered cart or waggon by one of the servants. She is attended by a female, and in the front of the cart is placed her fool, with a countenance expressive of the utmost alarm at the impending danger. Nor would it be difficult to adduce, if necessary, similar instances of the reciprocal affection between these singular personages and those who retained them.—*Douce.*

Shakespeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were, no doubt, men of quick parts—lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say anything, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that everything they said should have a playful air; we may suppose, therefore, that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakespeare often finishes his fool's speeches.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

In a very old dramatic piece, entitled, *A very merry and mythic Comely, called, The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following stage direction:—“Entreth Moros, counterfeiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many setys, as ffoole-were wont.”—*Malone.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—EXTERIOR OF THE EARL OF GLOSTER'S CASTLE (A) (Night).

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, Sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father has set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question,<sup>1</sup> Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!— Brother, a word;—descend;—Brother, I say.

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches;—O Sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid. Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?<sup>2</sup> Advise yourself.<sup>3</sup>

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:— In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:— Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—

<sup>1</sup> —queazy question,] Delicate question.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning is, have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany?

<sup>3</sup> Advise yourself,] Consider—recollect yourself.

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.

[Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!

Step, stop! No help?

*Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charms.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—(Exit Servants.) By  
no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
With his prepared sword, he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
Or whether frightened by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught.  
The noble duke my master, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks;  
He, that conceals him, death. [Trumpets within.  
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes!—  
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;  
The duke must grant me that: and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>—Capable.] *Id est.*, capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal ban of thy illegitimacy.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend; since I came hither,  
(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange news.

Reg. What I did my father's godson seek your life?  
He whom my father nam'd your heir? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!  
Edmund bewray'd his practice,<sup>5</sup> and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm.—For you, Edmund,  
Whose virtuous obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,  
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our home;<sup>6</sup> the several messengers  
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:  
Your graces are right welcome. [Exit].

*Enter KENT and STEWARD, severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me,

Kent. I love thee not.

<sup>5</sup> Id est., discovered—betrayed his wicked purpose.

<sup>6</sup> Not at home, but at some other place.

*Stew.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee elsewhere, I would make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A slave; a rascal; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly knave; a lily-liver'd, superserviceable, finical rogue; one that art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, and pandar; a cur whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>7</sup>

*Stew.* Why what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: draw, you barber-monger,<sup>8</sup> draw.

[Drawing his sword.

*Stew.* Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: —Draw you rascal.

*Stew.* Help, oh! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand.

[Beating him.

*Stew.* Help, oh! murder! murder!

Re-enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

*Edm.* How now? What's the matter? Part.

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

<sup>7</sup> —addition.] Titles.

<sup>8</sup> —barber-monger,] A fop who deals much with barbers.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his grey hairs.—

*Kent.* My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain<sup>o</sup> into mortar.—Spare my grey hairs, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

Know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir; but anger has a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a knave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

*Kent.* His countenance likēs me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain; I have seen better faces in my time, Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow, Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness.

What was the offence you gave him?

*Stew.* Never any. It pleas'd the king his master, very late, To strike at me, upon his misconstruction; When he, thus flattering his displeasure, Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd, And put upon him such a deal of man, That worthy'd him, get praises of the king For him attempting who was self-embred, And, in the *fletchment*<sup>o</sup> of this dread exploit,

<sup>o</sup> ——— *unbolted villain*] This coarse—unrefined villain.

<sup>o</sup> ——— *fletchment*]—A young soldier is said to *fletch* his sword the first time he draws blood with it. The word is used here in a sarcastic sense.

Drew on me here.

*Corn.*

Fetch forth the stocks, ho!

We'll teach you—

*Kent.*

Sir, I'm too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;

On whose employment I was sent to you:

You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master,

Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.*

Fetch forth the stocks:—

As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night, too.

*Kent.* Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

*Reg.*

Sir, being his knave, I will.  
[*Stocks brought out.*<sup>11</sup>

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so:  
The king must take it ill,  
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.*

I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs. [*KENT is put in the stocks.*  
Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure.  
I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray do not, Sir: I have watch'd and travell'd  
hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the common saw!<sup>12</sup>  
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun.

<sup>11</sup> Formerly, in great houses, ~~were~~ were moveable stocks for the correction of the servants.

<sup>12</sup> — saw'] Saying or proverb.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
 That by thy comfortable beams I may  
 Peruse this letter!—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;  
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time  
 From this enormous state,—seeking to give  
 Losses their remedies.<sup>13</sup> All weary and o'erwatch'd,  
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
 This shameful lodging.  
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!  
 [He sleeps.

## SCENE II.—A PART OF THE HEATH.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;  
 And by the happy hollow of a tree,  
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,  
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,  
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;  
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;<sup>14</sup>  
 And with presented nakedness out-face  
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
 The country gives me proof and precedent  
 Of Bedlam beggars, (a) who, with roaring voices,  
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms

<sup>13</sup> Cordelia having heard the reports of approaching civil war, and having also discovered the situation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that she should avail herself of the first opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of restoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom.

<sup>14</sup> Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.

Pins, sharp skewers, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
 Poor pelting<sup>15</sup> villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,  
 Sometime with lunatic bans,<sup>16</sup> sometime with prayers,  
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood ! (c) poor Tom !  
 That's something yet ; Edgar I nothing am.<sup>17</sup>

[Exit.

### SCENE III.—GLOSTER'S CASTLE, AS BEFORE.

*Enter LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMAN.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,  
 And not send back my messenger.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,  
 The night before there was no purpose in them  
 Of this remove.

*Fool.* Nuncle, can't tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

*Lear.* No. Ah, I did her wrong !—<sup>18</sup>

*Fool.* Nor I either ; but I can tell why a snail has a  
 house.

*Lear.* Why ?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to  
 his daughters.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature. So kind a father !

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I would have thee  
 beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that ?

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old, before thou  
 had'st been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad—not mad—sweet Heaven !  
 Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad !

<sup>15</sup> —— *pelting*] petty.

<sup>16</sup> ——, *lunatic bans*,]—*id. est.*, curses

<sup>17</sup> As poor Tom I may exist ;—appearing as Edgar I am lost.

<sup>18</sup> Lear is musing on Cordelia.

*Kent.*

Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Hew!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.*

No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook  
To set thee here?*Kent.*It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.*Lear.* No.*Kent.* Yes.*Lear.* No, I say.*Kent.* I say, yea.*Lear.* No, no; they would not*Kent.* Yes, they have.*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear no.*Kent.* By Juno, I swear ay.*Lear.* They durst not do't!They could not, would not do't;  
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way  
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,  
Coming from us.*Kent.* My lord, when at their home,  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneling, came there a reeking post,  
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;  
Deliver'd letters, on whose contents,  
They straight took horse;  
Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks:  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,  
(Being the very fellow that of late  
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)  
Having more man than wit about me, drew;  
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:  
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.<sup>19</sup>

(Singing.) Fathers, that wear rags,  
Do make their children blind ;  
But father's, that bear bags,  
Shall see their children kind.

*Lear.* O, how this mother (D) swells up toward my heart!  
*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, Sir, here within.

*Lear.* Stay here: [Exit  
*Kent.* How chance the king comes with so small a train?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that question,  
thou hadst well deserved it.

(Singing.) That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack, when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i'the stocks, fool.

#### Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;  
Bring me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—  
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Doest thou understand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

<sup>19</sup> If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet an end.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak; commands her service: Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!— Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that— No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well: Infirmity doth still neglect all office, Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves, When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind To suffer with the body: I'll forbear: And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the indispos'd and sickly fit For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion<sup>20</sup> of the duke and her Is practice only.<sup>21</sup> Give me my servant forth: Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them, Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me, Or at the chamber door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*<sup>22</sup>

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

Good Morrow to you both.

*Corn.*

Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldest not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adulteress. Beloved Regan,

<sup>20</sup> —remotion] removing from their own house to that of the Earl of Gloster.

<sup>21</sup> Practice in Shakespeare's time was commonly used in an ill sense for unlawful artifice.

<sup>22</sup> A burst of dramatic passion, meaning—

*Let them awake no more;*  
*Let their present sleep be their last.*

Thy sister's naught : O Regan; she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here ;—  
[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee.

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, take patience ; I have hope,  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than she to scant her duty.<sup>23</sup>

*Lear.*

Say, how is that ?

*Reg.* I cannot think, my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation : If, Sir, perchance,  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her !

*Reg.* O, Sir, you are old ;  
You should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you  
That to our sister you do make return ;  
Say, you have wrong'd her.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness ?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the house :<sup>24</sup>  
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;  
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg [*Kneeling.*  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

*Reg.* Good Sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks.  
Return you to my sister.

*Lear (rising).* Never, Regan :  
She hath abated me of half my train ;  
Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness !

*Reg.* O the blest gods !  
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

<sup>23</sup> —scant her duty.] Be wanting in her duty.

<sup>24</sup> —house.] The order of families—duties of relation. Lear is speaking of himself as the head of the house.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;  
 Thy tender-hefted nature<sup>25</sup> shall not give  
 Thee o'er to harshness : thou better knowest  
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitudes,  
 Thy half o' the kingdom has thou not forgot,  
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.*

Good Sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets without.*

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

*Corn.*

What trumpet's that?

*Enter STEWARD.*

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's ; this approves her letter,  
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This slave again?  
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope  
 Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

*Enter GONERIL, attended.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
 Allow<sup>26</sup> obedience, if yourselves are old,  
 Make it your cause : send down, and take my part!—  
 Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? [To GONERIL.  
 O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, Sir? How have I offended?  
 All's not offence that indiscretion finds,<sup>27</sup>  
 And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O, sides, you are too tough!

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.  
 If, till the expiration of your month,

<sup>25</sup> —— *tender-hefted nature*] *id. est.*, whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. Shakespeare uses *hefts* for *heavings*.

<sup>26</sup> *Allow*] approve.

<sup>27</sup> —— *finds,*] thinks.

You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage<sup>28</sup> against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl  
Necessity's sharp pinch.

*Gon.* At you choice, Sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove:  
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure;  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so, Sir;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome.

*Lear.* Is this well spoke now?

*Reg.* What, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many?

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance  
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack  
you,  
We could control them: If you will come to me  
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you  
To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord;  
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

<sup>28</sup> To wage] or make war.

To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest things superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's. But for true need,  
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!—  
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.  
If it be you that stir these daughters hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!  
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's checks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep—  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,<sup>20</sup>  
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.* *Storm heard at a distance.*

<sup>20</sup> ——*flaws,*] small broken particles.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT SECOND.

(A) *Exterior of the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*] We find that, anciently, the Anglo-Saxons used to fortify their camps much on the same plan with the camps of the Romans, setting thick rows of pallisadoes, or strong stakes on the vallums of earth. Ella, first King of Deira, a division of Northumberland, built the castle of Barnborough with strong wooden pales, which Ida, soon after (according to the Saxon Chronica), caused to be walled round with stone : and Old Bale, in Yorkshire (according to Camden), was first fortified with thick planks of wood, 18 feet in length, but was afterwards encompassed about with a wall of stone.—Strutt's *Antiquities*, vol. 1.

(B) *Of Bedlam beggars.*] Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, B. III. c. 8, has the following passage descriptive of this class of vagabonds :—"The *Bellam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side ; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous ; for, being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with ribbons, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave."

In *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1610, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man* : "—he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose : you see *pines* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs mentioned out of their own braines : some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe : others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

Again, in *O per se O, &c.* *Being an Addition, &c., to the Bell-man's Second Night-walke, &c.* 1612 : "Crackers tyed to a dogges tayle make not the poore curre runne faster, than these *Abram*

ninnies doe the silly *villagers* of the country, so that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denied them."

To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin.—*Steevens*.

(c) In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gypsies, called *Turlupins*, a *fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran ~~up~~ and down Europe. However the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *hereticks*, and actually burnt some of them at Paris.

(d) *O, how this mother, &c.*] Lear here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother* or *Hysterick Passe*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent., one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 268, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz., "The disease, I speake of was a spicke of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomach, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakespeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harsnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted.—*Perry*.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A HEATH.

*A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's here beside foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you; where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful element:<sup>1</sup>

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,<sup>2</sup>

That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair,  
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;  
Strives in his little world of man to cut-scorn  
The-to-and-fre-conflicting wind and rain.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to out-jest  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,<sup>3</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
And, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who are at point

<sup>1</sup> —— *fretful element;*] The air.

<sup>2</sup> —— *main;*] The main land, the continent. Lear wishes to have a dissolution of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land.

<sup>3</sup> —— *warrant of my art,*] i.e. on the strength of my skill in physiognomy.

To show their open banner. I pray you  
 Make your speed to Dover, where you shall i  
 Some that will thank you, making just report  
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
 The king hath cause to plain.<sup>4</sup>  
 If you shall see Cordelia  
 (As fear not but you shall)<sup>5</sup> show her this ring ;  
 And she will tell you who your fellow is<sup>6</sup>  
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !  
 I will go seek the king.  
*Gent.* Give me your hand. Have you no more to say ?  
*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;  
 That, when we have found the king (I'll this way,  
 You that) he that first lights on him,  
 Holla the other. [ *Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.—ANOTHER PART OF THE HEATH— STORM CONTINUES.

*Enter LEAR and FOOL.*

*Lear.* Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks—rage !—blow !  
 You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples :  
 You sulphurous and thought-executing<sup>7</sup> fires,  
 Vaunt-couriers<sup>8</sup> to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !  
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,<sup>9</sup>  
 That make ingrateful man.

<sup>4</sup> — to plain.] To complain of.

<sup>5</sup> As fear not but you shall] as doubt not but you will.

<sup>6</sup> — your fellow is] your companion is.

<sup>7</sup> — thought-executing] doing execution. — thought.

<sup>8</sup> Vaunt-couriers] avant couriers.

<sup>9</sup> — all germens spill at once,) id est, destroy all the seeds of matter that are hoarded within the mould of nature.

*Fool.* O, nuncle, in and' ask thy daughters' blessing ;  
Here's a night fit for neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful ! Spit, fire ! spit, rain !  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription ;<sup>10</sup> then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man ;—  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

*Fool.* He that has a house to put his head in,  
Has a good head-piece.

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience,  
I will say nothing.

*Enter Kent.*

*Kent.* Who's there ?

*Fool.* A wise man, and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, Sir, are you here ? Things that love night,  
Love not such nights as these. Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful potter<sup>12</sup> o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;  
That under covert and convenient seeming<sup>13</sup>  
Hast purg'd thyself of thy life. Close pent-up guilts,

<sup>10.</sup>

<sup>11.</sup> ~~thee~~ shamefule, dishonorable.

<sup>12.</sup>

<sup>13.</sup> Under covert and convenient seeming, means, appearance  
suitable to a design such as may promote his purpose to destroy.

Hive your concealing continents;<sup>14</sup> and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.<sup>15</sup> I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than bluning.

*Lear.* Alack, bare-headed (A)  
Gracious, my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;  
Repose you there.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool. (singing.)* He that has a little tiny wit,—  
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,  
Must make content with his fortunes fit;  
For the rain it raineth every day.<sup>16</sup>

*Lear.* True, boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.*]

### SCENE III.—A ROOM IN GLOSTER'S CASTLE.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural.

*Glo.* Go to, say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have

<sup>14</sup> —— *concealing continents,*] continent stands for that which contains or incloses.

<sup>15</sup> —— *dreadful summoners grace.*] Summoning officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal; grace is favor.

<sup>16</sup> Part of the Clown's song in *Twelfth-Night.*

lock'd the letter in my closet; these injuries the king now bears will be revenged: home; there is part of a power already footed:<sup>17</sup> we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

[Exit.]

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke  
Instantly know; and of that letter, too:—

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses; no less than all:  
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—A PART OF THE HEATH, WITH A HOVEL.

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter: The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.

[Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. The tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

<sup>17</sup> —footed] landed.

Your kind old father, whose frank heart gave all;—  
Q, that way madness lies: let me shun that;  
No more of that.—

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Brythee, go in thyself: seek thine own ease;  
In, boy; go first<sup>18</sup> (*to the Fool*). You houseless poverty,—  
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,<sup>19</sup> defend you  
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;  
Expose thy self to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And abow the heavens more just.

*Edg.* (within). Fathom and half, fathom and half!<sup>20</sup> Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.  
Help me, help me!

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?  
Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—  
Humph! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?  
And art thou come to this?

<sup>18</sup> — *go first.*] This is intended to represent that humility or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

<sup>19</sup> Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,] Loop'd is full of small apertures, id est., *your tattered garments.*

<sup>20</sup> Edgar gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth of the sea.

*Edg.* Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,<sup>21</sup> through swamp and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, (B) and halters in his pew; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits!<sup>22</sup> Tom's a-cold.—O, bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking.<sup>23</sup> Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again,—and there. [Storm continues.

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.<sup>24</sup>

*Edg.* Pillicock<sup>25</sup> sat on pillicock's-hill;—  
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; (C) wore gloves in my cap,<sup>26</sup> swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face

<sup>21</sup> —— *through fire and through flame,*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights, kindled by mischievous beings, to lead travellers into destruction.

<sup>22</sup> *Bless thy five wits!*] Five senses.

<sup>23</sup> To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

<sup>24</sup> —— *pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

<sup>25</sup> *Pillicock*] The name of a devil.

<sup>26</sup> —— *wore gloves in my cap,*] idest, his mistress's favours, which was the fashion of that time.

of heaven. False of heart, light of ear," bloody of hand ; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, (D) dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman : keep thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind. Ha no'noany ;—(E) dolphin, my boy, my boy, sessa ; let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*

*Lear.* Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this ? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated ! Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings :—Come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented.

*Kent.* Defend his wits, good heaven.

*Lear.* What is your name ?

*Edg.* Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the wall-newt, and the water-newt ; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is whipp'd from tything to tything ; (F) who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year. (G)

Beware, my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ;<sup>20</sup> peace, thou fiend !

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing in upon them.

*Kent.* I feared it would come to this.

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler

" — light of ear,] credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports.

<sup>20</sup> Smolkin, the name of a spirit.

in the lake of darkness;<sup>29</sup> pray, innocent,<sup>30</sup> and beware the foul fiend.

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight, most learned justicer.—Arraign her first;—It's Goneril!

*Edy.* My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,  
Trav, Blanche, and Sweetheart,—see, they bark at me!

*Edy.* Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black, or white,  
Tooth that poisons, if it bite;  
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym;<sup>31</sup>  
Bob-tail tike,<sup>32</sup> or trundle tail;  
Tom will make 'em weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

See—see—see!—Let's march to wakes and fairs,  
And market towns:—Poor Tom! thy horn is dry. (x)

*Kent.* How do you, Sir?—Stand you not so amaz'd:—  
Will you go in?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience.

*Lear.* You, Sir. I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian; but let them be changed.

*Edy.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; (i) he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock. (x)

<sup>29</sup> Rabelais, B. 11, Ch. 30, says, that Nero was a fidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

<sup>30</sup> —pray, innocent,] this is addressed to the Fool, who were anciently called *innocents*.

<sup>31</sup> —brache, or lym,] brache is a scenting dog, such as a lurcher or beagle, or any fine-nosed hound. Lym is a bloodhound.

<sup>32</sup> Bob-tail tike,] tike is the Ranick word for a little, worthless dog.

<sup>33</sup> —trundle tail,] a common cur.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold (L).  
 He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,  
 'Twas there he did appoint her ;  
 He bid her alight,  
 And her troth plight,  
 And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.  
*Fool.* Look, here comes a walking fire !

*Enter GLOSTER, attended by two Servants with torches, and Men carrying a litter.*

*Glo.* What ? has your grace no better company ?  
*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;<sup>24</sup>  
 Modo he is called, and Mahu. (m.).

Poor Tom's a cold !

*Glo.* Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer  
 To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :  
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
 And let the tyrannous night take hold upon you ;  
 Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
 And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher :—

[LEAR and EDGAR sit down.

What is the cause of thunder ?

*Kent.* Good, my lord, take his offer.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :—  
 What is your study ?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

[Whispers in EDGAR's ear.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord,  
 His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glos.* Canst thou blame him ?  
 His daughters seek his death :—  
 Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,  
 I am almost mad myself :

<sup>24</sup> *The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;* this is spoken in resentment of what Gloster has just said :—" Has your grace no better company ?"

This bedlam but disturbs him—  
Fellow, begone!"

*Edg.* Child Rowland<sup>24</sup> to the dark tower came,  
His word was still—fi, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man. [Retires into hovel.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord.

*Lear.* Aye, let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds  
about her heart. Is there any cause in nature for these  
hard hearts?

*Glos.* Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;  
I have e'erheard a plot of death upon him.  
Here is a litter ready; lay him in't,  
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet  
Both welcome and protection.  
Good Sir, along with us.

. *Lear.* Hush! make no noise; make no noise—draw the  
curtains closer, closer. So, so, so. We'll go to supper  
i' the morning, so, so, so.

[Falls asleep, and is placed by KENT and GLOSTER in the litter, which is borne off by the servants.

<sup>24</sup> *Child Rowland*] Child is an old term for knight, and frequently occurs in the romances of ancient English poetry.

### HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT THIRD.

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(A) *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakespeare's, is founded on an historical fact. Lear, says Geoffrey of Monmouth, "when he betook himself to his youngest daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where she resided, while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief to a father that suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordelia was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked him, how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered he had none but *one wdn,* who had been his armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town.—*Malone.*

(B) —*knives under his pillow,*] Temptations by which Edgar was prompted to suicide. The opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy. Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsnet's declaration.

The passage in Harsnet's book which Shakespeare had in view, is this:—

"This Exam'. further sayth, that one Alexander, an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her maisters house.—A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither,—till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit said, it was reported that the *devil layd* them in the gallerie, that *some of those that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades.*"

The kind of temptation which the fiend is described as holding out to the unfortunate, might also have been suggested by the story of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magistratus*, 1575, where DESPAIR visits her in prison, and shows her various instruments by which she may rid herself of life:

"And there withal she spred her garments lap assyde,  
"Under the which a thousand things I sawe with eyes;  
"Both knives, sharpe swords, poynadues all bedyde  
"With bloud, and poysons prest, which she could well  
devise."—*Malone.*

(q) ——————pride in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, &c.] “Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seaven [spirits], began to set his hands unto his side, curled his hair, and used such gestures, as Ma. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Harewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What do I here? I will stay no longer among a company of rascal priests, but go to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled.”—Harsnet’s *Declaration*, &c., 1603.

“————shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certainte forme representing either a beast or some other creature, that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock: the spirit of sloth in the likeness of an ass; the spirit of envie in the similitude of a dog; the spirit of gluttony in the form of a wolfe, and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures.”—Malone.

(n) —————*Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.*] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainy in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainy by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to show *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *sloth*, &c.—Harsnet’s book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes.—Stevens.

(e) —————*Hey no nonny.*] *Hey no nonny* is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, (said to be written by Shakspeare, in conjunction with Fletcher,) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of Ophelia’s songs:—

“Dolphin, my boy, my boy,  
“Cease, let him trot by;  
“It seemeth not that such a foe  
“From me or you would fly.”

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the King, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dawpin*, i.e., *Dolphin*, (so called and spelt at those times,) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore, as different champions are supposed to cross the field, the King always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced:

*Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.*

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died

before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me. *Sessa*, from the French word *cesser*, cease.—*Stevens*.

(v) ——whipped from tything to tything.] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same, in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. against rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4, it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c., shall be publickly whipped and sent from parish to parish.—*Stevens*.

(c) *But mice, and rats, and such small deer,*

*Have been Tom's food for seven long years.*] This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by *Bevis*, when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

“Rattes and myce and such small dere

“Was his meate that seven yere.” Sig. F. iij.—*Percy*.

(x) ——*thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets.—*Johnson*.

A horn is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, however, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all he had to say. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phrase current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words aside. Being quite weary of his Tom o'Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, “—I can no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted; *my horn is dry*: i.e., has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next Act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, ‘—I cannot daub it further.’”—*Stevens*.

(i) ——*Flibbertigibbet*:] “Frateretto, Fliberdigdet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice. .... These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confessse.” *Harsnet*, p. 49.—*Percy*.

(x) ——*he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock.*] It is an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crewing.—*Malone*.

(l) *Saint Withold footed thrice the world.*] Saint Withold traversing the world or down, met the nightmare; who having told her name, he obliged her to alight from those persons whom she rides,

and *plight her truth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *swynt thou right*, i.e., depart forthwith. *Bedlam*, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders, and addressed to various saints. We have another of them in the *Maurice Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night spell*, and is in these words :

" Saint George, Saint George, our lady's knight,  
 " He walks by day, so he does by night :  
 " And when he had her found,  
 " He her beat and her bound ;  
 " Until to him her troth she plighted,  
 " She would not stir from him that night." — *Warburton.*

(v) *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So, in Harsnet's *Declaration*, *Mahu* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard-Mahay, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modo*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mahay deposes : " Furthermore it is pretended, . . . that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modo*." He is elsewhere called, " the prince *Modo*." So, p. 269 : " When the said priests had dispatched their busyness at Mackney (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modo* . . . out mee." — *Steerens.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—BEFORE THE DUKE OF ALBANY'S PALACE.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND, Steward meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord : I marvel our mild husband<sup>1</sup> Not met us on the way. Now, where's your master?

*Stew.* Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd. I told him the army of France was landed ; He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming ; His answer was, *The worse.* Of Gloster's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ; And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :— What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him.

*Gon.* It is the cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer. Back, Edmund, to my brother ; Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers : I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us. Wear this ; spare speech ;

[*Giving a favour*

Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Edmund ! [Exit EDMUND.]

O, the difference of man and man ! To thee A woman's services are due ; my fool Usurps my hand.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit STEWARD.]

<sup>1</sup> —— our mild husband] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and tyranny.—JOHNSON.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Alb.* O, Goneril !  
 You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
 Blows in your face. What have you done ?  
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?  
 A father, and a gracious aged man,  
 Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.  
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?  
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?  
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
 'Twill come,  
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
 Like monsters of the deep.<sup>3</sup>

*Gon.* Milk-liv'd man !  
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;  
 Where's thy drum ?  
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;  
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,  
*Alack ! why does he so ?*

*Alb.* See thyself, devil !  
 Proper deformity<sup>3</sup> seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid, as in woman.

*Enter CURAN.*

What news ?

*Cur.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead ;  
 Slain by his servant, going to put out  
 The eyes of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes !  
*Cur.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
 To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,  
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :

<sup>3</sup> *Like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are known to prey upon their own species.

<sup>3</sup> *Proper deformity*] *id est.*, diabolick qualities appear not so horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who unnaturally assumes them.—WARBURTON.

But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Ab.* O, poor Gloster ! O cruel ! cruel !

*Cur.* My lord of Gloster held confederacy with the traitors  
Late footed in the kingdom, and had convey'd the king,  
With five or six-and-thirty of his knights,  
In safety towards Dover, where they boast  
To have well armed friends.

This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer ;  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon. (aside.)* One way I like this well ;<sup>4</sup>  
But being widow, and my Edmund with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life :—I'll read, and answer. [Exit.

*Ab.* Where was his son, when they did take his eyes ?

*Cur.* Come with my lady hither.

*Ab.* He is not here.

*Cur.* No, my good lord ; he is gone back again.

*Ab.* Knows he the wickedness ?

*Cur.* Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd against him ;  
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Ab.* Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;  
Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—THE HEATH.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yes, better thus, unknown to be contemn'd,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> One way I like this well ;] , Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it ; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

<sup>5</sup> When a man divests himself of his real character, he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it supported only by a voluntary disguise, which he can throw off at pleasure.—JOHNSON.

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.<sup>6</sup> To be worst,  
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance,<sup>7</sup> lives not in fear;<sup>8</sup>  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter.  
But who comes here?—

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an OLD MAN.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!<sup>9</sup>  
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and  
your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, Sir, you cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;  
I stumbled when I saw.—Ah, dear son Edgar,  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,<sup>10</sup>  
I'd say I had eyes again.

*Old Man.* How now? Who's there?  
*Edg. (aside.)* O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the  
worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.

<sup>6</sup> —— *contemn'd and flatter'd.*] Than to be flattered by those who secretly contemn us.

<sup>7</sup> —— *esperance,*] hope.

<sup>8</sup> —— *lives not in fear.*] Where there is no hope, there is no fear.

<sup>9</sup> —— *O world!*] If reverses of fortune and (mutations) changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence, infirmity and death.—MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> —— *see thee in my touch,*] so, in another scene, I see it feelingly.

I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
 Which made me think a man a worm: My son  
 Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
 Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more  
 since:

How Edgar was abused. O, my follies!  
 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

*Edg.* How should this be? [Aside.]  
 Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,  
 Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
 I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;  
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
 Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, Sir, he's mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the  
 blind:

Do as I bid thee.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,  
 Come on't what will. [Exit.]

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.<sup>12</sup>

[Aside.]

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg. (aside.)* And yet I must.—Bless thy poor eyes.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path.  
 Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:  
 Bless thee, good man, from the foul fiend.

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's  
 plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,  
 Makes thee the happier.  
 Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

<sup>12</sup> Disguise it longer.

Looks fearfully in the confined deep :<sup>13</sup>  
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
 With something rich about me: from that place  
 I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm,  
 Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.—A TENT.

*Enter CORDELIA as Queen of France, Physician, and several French Knights.*

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now  
 As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter,<sup>14</sup> and furrow weeds,  
 With harlocks,<sup>15</sup> hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
 Darnel,<sup>16</sup> and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;<sup>17</sup>  
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]—What can  
 man's wisdom do,  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
 He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phy.* There is means, Madam:  
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
 The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,  
 Are many simples operative,<sup>18</sup> whose power  
 Will close the eye of anguish.

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare here considers the sea as a mirror; to look in a glass, is yet our colloquial phraseology.—MALONE.

<sup>14</sup> — rank fumiter,] *Id est*, fumitory: by the old herbalists written fumittury. Shakespeare calls it *rank*, because it grows freely and luxuriantly among corn, where it is a troublesome weed.—NARES'S GLOSSARY.

<sup>15</sup> — harlock,] Supposed to be a corruption of *charlock*, which is the wild mustard, a very common weed in fields.—NARES'S GLOSSARY.

<sup>16</sup> *Darnel,*] Gerard says this is the most hurtful of weeds.

<sup>17</sup> — A century send forth,] *Id est*, send forth a party of an hundred men.

<sup>18</sup> — simples operative,] Medical ingredients to produce sleep

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
 Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,  
 In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;  
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
 That wants the means to lead it.<sup>19</sup>

*Enter a French Knight.*

*Knight.* Madam, news ;  
 The British powers are marching hitherward.  
*Cor.* 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands  
 In expectation of them.—O, dear father,  
 It is thy business that I go about ;  
 Therefore great France  
 My mourning, and important tears,<sup>20</sup> hath pitied.  
 No blown ambition<sup>21</sup> doth our arms incite,  
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE IV.—THE COUNTRY NEAR DOVER,  
 SHOWING A ROMAN ROAD AND AN  
 ANCIENT OBELISK (A).

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall we come to the top of that same hill ?  
*Edg.* You do climb up it now : look, how we labour.  
*Glo.* Methinks the ground is even.  
*Edg.* Horrible steep :  
 Hark, do you hear the sea ?  
*Glo.* No, truly.  
*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect  
 By your eye's anguish.  
*Glo.* So may it be, indeed :  
 Methinks, thy voice is alter'd : and thou speak'st  
 In better phrase and matter, than thou didst.  
*Edg.* You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd,  
 But in my garments.  
*Glo.* Methinks, you are better spoken.

<sup>19</sup> — *the means to lead it*] The reason which should guide it.

<sup>20</sup> — *important tears,*] Importunate tears.

<sup>21</sup> *No blown ambition*] No inflated, no swelling pride.

*Edg.* Come on, Sir: here's the place:—stand still—  
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!<sup>22</sup>  
The crows and choughs,<sup>23</sup> that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross<sup>24</sup> as beetles: Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade! (B)  
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock,<sup>25</sup> a buoy,  
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more:  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple<sup>26</sup> down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: You are now within a foot  
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.<sup>27</sup>

*Glo.* Let go my hand.  
Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking:  
Go thou further off;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good Sir. [Seems to go.  
Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If Edgar live, O, bless him!—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [He is about to leap forward.

<sup>22</sup> Edgar is not here supposed to be on the brink of a precipice, but is describing an imaginary one.

<sup>23</sup> —— *choughs,*] Daws.

<sup>24</sup> *Show scarce so gross as beetles:*] Gross is here used for large.

<sup>25</sup> —— *her cock,*] Her cock-boat.

<sup>26</sup> *Topple*] To tumble.

*Would I not leap upright.]* Upwards from the ground.

*Edg.* Hold!—Who comes here?

*Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press money. (c) That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: (d) draw me a clothier's yard.<sup>24</sup>—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.<sup>25</sup>—O, well flown, bird!<sup>26</sup>—i the clout, i'the clout,<sup>27</sup> hewgh!—Give the word.<sup>28</sup>

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril! with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog;<sup>29</sup> and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.<sup>30</sup> To say ay, and no, to everything I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me<sup>31</sup> once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I sinckt them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick<sup>32</sup> of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

<sup>24</sup> ——*a clothier's yard.*] An arrow of a cloth yard long.

<sup>25</sup> ——*the brown bills.*] A kind of Battle-axe, affixed to a long staff.

<sup>26</sup> Well-flown, bird, was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; but Lear may perhaps use the word bird for arrow, from the swiftness of its flight.

<sup>27</sup> ——*i'the clout,*] the white mark in the centre of a target.

<sup>28</sup> Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watchword.—JOHNSON.

<sup>29</sup> ——*They flatter'd me like a dog;*] they played the spaniel to me.

<sup>30</sup> They told me that I had the wisdom of age before I had attained to manhood.

<sup>31</sup> This is, perhaps, an allusion to King Canute and his flatterers.

<sup>32</sup> ——*trick*] peculiarity.

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king !  
 When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.  
 I pardon that man's life : What was the cause ?—  
*Adultery.—*

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ? No :  
 For Gloster's bastard son  
 Was kinder to his father, than my daughters  
 Got in the lawful bed.  
 To't, luxury,<sup>37</sup> pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—  
 There's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand !

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world  
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough.—Read thou  
 this challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Where all the letters suns, I could not see one.

*Lear.* Read.—Read.

*Glo.* What, with this case of eyes ?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your  
 head, nor no money in your purse ? Yet you see how this  
 world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad ? A man may see how this world  
 goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yon'  
 justice rails upon yon' simple thief ?—Hark, in thine ear :  
 Change places ; and, handy-dandy,<sup>38</sup> which is the justice,  
 which is the thief ?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at  
 a beggar ?

*Glo.* Ay, Sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur ? There thou  
 might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog's  
 obeyed in office.—

The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;  
 Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold.

<sup>37</sup> Luxury was the ancient term for incontinence.

<sup>38</sup> Handy-dandy is supposed to be an ancient play among children,  
 in which they change hands and places.

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :  
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
 To seal the accuser's lips.—Get thee glass eyes ;  
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now :  
 Pull off my boots :—harder, harder ; so.

*Edg.* O, matter and impertinency mix'd !  
 Reason in madness !

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
 I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster :  
 Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.  
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
 We wawl,<sup>39</sup> and cry :—I will preach to thee ; mark me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day !

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we are come  
 To this great stage of fools.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
 Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even  
 The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;  
 You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,  
 I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds ? All myself ?

*Gent.* Good Sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely like a bridegroom. What ?  
 I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,  
 My masters, know you that ?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* It were a delicate stratagem<sup>40</sup> to shoe  
 A troop of horse with felt : (E) I'll put it in proof ;  
 And when I have stolen upon these sons'-in-law,  
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.<sup>41</sup>

[*Exit the KING, Attendants following.*

<sup>39</sup> *We wawl, id est., we howl.*

<sup>40</sup> — — *delicate stratagem.* clever stratagem.

<sup>41</sup> — — *kill, kill, &c. .*] This was formerly the word given in the English army when an onset was made on the enemy.

*Edg.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;  
Past speaking of in a king.

*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me ;  
Let not my worser spirit<sup>42</sup> tempt me again  
To die before you please !

*Enter STEWARD.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember :<sup>43</sup> The sword is out  
That must destroy thee. [EDGAR opposes.  
Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;  
Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chi'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait,<sup>44</sup> and let poor volk  
pass. And ch'ud ha' been swagger'd out of my life, 'twould  
not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not  
near the old man ; ise try whether your costard<sup>45</sup> or my bat<sup>46</sup>  
be harder.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill !

*Edg.* Ch'ill pick your teeth, zii : Come ; no matter vor  
your foins.<sup>47</sup>

[They fight; and the STEWARD is slain by EDGAR.

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me.  
Give the letter, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Glos'ter. O, uptimely death ! [Dies.

*Edg.* I know thee well : A serviceable villain,  
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
As badness would desire.

<sup>42</sup> —— *worser spirit*] my evil genius.

<sup>43</sup> *Briefly thyself remember*] *id est.*, quickly recollect the past  
offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven.

<sup>44</sup> —— *go your gait*,] Gang your gait is a common expression in  
the north.

<sup>45</sup> —— *costard*—] *II. est*, head.

<sup>46</sup> —— *bat*—] a staff or club.

<sup>47</sup> —— *your foins.*] Thrusts as in fencing.

*Glo..*

What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Let's see his pockets : this letter, that he speaks of,  
May be my friend.—He's dead.—Let us see.

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;<sup>48</sup>  
Their papers is more lawful.

(Reads) " Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You  
have many opportunities to cut Albany off: if your will  
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered, from  
which deliver me, and accept my love for your labour.

" Your wife (so I would say), and your  
affectionate servant,  
" GONERIL."

O, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange, my brother. In mature time,  
With this ungracious paper I'll strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd duke. Give me your hand :  
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [ *Exeunt.* ]

<sup>48</sup> The meaning is, our enemies are put to torture and torn to pieces, to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FOURTH.

(A) *An ancient obelisk.*] Pillars and obelisks are sometimes with, and sometimes without, inscriptions; some stand by themselves; and others, like those of the Danes, are surrounded with earth or stones, or else they stand on barrows. They are sometimes sepulchral, and sometimes in memory of particular and memorable actions, or military trophies, and sometimes they are boundaries.—*Strutt's Antiquities*, vol. 1.

(n) —— *dreadful trade!*] The gathering of samphire was literally a trade in Shakespeare's time, it being carried and cried about the streets, and much used as a pickle. In Smith's "History of Waterford," published 1774, it is stated that it is terrible to see how the people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathoms from the top of the impending rocks, as it were, in the air.

(c) *There's your press-money.*] It is evident from the whole of this speech, that Lear fancies himself in a battle; but, *There's your press-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's service; and it appears from some ancient statutes, and particularly 7 Henry VII. c. 1., and 3 Henry VIII. c. 5., that it was felony in any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after receipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himself in *readiness*. The term is from the French "*prest*" *ready*. It is written *prest* in several places in *King Henry VIII's Book of household expenses*, still preserved in the Exchequer. This may serve also to explain the following passage in Act V. sc. ii: "And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes;" and to correct Mr. Whalley's note in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i; "Why such *impress* of shipwrights?"—*Douce*.

(d) *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] A crow-keeper or field-keeper were very common in Shakespeare's time. The following curious passage in Latimer's *Fruitful Sermons*, 1584, fol. 69, will show how indispensable was practice to enable an archer to *handle his bow* skilfully: "In my time (says the good bishop) my poor father was diligent to teach me to shoothe, as to learne me any other thing, and so I thinke other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, howe to lay my body in my bow, and

not to drawe with strength of armes as other nations doe, but with strength of bodye. I had my bowes bought me according to my age and strength: as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger and bigger: for men shall neuer shoothe well, except they be brought up in it."—*Holt White.*

(E) —*horse with felt:*] This "delicate stratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. "And now," says that historian, "having feasted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Lisle, [Oct. 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who caused there a juste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while *the horses*, to prevent sliding, *were shod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sive tomento*); after which the ladies danced all night."—*Malone.*

## ACT V.

## A TENT IN THE FRENCH CAMP.

*LEAR on a bed, asleep; CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and others attending.*

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !  
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father !<sup>1</sup>

*Phy.* So please your majesty,  
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
I' the sway of your own will.

*Phy.* In the heaviness of his sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.  
When we do wake him  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* O, my dear father ! Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made.

*Phy.* Kind and dear princess !  
*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?

Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire.

*Phy.* Louder the music there.

*Cor.* He wakes ; speak to him.

*Phy.* Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

<sup>1</sup> A father, whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears

Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide!

*Phy.* He's scarce awake.

*Lear.* Where have I been?—Where am I?—Fair day-light!

I am mightily abus'd.<sup>2</sup>—I should even die with pity,  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.

I will not swear these are my hands:

Would I were assur'd of my condition.

*Cor.* O, look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:  
No, Sir; you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me:  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep  
not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

<sup>2</sup> *I am mightily abus'd.] Id est,* I am strongly imposed on by  
appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty.

*Phy.*

In your own kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phy.* Be comforted, good Madam: the great rage,<sup>3</sup>  
You see, is cur'd in him.

*Cor.* Wil't please your highness walk?

*Lear.*

You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and Attendants.*]

SCENE II.—THE CAMP OF THE BRITISH FORCES  
NEAR DOVER, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF  
THE SAXON CASTLE.

*Enter EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;  
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course. He's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.<sup>4</sup>

[*To an Officer who goes out.*

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you.

Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour d love

*Reg.* I never shall endure her, dear my lord.

*Edm.* Fear me not—

She, and the duke her husband,—

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Ah.* Our very loving sister, well be met—  
Sir, this I hear—the king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state

<sup>3</sup> —— *the great rage,*] madness.

<sup>4</sup> —— *his constant pleasure*] i.e., his settled resolution.

Forc'd to cry out. France invades our land;  
Let us then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

[*As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases.<sup>5</sup> Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. [Exit.]

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.  
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces  
By diligent discovery; but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time.<sup>6</sup>

[Exit.]

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love;  
Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both, one, or neither? To take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;

<sup>5</sup> —— *machination ceaser.*] *Idest,* all designs against your life will have an end.

<sup>6</sup> *We will greet the time.*] i.e., we will be ready to meet the occasion.

And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>7</sup>  
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
 His countenance for the battle : which being done,  
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise  
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—  
 The battle done, and they within our power,  
 Shall never see his pardon : for my state  
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

## ALARUMS OF DISTANT BATTLE.

*Re-enter, in conquest, EDMUND, Officers, Soldiers, &c., LEAR, and CORDELIA, as prisoners.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away : good guard ;  
 Until their greater pleasures first be known  
 That are to censure them.<sup>8</sup>

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
 Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.<sup>9</sup>  
 For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;  
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—  
 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison :  
 We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage :  
 When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,  
 And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales,  
 And we'll wear out  
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects<sup>10</sup> of great ones,  
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?

<sup>7</sup> ——carry out my side,] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie* in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.—JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——are to censure them.] To pass sentence or judgment on them. ’

<sup>9</sup> ——have incurr'd the worst.] The worst that fortune can inflict.

<sup>10</sup> *packs and sects*] combinations and parties.

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven.  
 Wipe thine eyes ;  
 We'll see them starve, ere they shall make us weep ;  
 Come, come. [Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA guarded.]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain ; hark.  
 Take thou this note<sup>11</sup> (giving a paper) : go, follow them to  
 prison :

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To noble fortunes : Thy great employment<sup>12</sup>  
 Will not bear question ;<sup>13</sup> either say, thou'l do it,  
 Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it ; and write happy, when thou hast done.  
 Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,  
 As I have set it down.

*Off.* If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit OFFICER.]

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers,  
 and Attendants.

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,  
 And fortune led you well : You have the captives  
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife :  
 We do require them of you ; so to use them,  
 As we shall find their merits and our safety  
 May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
 To send the old and miserable king  
 To some retention, and appointed guard ;  
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
 To pluck the common bosom on his side.<sup>14</sup>  
 With him I sent the queen ;

<sup>11</sup> ——take thou this note;) a warrant signed by Edmund and Goneril for the execution of Lear and Cordelia.

<sup>12</sup> ——thy great employment] the commission given him for the murder.

<sup>13</sup> ——will not bear question;) question here signifies discourse—conversation.

<sup>14</sup> To make all hearts pity him.

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
General, take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; all are thine:  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to wed him?

*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your good will.<sup>15</sup>

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[*To EDMUND.*

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee  
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent (*pointing to GONERIL*)—for your claim,  
fair sister,  
I bar it in the interest of my wife;  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
Thou art arm'd Gloster. Let the trumpet sound:  
If none appear to prove upon thy person  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
I'll prove it on thy heart,  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick, O, sick!

*Gon.* If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

*Edm.* What in the world he is  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:  
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

<sup>15</sup> *The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] To prevent their union  
lies not in your good pleasure.

On him, on you (who not?) I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly,

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

[Enter HERALD.]

Trust to thy single virtue;<sup>16</sup> for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.  
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—  
And read out this.

*Her.* Sound, trumpet.

[A trumpet sounds.]

HERALD reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence."

*Edm.* Sound.

[1 trumpet.]

*Her.* Again.

[2 trumpet.]

*Her.* Again.

[3 trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?  
Your name, your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:  
Yet am I noble, as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

*Edm.* Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword;  
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.<sup>17</sup>  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

<sup>16</sup> —— *single virtue,*] thy single valour.

<sup>17</sup> —— *here is mine.*] My sword

My oath, and my profession.<sup>18</sup> I protest,—  
 Maugre<sup>19</sup> thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,  
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,  
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;  
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,  
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,  
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
 Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom, I should ask thy name;<sup>20</sup>  
 But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
 And that thy tongue some say<sup>21</sup> of bleeding breathes,  
 What safe and nicely<sup>22</sup> I might well delay  
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;  
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;  
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart!  
 Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise),  
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
 Where they shall rest for ever.<sup>23</sup>—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls. (B)*  
*All* O save him, save him!

<sup>18</sup> —— it is the privilege of mine honours,  
*My oath, and my profession.*

The old rights of knighthood are here alluded to —whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted. As Edgar comes disguised, it is necessary he should tell Edmund that he was a knight

<sup>19</sup> —— maugre,] Notwithstanding.

<sup>20</sup> —— *In wisdom, I should ask thy name;*] Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat.

<sup>21</sup> Say for example.

<sup>22</sup> —— *nicely,*] punctiliously. If I stood on minute forms, I might well decline.

<sup>23</sup> *Where they shall rest for ever.*] To that place where they shall rest for ever, *id est*, thy heart.

*Gon.* This is mere practice,<sup>24</sup> Gloster :  
 Thou art not vanquish'd,  
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
 Or with this paper shall I stop it :—  
 No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Give the letter to EDMUND.*

*Gon.* Say, if I do,  
 Who shall arraign me for't ?

*Alb.* Most monstrous !  
 Know'st thou this paper ?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*

*Alb.* Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have I done ;  
 'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,  
 That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,  
 I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.  
 I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;  
 My name is Edgar, and 'thy father's son.  
 The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
 Make instruments to scourge us.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;  
 The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gait did prophecy  
 A royal nobleness.

*Enter CURAN hastily.*

*Gent.* My lord, my lord !

*Alb.* Speak, man, speak.

*Gent.* Your lady, Sir, your lady is no more ; and her  
 sister

By her is poison'd ; she confessed it—  
 And after slew herself.

*Alb.* This judgment of the heavens, that makes us  
 tremble,  
 Touches us not with pity.

<sup>24</sup> —— *practice,*] *stratagem.*

*Enter KENT.*

*Kent.* I am come,  
To bid my king and master aye<sup>25</sup> good night;  
Is he not here?

*Abb.* Great thing of us forgot!—  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?

*Edm.* I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—  
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—  
Nay, send in time.

*Edg.* To whom, my lord? Who has the office? send  
Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on; take my sword,  
Give it the captain.

*Abb.* Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit EDGAR and KENT.*

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.<sup>26</sup>

*Abb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence.

[*EDMUND is borne off.*

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR,*  
*KENT, OFFICER, and others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of  
stones;  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack: O, she is gone for ever!  
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

<sup>25</sup> aye] for ever.

<sup>26</sup> —— fordid herself.] To fordo signifies to destroy.

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?<sup>27</sup>

*Alb.* Fall and cease!<sup>28</sup>

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O, my good master. [Kneeling.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little! Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low;

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion,  
I would have made them skip. I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?  
Mine eycs are none o' the best.

*Kent.* Your servant Kent,  
That, from your first of difference and decay,<sup>29</sup>  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else;<sup>30</sup> all's cheerless, dark, and  
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain it is  
That we present us to him.

<sup>27</sup> Is this the promis'd end?

[Or image of that horror'] Is this the end of the world, or the  
horrible circumstances which are foretold will precede our final  
dissolution?

<sup>28</sup> Fall and cease!] Rather fall and cease to be, at once, than con-  
tinue in existence only to be wretched.

<sup>29</sup> — decay,] misfortunes.

<sup>30</sup> Nor no man else,] Kent means, I welcome—no, nor no man  
else.

*Edg.*

O, see, see !

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd!<sup>31</sup> No, no, no life :  
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all?<sup>32</sup> O, thou wilt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button.<sup>33</sup> Thank you, Sir.—  
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there,—look there!

*Alb.* He faints—my lord—my lord!

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost. Oh ! let him pass ! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

[Curtain descends, with a dead march.

<sup>31</sup> ————— *my poor fool is hanged!*] *Poor fool*, in the age of Shakespeare, was an expression of endearment.

<sup>32</sup> *Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,*  
*And thou no breath at all?*] *Id est.*, let nothing now live—let there be universal destruction.

<sup>33</sup> *Pray you, undo this button.*] The swelling and heaving of the heart is described by thus most expressive circumstance.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIFTH.

(a) *Louder the musick there.*] I have already observed, in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. XII. p. 197, n. 2, that Shakspere considered *soft musick* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder* musick to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says—

“The rough and woeful musick that we have,  
Cause it to sound, ‘beseech you.’”

Again, in *The Winter’s Tale*:

“Musick, awake her; strike!”—*Malons.*

(n) *They fight. EDMUND falls.*] In matters which could not be easily determined, the usual way of decision was, after the custom of their ancestors, by single combat, while the fighting parties were animated with the sound of the horn and long trumpet, called cornicinus, as also by the dancing and strange gestures of the by-standers. In an old MS. by the side of the delineation of this trumpet is written in Saxon characters:—“When the trumpet ceascs to sound, the sword is returned to the scabbard.”—*Strut’s Anglo-Saxon Antiquities.*

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF  
THE  
**MERCHANT OF VENICE,**

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT  
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,  
WITH

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY  
CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.,

AS FIRST PERFORMED ON  
SATURDAY, JUNE 12TH, 1858.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS FIRST PERFORMED, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858

DUKE OF VENICE, . . . . .	Mr. H. MELLON.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } (Suitor to Portia)	Mr. ROLLESTON.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON,	Mr. RAYMOND.
ANTONIO, ( <i>the Merchant of Venice</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. GRAHAM.
BASSANIO, ( <i>his Friend</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. RYDER.
SALANJO, } ( <i>Friends to Antonio and Bassanio</i> )	Mr. BRAZIER.
SALARINO, }	Mr. G. EVERETT
GRATIANO,	Mr. WALTER LACY.
LORENZO, ( <i>in love with Jessica</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. J. F. CATHCART
SHYLOCK, ( <i>a Jew</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
TUBAL, ( <i>a Jew his Friend</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. F. COOKE
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, } ( <i>a Clown, servant to Shylock</i> )	Mr. HARLEY.
OLD GOBBO, ( <i>Father to Launcelot</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. MEADOWS.
LEONARDO, } ( <i>Servants to Bassanio</i> )	Mr. MORRIS.
STEPHANO,	Mr. STOAKES.
BALTHAZAR, ( <i>Servant to Portia</i> ) . . . . .	Mr. DALY.
HERALD, . . . . .	Mr. J. COLLETT.
PORTIA, ( <i>a rich Heiress</i> ) . . . . .	Mrs. CHARLES KEAN.
NEBISSA, ( <i>her Waiting Maid</i> ) . . . . .	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
JESSICA, ( <i>Daughter to Shylock</i> ) . . . . .	Miss CHAPMAN (Her First Appearance)

THE INCIDENTAL Music will be sung by Miss POOLE, Miss LEFFLER,  
Mr. J. COLLETT, Mr. T. YOUNG, and Mr. WALLWORTH.

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and  
other Attendants.*

SCENE.—Partly at VENICE; and partly at BELMONT, the  
Seat of PORTIA, on the Continent.

THE SCENERY Painted by MR GRIEVE and MR TELBIN,  
Assisted by MR. W. GORDON, MR. F. LLOYDS,  
MR. CUTHBERT, MR. DAYES, &c.  
THE MUSIC under the direction of MR. J. L. HATTON.  
THE DECORATIONS & APPOINTMENTS by MR E. W. BRADWELL.  
THE DRESSES by MRS. and MISS HOGGINS.  
THE MACHINERY by MR. G. HODSDON.  
THE DANCES arranged by MR. CORMACK.  
PERRUQUIER, MR. ASPLIN, of No. 13, New Bond Street.

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 For reference to Historical Authorities indicated by  
Letters, see end of each Act.

## P R E F A C E.

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VENICE, “the famous city in the sea,” rising like enchantment from the waves of the Adriatic, appeals to the imagination through a history replete with dramatic incident; wherein power and revolution—conquest and conspiracy—mystery and romance—dazzling splendour and judicial murder alternate in every page. Thirteen hundred years witnessed the growth, maturity, and fall of this once celebrated city; commencing in the fifth century, when thousands of terrified fugitives sought refuge in its numerous islands from the dreaded presence of Attila; and terminating when the last of the Doges, in 1797, lowered for ever the standard of St. Mark before the cannon of victorious Buonaparte. Venice was born and died in fear. To every English mind, the Queen of the Adriatic is endeared by the genius of our own Shakespeare. Who that has trod the great public square, with its mosque-like cathedral, has not pictured to himself the forms of the heroic Moor and the gentle Desdemona? Who that has landed from his gondola to pace the Rialto, has not brought before his “mind’s eye,” the scowling brow of Shylock, when proposing

the bond of blood to his unsuspecting victim? Shakespeare may or may not have derived his plot of *The Merchant of Venice*, as some suppose, from two separate stories contained in Italian novels; but if such be the fact, he has so interwoven the double interest, that the two currents flow naturally into a stream of unity.

In this play Shakespeare has bequeathed to posterity one of his most perfect works—powerful in its effect, and marvellous in its ingenuity. While the language of the Jew is characterized by an assumption of biblical phrasology, the appeal of Portia to the quality of mercy is invested with a heavenly eloquence elevating the poet to sublimity.

From the opening to the closing scene,—from the moment when we hear of the sadness, prophetic of evil, which depresses the spirit of Antonio, till we listen at the last to the “playful prattling of two lovers in a summer’s evening,” whose soft cadences are breathed through strains of music,—all is a rapid succession of hope, fear, terror, and gladness; exciting our sympathies now for the result of the merchant’s danger; now for the solution of a riddle on which hangs the fate of the wealthy heiress; and now for the fugitive Jessica, who resigns her creed at the shrine of womanly affection.

In the production of *The Merchant of Venice* it has been my object to combine with the poet’s art a faithful representation of the picturesque city; to

render it again palpable to the traveller who has actually gazed upon the seat of its departed glory ; and, at the same time, to exhibit it to the student, who has never visited this once

“ — pleasant place of all festivity,  
“ The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.”

The far-famed place of St. Mark, with its ancient Church, the Rialto and its Bridge, the Canals and Gondolas, the Historic Columns, the Ducal Palace, and the Council Chamber, are successively presented to the spectator. Venice is re-peopled with the past, affording truth to the eye, and reflection to the mind.

The introduction of the Princes of Morocco and Arragon at Belmont, hitherto omitted, is restored, for the purpose of more strictly adhering to the author's text, and of heightening the interest attached to the episode of the caskets.

The costumes and customs are represented as existing about the year 1600, when Shakespeare wrote the play. The dresses are chiefly selected from a work by Cesare Vecellio, entitled “ Degli Habiti Antichi e Moderni di diverse Parti del Mondo. In Venetia, 1590;” as well as from other sources to be found in the British Museum, whence I derived my authority for the procession of the Doge in the first scene.

If the stage is to be considered and upheld as an institution from which instructive and intellectual enjoyment may be derived, it is to Shakespeare we must look as the principal teacher, to inculcate its most valuable lessons. It is, therefore, a cause of self-gratulation, that I have on many occasions been able, successfully, to present some of the works of the greatest dramatic genius the world has known, to more of my countrymen than have ever witnessed them within the same space of time; and let me hope it will not be deemed presumptuous to record the pride I feel at having been so fortunate a medium between our national poet and the people of England.

CHARLES KEAN.

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—VENICE.(A) SAINT MARK'S PLACE.(B)

*Various groups of Nobles, Citizens, Merchants, Foreigners, Water-Carriers, Flower Girls, &c., pass and repass. Procession of the Doge, in state, across the square.<sup>1</sup>*

*ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SIANO come forward.*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;  
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn ;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>2</sup> with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Sal.* Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass,<sup>3</sup> to know where sits the wind ;

<sup>1</sup> This procession is copied from a print in the British Museum, by Josse Anman, who died in 1591.

<sup>2</sup> —— *argosies*] A name given, in our author's time, to ships of great burthen. The name is supposed by some to be derived from the classical ship, *Argo*, as a vessel eminently famous.

<sup>3</sup> *Plucking the grass,*] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;  
 And every object that might make me fear  
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
 Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats ;  
 And see my wealthy Andrew<sup>4</sup> dock'd in sand,  
 Vailing her high-top<sup>5</sup> lower than her ribs,  
 To kiss her burial.  
 Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this ? and shall I lack the thought  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ~ 12  
 But tell not me ; I know Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year .  
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Salar.* Why, then, you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie !

*Salar.* Not in love, neither ? Then let us say you are sad,  
 Because you are not merry — an 'twere as easy  
 For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,  
 Because you are not sad.

*Sal.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,  
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well ;  
 We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
 I take it your own business calls on you,  
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

<sup>4</sup> —— *my wealthy Andrew*] The name of the ship.

<sup>5</sup> *Vailing her high-top*] To rail is “to lour,” or “let fall.”

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bas.* Good signiors, both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exit SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,  
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time  
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

*Bas.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signor Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world.  
Thou lose it that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:<sup>6</sup>  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,  
I love thee, and it is my love that speak;—  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream<sup>7</sup> and mantle like a standing pond:  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,<sup>8</sup>

[*Let me play the fool*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*.

WARBURTON.

[*whose visages do cream*] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line: “*With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.*”

HENLEY.

[*a wilful stillness entertain,*] *Id est*, an obstinate silence.

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
 As who should say, '*I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!*'<sup>9</sup>  
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise  
 For saying nothing ; when I am very sure,  
 If they should speak, 'twould almost damn those ears<sup>10</sup>  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time :  
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.  
 Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well, a while ;  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.<sup>11</sup>

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time :  
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>12</sup>

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only commendable  
 In a neat's tongue dried,<sup>13</sup> and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now ?

*Bas.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more

<sup>9</sup> —— *let no dog bark!*] This seems to be a proverbial expression.

<sup>10</sup> —— *'twould almost damn those ears*] The author's meaning is this :—That some people are thought wise whilst they keep silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel.—THOMAS.

<sup>11</sup> *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the Puritan preachers of those times, who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner.—WARBURTON.

<sup>12</sup> —— *for this gear.*] A colloquial expression, meaning *for this matter*.

<sup>13</sup> *In a neat's tongue dried,*] Neat, horned cattle of the Ox species.

than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bas.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>14</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance.  
To you, Antonio, I owe the most in money and in love;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unbewhen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bas.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch  
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both  
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much; and, like a wasteful youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but time,  
To wind about my love with circumstance;  
Then do but say to me what I should do,

<sup>14</sup> —— *a more swelling port*] *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance.

That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest unto it :<sup>15</sup> therefore speak.

*Bas.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes<sup>16</sup> from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages :  
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors.

O, my Antonio ! had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;  
Neither have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is ; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE II.—BELMONT. A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

*Enter PORTIA and NEBISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of  
this great world.

<sup>15</sup> —— *I am prest unto it :]* Ready.

<sup>16</sup> —— *Sometimes from her eyes]* In old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly* ; *id est*, some time ago, at a certain time. It appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's lifetime.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,<sup>17</sup> but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooseth you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.<sup>18</sup>

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but

<sup>17</sup> —— *superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] *Id est*, superfluity sooner acquires white hairs—becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by it*.—MALONE.

<sup>18</sup> —— *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakespeare were eminently skilled in all that belonged to horsemanship.

talk of his horse,<sup>19</sup> and he makes it a great approbation of his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Palatine.<sup>20</sup>

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, '*An you will not have me, choose;*' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?<sup>21</sup>

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

<sup>19</sup> — *that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse,*] *Colt* is used for a restless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>20</sup> — *the county Palatine.*] Shakespeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The Count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus Alasco, Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's lifetime, was eagerly caressed and splendidly entertained, but, running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment.—JOHNSON.

County and Count in old language, were synonymous. The Count Albertus Alasco was in London in 1583.

<sup>21</sup> — *the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew.*] In Shakespeare's time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made Knight of the Garter. Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.—JOHNSON

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferiat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon was the best describing a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now?—What news?

### *Enter BALTHAZAR.*

*Ser.* The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—THE MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE ON THE RIALTO ISLAND. (c) SAN JACOPO, THE MOST ANCIENT CHURCH IN VENICE, OCCUPIES ONE SIDE OF THE SQUARE.

*Enter Bassanio and Shylock. (d)*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bas.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bas.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bas.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bas.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bas.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad.<sup>22</sup> But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

*Bas.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

<sup>22</sup> — *squander'd abroad*] Scattered.

*Bas.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into!<sup>23</sup> I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

*Bas.* This is signior Antonio.

[*Exit BASSANIO.*

*Shy. (aside.)* How like a fawning publican he looks !  
I hate him, for he is a Christian :  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice. (E)  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>24</sup>  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation : and he rails  
Even there where merchants most do congregate  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe  
If I forgive him !

*Re-enter BASSANIO with ANTONIO.*

*Bas.* Shylock, do you hear ?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store ;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me : But soft : How many months  
Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior.

[*To ANTONIO.*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

<sup>23</sup> ——*to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into !*] See 8th c. St. Matthew, v. 30.

<sup>24</sup> ——*catch him once upon the hip,*] Dr. Johnson says the expression is taken from the practice of wrestling.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit, I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,<sup>25</sup>  
I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd<sup>26</sup>  
How much you would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so  
Well then, your bond ; and, let me see. But hear you :  
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,  
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him ? did he take interest ?

*Shy.* No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd  
That all the earlings<sup>27</sup> which were streak'd and pied  
Should fall, as Jacob's hire ;  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,<sup>28</sup>  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,<sup>29</sup>  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;<sup>30</sup>  
Who, then conceiving, did in earning-time  
Fall<sup>31</sup> party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>25</sup> ————— *ripe wants of my friend,*] Wants come to the height—wants that can have no longer delay.

<sup>26</sup> *Is he yet possess'd?*] *Id est.* acquainted—informed.

<sup>27</sup> ————— *earlings]* Lambs just dropt.

<sup>28</sup> ————— *certain wands,*] A *wand* in Shakespeare's time was the usual term for what we now call a *scutch*.—MALONE.

<sup>29</sup> ————— *deed of kind,*] *Id est.* of nature.

<sup>30</sup> ————— *the fulsome ewes,*] Lascivious—rank, obscene ewes.

<sup>31</sup> *Fall]* To let fall.

<sup>32</sup> ————— *and those were Jacob's.*] See Genesis xxx. 37.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.  
Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

*Shy.* I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.<sup>14</sup>  
An evil soul producing holy witness  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
A godly apple rotten at the heart ;  
O, what a godly outside falsehood hath !<sup>15</sup>

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

*Shy* Signior Antonio many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances :<sup>15</sup>  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :  
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well, then, it now appears you need my help :  
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,  
*'Shylock, we would have monies.'* You say so ;  
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

<sup>14</sup> *The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.*] See St. Matthew, iv. 6.

<sup>15</sup> *O, what a godly outside falsehood hath !]* *Falsehood*, which, as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *avarice*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.—JOHNSON.

<sup>15</sup> ——*and my usances.*] *Usance* in our author's time signified *interest of money*.

Over your threshhold ; monies is your suit,  
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say  
 ‘ *Hath a dog money ? is it possible*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?*’ or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,  
 With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this,—

‘ *Fair Sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;*  
*You spurn’d me such a day ; another time*  
*You call’d me dog ; and for these courtesies*  
*I’ll lend you thus much monies ?*’

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take  
 A breed of barren metal of his friend ?)<sup>36</sup>  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy ;  
 Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face  
 Exact the penalties.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm !  
 I would be friends with you, and have your love ;  
 Forget the shames that you have stain’d me with ;  
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
 Of usance for my monies, and you’ll not hear me :  
 This is kind I offer.

*Ant.*                   This were kindness.  
*Shy.* This kindness will I show :  
 Go with me to a notary : seal me there  
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
 If you repay me not on such a day,  
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
 Express’d in the condition, let the forfeit  
 Be nominated for an equal pound  
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

<sup>36</sup> *A breed of barren metal of his friend ?*]   A breed, that is, interest money bred from the principal. The epithet *barren* implies that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bas.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me;  
I'll rather dwell<sup>37</sup> in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond.  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>38</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bas.* I like not fair terms<sup>39</sup> and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come, on; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>37</sup> *Dwell*] Continue.

<sup>38</sup> — *fearful guard*] A guard not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear.

<sup>39</sup> *I like not fair terms*] Kind words—good language.

**SCENE IV.—SALOON OF THE CASKETS IN  
PORTIA'S HOUSE, AT BELMONT.**

*Flourish of Cornets.* Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burning sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.<sup>10</sup>  
By love, I swear, I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.  
I'll try my fortune;  
E'en though I may (blind fortune leading me)  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.<sup>11</sup>

*Mor.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.  
The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

<sup>10</sup> ——*whose blood is reddest, his, or mine*] Red blood is a traditional sign of courage, as cowards are said to have livers as white as milk. It is customary in the East for lover's to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses.—PICART'S RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

<sup>11</sup> ——*therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what you are about to do.

The second, silver, which this promise carries :

" Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

The third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :<sup>42</sup>

" Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere perdition  
To think so base a thought;

Or shall I think in silver she's inumur'd,  
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?  
O sinful thought. Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold.

Deliver me the key;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

*Por.* There, take it prince, and if my form lie there,  
Then I am yours [He unlocks the golden casket.

*Mor.* What have we here?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

" All that glitters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told:  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inserol'd :  
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed; and labour lost :  
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome frost—  
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[Exit.

*Por.* A gentle riddance:—go:—  
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

<sup>42</sup> —— with warning all as blunt ] That is, as gross as the dull metal.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIRST.

(A) The foundation of Venice is attributed to the inhabitants of the surrounding districts, who fled from the cruelty of Attila, King of the Huns, and took refuge among the islets at the mouth of the Brenta. Here, about the middle of the fifth century, they founded two small towns, called Rivoalto and Malmocco, and, being in a manner shut out from all other modes of employment, naturally devoted themselves to commerce. In this way they soon became prosperous, and their numbers increased so rapidly, that in the year 697 they made application to the Emperor to be elected into a body politic, and obtained authority to elect a chief, to whom they gave the name of Duke or Doge. The town, continuing to increase, gradually extended its buildings to the adjacent islands, and, at the same time, acquired considerable tracts of territory on the mainland, then inhabited by the Veneti, from whence the rising city is supposed to have borrowed its name of Venetia or Venice.

(B) This is the heart of Venice, and is one of the most imposing architectural objects in Europe. Three of the sides are occupied by ranges of lofty buildings, which are connected by a succession of covered walks or arcades. The church of St Mark, founded in the year 828, closes up the square on the east. The lofty Campanile, or Bell-tower, over 300 feet in height, was begun A.D. 902, and finished in 1155.

In the reign of Justiniani Participazio, A.D., 827, the son and successor of Angelo, undistinguished by events of more important character, the Venetians became possessed of the relics of that saint to whom they ever afterwards appealed as the great patron of their state and city. These remains were obtained from Alexandria by a pious stratagem, at a time when the church wherein they were originally deposited was about to be destroyed, in order that its rich marbles might be applied to the decoration of a palace. At that fortunate season, some Venetian ships (it is said no less than ten, a fact proving the prosperous extent of their early commerce) happened to be trading in that port; and their captains, though not without much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining from the priests, who had the custody of the holy treasure, its deliverance into their hands, in order that it might escape profanation. It was necessary, however, that this transfer should be made in secrecy; for we are assured by Sabellico, who relates the

occurrence minutely, that the miracles which had been daily wrought at the saint's shrine had strongly attached the populace to his memory. The priests carefully opened the cerements in which the body was enveloped; and considering, doubtless, that one dead saint possessed no less intrinsic virtue and value than another, they very adroitly substituted the corpse of a female, Sta. Claudia, in the folds which had been occupied by that of St. Mark. But they had widely erred in their graduation of the scale of beatitude. So great was the odour of superior sanctity, that a rich perfume diffused itself through the church at the moment at which the grave-clothes of the evangelist were disturbed; and the holy robbery was well nigh betrayed to the eager crowd of worshippers, who, attracted by the sweet smell, thronged to inspect the relics, and to ascertain their safety. After examination, they retired, satisfied that their favourite saint was inviolate; for the slit which the priests had made in his cerements was behind and out of sight. But the Venetians still had to protect the embarkation of their prize. For this purpose, effectually to prevent all chance of search, they placed the body in a large basket stuffed with herbs and covered with joints of pork. The porters who bore it were instructed to cry loudly '*Khanzr! Khanzir!*' \* and every true Mussulman whom they met, carefully avoided the uncleanness with which he was threatened by contact with this forbidden flesh. Even when once on board, the body was not yet quite safe; for accident might reveal the contents of the basket; it was therefore wrapt in one of the sails, and hoisted to a yard-arm of the main-mast, till the moment of departure. Nor was this precaution unnecessary; for the unbelievers instituted a strict search for contraband goods before the vessel sailed. During the voyage, the ship was in danger from a violent storm; and but for the timely appearance of the saint, who warned the captain to furl his sails, she would inevitably have been lost. The joy of the Venetians, on the arrival of this precious cargo, was manifested by feasting, music processions, and prayers. An ancient tradition was called to mind, that St. Mark, in his travels, had visited Aquileia; and having touched also at the Hundred Isles, at that time uninhabited, had been informed, in a prophetic vision, that his bones should one day repose upon their shores. Venice was solemnly consigned to his protection. The saint himself, or his lion, was blazoned on her standards and impressed on her coinage; and the shout of the populace, whether on occasions of scdition or of joy, and the gathering cry of the armics of the republic in battle was, henceforward, '*Viva San Marco!*'—*Sketches of Venetian History*.

(c) This ancient Exchange "where merchants most do congregate," is situated on the Rialto Island, its name being derived from "*riva alta*," "high shore." It is a square in the immediate

\**Khanzir*, Arab. a hog. A cape on the coast of Syria is named *Ras el Khanzir*; i.e., hog's-head.

vicinity of the Rialto Bridge, and contains the Church of San Jacopo, the first sacred edifice built in Venice. The original church was erected in the year 421, and the present building in 1194, and was restored in 1531. This island, being the largest and most elevated, became the first inhabited, and is, therefore, the most ancient part of Venice. The Exchange was held under the arcades, facing the church, and was daily crowded with those connected with trade and commerce. It is now occupied as a vegetable market.

(p) Vecellio informs us that the Jews of Venice differed in nothing, as far as regarded dress, from Venetians of the same occupation, with the exception of a yellow, or orange tawney coloured bonnet, which they were compelled to wear by order of government.

The women were distinguished from the Christian ladies by wearing yellow veils.

Shakespeare is supposed to have taken the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet, entitled "Caleb Shillocke, his prophecie; or the Jewes Prediction."

(e) "He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

About the time that Shakespeare lived, Venice had commercial dealings with all the civilized nations of the world; and Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were subject to her government. Merchants from all countries congregated in Venice, and received every possible encouragement from the authorities.

The Jews, under the sanction of government, were the money-lenders, and were, consequently, much disliked, as well as feared, by their mercantile creditors. They indulged in usury to an enormous extent, and were immensely rich.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—VENICE.(A) EXTERIOR OF SHYLOCK'S  
HOUSE.

*Enter Launcelot Gobbo.*

*Lau.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—*Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:*—My conscience says,—*No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;* or (as aforesaid) *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels.* Well the most courageous fiend bids me pack. *Via!* says the fiend; *Away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens;*<sup>1</sup> *rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, *my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son,* or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not;* *budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (Heaven bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more

<sup>1</sup> — *for the heavens;*] This expression is simply “a pretty oath.” It occurs in Ben Jonson and Decker

friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run. . . . [*As he is going out in haste*

*Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

*Lau. (aside.)* O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind,<sup>2</sup> knows me not: I will try conclusions<sup>3</sup> with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

*Lau.* Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.<sup>4</sup>

*Gob.* 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Lau.* Talk you of young master Launcelot?—mark me, now—*(aside.)*—now will I raise the waters.<sup>5</sup> 'Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir: but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, Heaven be thanked, well to live.

*Lau.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.<sup>6</sup>

*Lau.* Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates

<sup>2</sup> —— *sand blind, high-gravel blind.*] Having an imperfect sight, as if there was wind in the eye.—Gravel-blind, a coinage of Launcelot's, is the exaggeration of *sand-blind*.

<sup>3</sup> *I will try conclusions]* Experiments.

<sup>4</sup> —— *turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.*] This perplexed direction is given to puzzle the enquirer.

<sup>5</sup> —— *now will I raise the waters.*] *Id est*, make him weep.

<sup>6</sup> —— we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gobbo.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Id est, plain Launcelot, and not, as you term him, master Launcelot.*

and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, Heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Lau.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hevel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Lau.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack! sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Lau.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: (*kneels.*) Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Lau.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Lau.* I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. What a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my phill-horse,<sup>1</sup> has on his tail.

*Lau.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present.

*Lau.* (*rises.*) Give him a present! give him a halter: I

<sup>1</sup> ————— *phill horse,*] The horse in the shafts of a cart or waggon. The term is best understood in the Midland Counties.

am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as Heaven has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and STEPHANO.*

*Bas.* See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a SERVANT.*

*Lau.* To him, father.

*Gob.* Heaven bless your worship!

*Bas.* Gramercy! Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

*Lau.* Not a poor boy, sir; but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Lau.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire as my father shall specify.

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

*Lau.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is—

*Lau.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent<sup>8</sup> to myself. As your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bas.* One speak for both. What would you?

*Lau.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bas.* I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,

<sup>8</sup> — the suit is impertinent] Launcelot is a blunderer, as well as one who can "play upon a word," here he means pertinent.

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Lau.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master, Shylock, and you, sir; you have the grace of Heaven, sir, and he hath — enough.

*Bas.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—give him a livery. [To his Followers. More guarded<sup>9</sup> than his fellows': See it done.

*Lau.* Father, in:—(*Exit OLD GOBBO.*) I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; (*looking on his palm*) if any man in Italy have a fairer table;<sup>10</sup> which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune!<sup>11</sup> Go to, here's a simple line of life!<sup>12</sup> here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,<sup>13</sup> here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gear.—I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exit LAUNCELOT.

*Bas.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leo.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leo.*

Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exit LEONARDO

<sup>9</sup> ——*a livery more guarded*] More ornamented.

<sup>10</sup> ——*a fairer table*,] Table is the palm of the hand.

<sup>11</sup> ——*I shall have good fortune!*] The palm which offers to swear that the owner shall have good fortune, is a fair table to be proud of.

<sup>12</sup> ——*here's a simple line of life!*] In allusion to the lines on the palm of his hand.

<sup>13</sup> ——*in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,*] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bas.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bas.* You have obtained it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bas.* Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano; Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But, where they are not known, why, there they show Something too liberal:<sup>14</sup>—pray thee take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes<sup>15</sup> Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent;<sup>16</sup> To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

*Bas.* Well, we shall see your bearing.<sup>17</sup>

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me By what we do to-night.

*Bas.* No, that were pity; I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

<sup>14</sup> ————— something too liberal :—] Gross or coarse.

<sup>15</sup> ————— hood mine eyes] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes.

<sup>16</sup> ————— sad ostent ;] Grave appearance—show of staid and serious behaviour. Ostent is a word very commonly used for show among the old dramatic writers.

<sup>17</sup> ————— we shall see your bearing.] Bearing is carriage—deportment

That purpose merriment : But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;  
But we will visit you at supper time. [Exit.

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT from SHYLOCK's house.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so ;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :  
But take thee well : there is a ducat for thee ;  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :  
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,  
And so farewell ; I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee.

*Lau.* Adieu !—Tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! Adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit : adieu. [Exit.

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, . . .  
To be ashamed to be my father's child !  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit into house.

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper time ;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.<sup>18</sup>

*Sal.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;  
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours  
To furnish us.—

<sup>18</sup> *We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.] Id est,* we have not yet bespoken the torch-bearers.

*Enter LAUNCELOT with a letter.*

Friend Launcelet, what's the news?

*Lau.* As it shall please you to break up this,<sup>10</sup> it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Lau.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Lau.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,  
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.

Gentlemen, [Exit LAUNCELOT into house.  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?  
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Sal.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed  
How I shall take her from her father's house;  
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;  
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT from House.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:  
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize.  
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out,—  
Why, Jessica, I say!

—to break up this,] To break up was a term in carving.

*Lau.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Lau.* Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper,<sup>20</sup> Jessica;

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love: they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian:—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I durst dream of money-bags to night.

*Lau.* I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Lau.* And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding<sup>22</sup> on Black Monday<sup>(u)</sup> last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica: Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,<sup>23</sup> Clamber not you up to the casements ther. Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces: But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;

<sup>20</sup> *I am bid forth to supper,*] I am invited. To *bud*, in old language, meant to *pray*.

<sup>21</sup> ——*to feed upon the prodigal Christian*] The poet here means to heighten the malignity of Shylock's character, by making him depart from his settled resolve, of "neither to eat, drink, nor pray with Christians," for the prosecution of his revenge.

<sup>22</sup> ——*nose fell a bleeding*] Some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of bleeding at the nose.

<sup>23</sup> ——*wry-neck'd fife,*] The upper part or mouth-piece, resembling the beak of a bird.

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,  
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :  
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;  
 Say, I will come.

*Lau.* I will go before, Sir.—  
 Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;  
 There will come a Christian by,  
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye.<sup>21</sup> [Exit LAUNCELOT.  
*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?  
*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing else.  
*Shy.* The patch is kind enough ;<sup>22</sup> but a huge feeder,  
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
 More than the wild cat : drones live not with me,  
 Therefore I part with him ; and part with him  
 To one that I would have him help to waste  
 His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;  
 Perhaps, I will return immediately ;  
 Do as I bid you,  
 Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;  
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.  
*Jes.* Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit into house.

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
 Desir'd us to make stand.

*Sal.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
 For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Sal.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
 To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont  
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

*Gra.* That ever holds : who riseth from a feast,  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

<sup>21</sup> —— *worth a Jewess' eye.*] It's worth a Jews' eye is a proverbial phrase.

<sup>22</sup> *The patch is kind enough,*] Patch is the name of a Fool, probably in allusion to his *patch'd* or party colored dress.

Where is the horse that doth untread again  
 His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
 That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Sal.* Here comes Lorenzo.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:  
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
 I'll watch as long for you then.—  
 Here dwells my father Jew:—

GLEE.<sup>26</sup>

O happy fair!  
 Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue sweet air!  
 More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear  
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear!<sup>27</sup>

Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA, above.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
 For who love I so much? And now who knows  
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art

*Je:* Here, catch this ca ket; it is worth the pains

*Lor.* Come, come at once;  
 For the close night doth play the run-away,  
 And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
 With some more ducats and be with you straight.

[*Exit from above.*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Sung by Miss POOLE, Miss LEFILER, and Mr. WALTHWORTH.

<sup>27</sup> The words are from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., Scene 1.

<sup>28</sup> — a Gentile and no Jew.] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and one well-born.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
And therefore, like herself, wisc, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter various parties of Maskers, Revellers, &c.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT SECOND.

(A) Venice occupies 72 islands. There are 306 canals, traversed by innumerable gondolas. The gondolas introduced in this scene are copied from paintings, of the same date as when the action of the play is supposed to occur, and are, consequently, rather varied in shape from those now seen in Venice. Besides the great squares of St. Mark, and the adjoining Piazzetta before the Doge's Palace, the city has numerous narrow streets, or rather lanes, with small open spaces in front of the churches, or formed by the termination of several alleys, leading to a bridge. It is one of these spaces that is represented in the second act.

(ii) "Black Monday" is Easter Monday, and was so called on this occasion. In the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th April, and the morrow after Easter Day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the City of Paris, which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horse's backs with the cold.—*Stow.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—SALOON OF THE CASKETS IN PORTIA'S HOUSE AT BELMONT.

*Enter Nerissa, with Servants.*

*Ner.* The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Trumpets.* *Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Arr.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things .  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Arr.* And so have I address'd me :<sup>1</sup> Fortune now  
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'  
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :  
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

<sup>1</sup> —so have I address'd me .] To address is to prepare—id est I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies.

What many men desire.—That many may be meant<sup>2</sup>  
 By the fool multitude,<sup>3</sup> that choose by show,  
 Why, then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

‘ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves ; ’

And well said too. For who shall go about  
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
 Without the stamp of merit ?  
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
 Were not deny’d corruptly ! and that clear honour  
 Were purchas’d by the merit of the wearer !  
 How many then should cover that stand bare ?  
 How many be commanded that command ?  
 And how much honour  
 Pick’d from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish’d ? Well, but to my choice :

‘ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves . ’

I will assume desert :—Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Arr.* What’s here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
 Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.

Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
 Such have but a shadow’s bliss :  
 There be fools alive, I wis,<sup>4</sup>  
 Silver’d o’er ; and so w’as this.’

Still more fool I shall appear  
 By the time I linger here :  
 With one fool’s head I came to woo,  
 But I go away with two.

*That many may be meant*] Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakespeare’s age that are now no longer used. “ May be meant,” *rd est* meaning by that, &c.

<sup>3</sup> — *the fool multitude*] The foolish multitude.

<sup>4</sup> — *I wis,*] I know.

Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroath.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exeunt ARRAGON and Train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy ;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Enter BALTHAZAR.*

*Ser.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord :  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;<sup>6</sup>  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee.  
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be !

[*Excunt.*

## SCENE II.—RIALTO BRIDGE (A), AND GRAND CANAL.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;  
With him is Gratiano gone along ;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Sal.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail :  
But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :

<sup>5</sup> —to bear my wroath.] Misfortune.

<sup>6</sup> —regrets ;] i. e., salutations.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Sal.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets;  
“*My daughter!—O, my ducats!—O, my daughter!*  
*Fled with a Christian!—O, my Christian ducats!—*  
*Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!*”  
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd: I reason'd<sup>7</sup> with a Frenchman yesterday, who told me that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas that part the French and English,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place—a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Sal.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,<sup>8</sup> or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep<sup>9</sup> his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Sal.* Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Sal.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Salar.* How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Sal.* That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Sal.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

<sup>7</sup> *I, reason'd]* *Id est,* I conversed.

<sup>8</sup> ——*knapp'd ginger,*] To knap is to break short. The word occurs in the common prayer—“*He knappeth the spear in sunder.*

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Sal.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel !

*Salar.* But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart.— Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ;— let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

*Sal.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ? What's that good for ?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same disease, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge : If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute : and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Salar.* Here comes another of the tribe ; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge. nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck, too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;<sup>9</sup> I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

<sup>9</sup> —— *turquoise;*] A precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. Many superstitious qualities were imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true : Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue : go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—SALOON OF THE CASKETS, IN  
PORTIA'S HOUSE, AT BELMONT.

BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NECESSA, and *Attendants.*

*Por.* I pray you, fairy ; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong  
I lose your company ; I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;  
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn.

*Bas.* Let me choose ;  
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.  
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.  
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice :  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music.(b)—That the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream  
And wat'ry death-bed for him.

[*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himself.*

SONG.<sup>10</sup>

1. Tell me where is fancy bred.  
Or in the heart, or in the head ?  
How begot, how nourished ?  
Reply, reply.

<sup>10</sup> Sung by Miss POOLE, and Chorus of Ladies.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed ; and fancy dics  
In the cradle where it lies :  
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;  
I'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell.

*All.*

[*Exeunt all but PORTIA and BASSANIO.*

*Bas.* So may the outward shows be least themselves;<sup>11</sup>  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,<sup>12</sup>  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it<sup>13</sup> with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled<sup>14</sup> shore  
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scurf  
Veiling an Indian beauty Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Held food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air !  
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit !

*Bas.*

What find I here !

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

<sup>11</sup> *So may the outward shows be least themselves ;*] Bassanio begins abruptly, the first part of the argument having passed in his mind while the music was proceeding.

<sup>12</sup> —— *gracious voice,*] Pleasing—winning favour.

<sup>13</sup> —— *approv'e it]* *Id est,* justify it.

<sup>14</sup> —— *guiled]* Treacherous—deceitful.

Fair Portia's counterfeit?<sup>15</sup>—Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

' You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss.  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.'

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,  
I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Yet doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself.  
But now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself.  
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;  
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bus.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words;  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.  
But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry good joy; God joy, my lord and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;

<sup>15</sup> Fair Portia's counterfeit!—'Counterfeit,' which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a likeness, a resemblance, without comprehending any idea of fraud.

For I am sure you can wish none from me :  
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you  
 Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bas.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.  
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
 You lov'd, I lov'd : for intermission<sup>16</sup>  
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;  
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls :  
 For wooing here, until my roof was dry  
 With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—  
 I got a promise of this fair one here,  
 To have her love, provided that your fortune  
 Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa ?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bas.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bas.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?  
 What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio.

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALANIO.*

*Bas.* Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither ;  
 If that the youth of my new interest here  
 Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,  
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord ;  
 They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour :—For my part, my lord,  
 My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
 But meeting with Solanio by the way,

<sup>16</sup> —————[*intermission*] Intermission is pause—intervening time—delay.

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [Gives BASSANIO a letter.]

*Bas.* Ere I ope this letter,  
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind :  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.  
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?  
I know he will be glad of our success,  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Sal.* 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in you same paper,  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek ;  
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man.<sup>17</sup> What, worse and worse ?—  
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bas.* O sweet Portia,  
Here aie a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Run in my veins,—I was a gentleman :  
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
My state was nothing, I shoul'd then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

<sup>17</sup> ——any constant man.] *Constant*, in the present instance  
signifies grave.

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;  
 The paper as the body of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Soplano ?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marrying rocks ?

*Sal.* Not one, my lord.  
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it : Never did I know  
 A creature that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man .  
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night ;  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state  
 If they deny him justice twenty merchants,  
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ,  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

*Bas.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit  
 In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew ?

*Bas.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more ?  
 Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
 Before a friend of this description  
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
 First, go with me to church, and call me wife .  
 And then away to Venice to your friend !  
 For never shall you stay by Portia's side  
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over ;  
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along :

My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;  
For you shall hence, upon my wedding-day :  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bas. (reads.)*

'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

*Bas.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste : but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exit.]

#### SCEENE IV.—VENICE. THE COLUMNS OF ST MARK. (c).

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and GAOLER.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy ;—  
This is the fool that lends out money gratis ;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ;  
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond :  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause :  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>14</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :  
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

<sup>14</sup> — — *fond*] *Id est*, foolish.

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life.

*Salar.* I am surc the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law,<sup>13</sup>  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;<sup>14</sup>  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations.

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray heaven, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—SALOON OF THE CASKETS IN PORTIA'S HOUSE AT BELMONT.

*Enter PORTIA, NECESSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
BALTHAZAR.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

<sup>13</sup> *The duke cannot deny, &c.*] As the reason here given seems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. It says he, the duke stop the course of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever.—WARBURTON.

<sup>14</sup> *For the commodity that strangers have*

*With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.*] *Id est,* for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished. In the *Historye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a section *On the libertee of straungers*, at Venice —MALONE.

You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
 I know you would be prouder of the work,  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
 Nor shall not now.  
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;  
 Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.<sup>21</sup>  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here ;  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you  
 Not to deny this imposition ;  
 To which my love, and some necessity,  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart,  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica !

*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*

Now, Balthazar,  
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still : Take this same letter ;  
 See thou render this

<sup>21</sup> —— *hear other things.*] *Id est*, she'll say no more in self-praise,  
 but will refer to a new subject.

Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed <sup>22</sup>  
Unto the tranect,<sup>23</sup> to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

*Bal.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands,  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us ?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa :  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exit.

<sup>22</sup> — — *with imagin'd speed*] *Id est*, with celerity, like that of imagination.

<sup>23</sup> *Unto the tranect,*] Probably this word means the tow-boat of the ferry.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT THIRD.

(a) The present stone structure superseded an older one of wood. This celebrated edifice was commenced in 1588.

(b) That the swan uttered musical sounds at the approach of death was credited by Plato, Chrysippus, Aristotle, Euripides, Philostratus, Cicero, Seneca, and Martial. Pliny, Aelian, and Athenaeus, among the ancients, and Sir Thomas More among the moderns, treat this opinion as a vulgar error. Luther believed in it. See his *Oolloquia*, par. 2, p. 125, edit. 1571, 8vo. Our countryman, Bartholomew Glanville, thus mentions the singing of the swan: "And whan she shal dye and that a fether is pyght in the brayn, then she syngeth, as Ambrose sayth," *De proprie. rer. 1. xii., c. 11.* Monsieur Morin has written a dissertation on this subject in vol. v. of the *Mem. de l'acad. des inscript.* There are likewise some curious remarks on it in Weston's *Specimens of the conformity of the European languages with the Oriental*, p. 135; in Seelen *Miscellanea*, tom. 1. 298; and in Pinkerton's *Recollections of Paris*, ii. 336.—*Douce's illustrations*

(c) These two magnificent granite columns, which adorn the Piazzetta of St. Mark, on the Molo or Quay, near the Doge's Palace, were among the trophies brought by Dominico Michieli on his victorious return from Palestine in 1125; and it is believed that they were plundered from some island in the Archipelago. A third pillar, which accompanied them, was sunk while landing. It was long before any engineer could be found sufficiently enterprising to attempt to rear them, and they were left neglected on the quay for more than fifty years. In 1180, however, Nicolo Barattiero\*, a Lombard, undertook the task, and succeeded. Of the process which he employed, we are uninformed; for Sabellico records no more than that he took especial pains to keep the ropes continually wetted, while they were strained by the weight of the huge marbles. The Government, more in the lavish spirit of Oriental bounty, than in accordance with the calculating sobriety of European patronage, had promised to reward the architect by granting whatever boon, consistent with its honour, he might ask.

\* Doglioni fixes the erection of these columns in 1172, Sabellico in 1174, the common Venetian Guide-books, a few years later. The Abbate Garaccioli, writes the name of the engineer Starrattoni.

It may be doubted whether he quite strictly adhered to the requisite condition, when he demanded that games of chance, hitherto forbidden throughout the capital, might be played in the space between the columns : perhaps with a reservation to himself of any profits accruing from them. His request was granted, and the disgraceful monopoly became established ; but afterward, in order to render the spot infamous, and to deter the population from frequenting it, it was made the scene of capital executions ; and the bodies of countless malefactors were thus gibbeted under the very windows of the palace of the chief magistrate. A winged lion in bronze, the emblem of St. Mark, was raised on the summit of one of these columns ; and the other was crowned with a statue of St. Theodore, a yet earlier patron of the city, armed with a lance and shield, and trampling on a serpent. A blunder, made by the statuary in this group, has given occasion for a sarcastic comment from Amelot de la Houssaye. The saint is sculptured with the shield in his right hand, the lance in his left ; a clear proof, says the French writer, of the unacquaintance of the Venetians with the use of arms ; and symbolical that their great council never undertakes a war of its own accord, nor for any other object than to obtain a good and secure peace. The satirist has unintentionally given the republic the highest praise which could flow from his pen. Happy, indeed, would it have been for mankind, if Governments had never been actuated by any other policy. De la Houssaye informs us also that the Venetians exchanged the patronage of St. Theodore for that of St. Mark, from like pacific motives : because the first was a soldier and resembled St. George, the tutelary idol of Genoa.—*Sketch of Venetian History.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—VENICE. A COURT OF JUSTICE.(A)

*The Duke, (B) the Magnificoes<sup>1</sup> Antonio, Bassanio,  
Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, and others.*

*Duke.* What is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach,<sup>2</sup> I do oppose  
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Grand Capt.* He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.  
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so, too,

<sup>1</sup> *Magnificoes,*] Coryat calls the nobles of Venice *Clarissimoes*.

<sup>2</sup> —— *envy's reach,*] Envy, in this place, means hatred or malice.

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 To the last hour of act : and then, 'tis thought  
 Thou'l show thy mercy and remorse,<sup>3</sup> more strange  
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :<sup>4</sup>  
 And where<sup>5</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty,  
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),  
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
 But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back,  
 Enough to press a royal merchant down, (c)  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brass<sup>y</sup> bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.  
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats . I'll not answer that  
 But, say, it is my humour :<sup>6</sup> Is it answer'd ?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?

<sup>3</sup> —— *remorse*] *Id est*, pity.

<sup>4</sup> —— *apparent cruelty*] That is, seeming cruelty ; not real.

<sup>5</sup> —— *where thou now*] where for whereas.

<sup>6</sup> —— *I'll not answer that*;

*But, say, it is my humour* ;] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses ; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but, since you want an answer, will this serve you ? —JOHNSON.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;<sup>7</sup>  
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;  
 Now for your answer.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
 Why he a harmless necessary cat ;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

*Bas.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bas.* Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

*Bas.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew.<sup>8</sup>

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf,  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
 You may as well do anything most hard,  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
 His Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no further means,

<sup>7</sup> —— *a gaping pig.*] By a *gaping* pig, Shakespeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*—

"And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig.*"

A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which perhaps furnished our author with his instance), may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus, the surgeon, was choleric at the sight of *sturgeon*," &c. *Pierce Pennilesse his Suplication to the Devil*, 1592.—MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *question with the Jew.*] To question is to converse.

But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bas.* For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it;  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to day.

*Grand Capt.* My lord, here stays with it  
A messenger, with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua."

*Duke.* Bring us the letters:—Call the messenger.  
*Bas.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!  
The Jew shall have my flesh blood, bones, and all,  
Fie thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a taunted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

<sup>“</sup> Padua is the place of education for the civil law in Italy.

*Ner.* From both, my lord; Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presents a letter.*

*Bas.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost makst me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy curriish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court:—

Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place:—

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Herald reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but that in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant. we turned o'er many books together. he is furnished with my opinion, which, better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial all better publish hs commendation."

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock ?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you,<sup>10</sup> as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger,<sup>11</sup> do you not ?

[To ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;<sup>12</sup>

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twicc bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;

<sup>10</sup> *Cannot impugn you,*] To impugn, is to oppose, to controvert.

<sup>11</sup> *You stand within his danger,*] *Id est,* within his power—within his reach or control.

<sup>12</sup> *The quality of mercy is not strain'd,*] “ Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.” --Ecclesiasticus xxxv., 20

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
 That in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bas.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the count;  
 Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth.<sup>13</sup> And I beseech you  
 Wiest once the law to your authority  
 To do a great right to do a little wrong;  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent:  
 And many an error, by the same example,  
 Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
 No, not for Venice

<sup>13</sup> ——malice bears down truth.] Malice oppresses honesty  
 as man in old language is an hen / man

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
 Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
 Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour  
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
 You know the law, your exposition  
 Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law  
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
 Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
 There is no power in the tongue of man  
 To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
 To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.  
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
 Hath full relation to the penalty,  
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast.  
 So says the bond:—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
 Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there batance here to weigh  
 The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
 To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?  
 Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—  
 Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
 For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use,  
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,  
 An age of poverty : from which lingering penance  
 Of such a misery doth she cut me off.  
 Command me to your honorable wife :  
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;  
 Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;  
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
 And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bas.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
 Which is as dear to me as life itself ;  
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life ;  
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom I protest I love ,  
 I would she were in heaven, so she could  
 Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands : I have a  
 daughter ;  
 Would any of the stock of Barrabas<sup>14</sup>  
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian ! [ *Aside.* We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;  
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge !

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast !  
 The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—  
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

<sup>14</sup> ——*Barrabas*] Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation of the name of this robber usual to the Theatre, Barrabas being sounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*

The words expressly are a pound of flesh :  
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
 Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned judge !

*Shy.* Is that the law ?

*Por.* Thyself shall see the act ;  
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
 Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge !—Mark Jew ;—a learned judge !

*Shy.* I take his offer, then,—pay the bond thrice,  
 And let the Christian go.

*Bas.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ;—no haste ;—  
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh. (D)  
 Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
 But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,  
 Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
 As makes it light or heavy in the balance,  
 Or the division of the twentieth part  
 Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn  
 But in the estimation of a hair,—  
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !  
 Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bas.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—  
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not barely have my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it !  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew ;  
The law bath yet another hold ou you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice.—  
If it be proved against an alien,  
That by direct or indirect attempts  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly, too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state, } not for Antonio

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;

*Ay, for the state, }* That is, the state's money may be counted for a fine, but not Antonio's.

I am content, so he will let me have  
 The other half in use,<sup>10</sup> to render it,  
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
 That lately stole his daughter ;  
 Two things provided more,—That for this favour,  
 He presently become a Christian ;  
 The other, that he do record a gift,  
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this ; or else I do recant  
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say :

*Shy* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you give me leave to go from hence :  
 I am not well ; send the deed after me,  
 And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers,  
 Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,<sup>11</sup>  
 To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. [ *Exit Shylock*

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.  
 I must away this night toward Padua ;  
 And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.  
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;  
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him

[ *Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Tram*

*Bas.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,  
 Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
 Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
 We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
 In love and service to you evermore.

<sup>10</sup> *The other half in use,* i.e. let him have it at interest during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo.

<sup>11</sup> — *thou should'st have had ten more* i.e. let a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied :  
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
 And therein do account myself well paid ;  
 My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
 I pray you know me, when we meet again ;  
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bas.* Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further ;  
 Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
 Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,  
 Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield,  
 Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
 And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—  
 Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bas.* This ring, good Sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;  
 I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this ;  
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bas.* There's more depends on this than on the value.  
 The dearest ring in Venice will I give you.  
 And find it out by proclamation ;  
 Only for this I pray you pardon me.

*Por.* I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers :  
 You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,  
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bas.* Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;  
 And when she put it on, she made me vow  
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
 An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa*

*Ant.* My lord Bassano, let him have the ring ,  
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment

*Bas.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him , ,  
 Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
 Unto Antonio's house —away, makehaste. [ *Exit Gratiano*

Come, you and I will thither presently ;  
 And in the morning early will we both  
 Fly toward Belmont : Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—VENICE. THE FOSCARI GATE OF  
 THE DUCAL PALACE, LEADING TO  
 THE GIANT'S STAIRCASE.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
 And let him sign it ; we'll away to-night,  
 And be a day before our husbands home :  
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Fair Sir, you are well overtaken :  
 My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>16</sup>  
 Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat  
 Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be :  
 This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
 And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,  
 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you :—  
 I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To Portia.]  
 Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old  
 swearing,<sup>19</sup>  
 That they did give the rings away to men ;  
 But we'll outface them, and outswear them, too.  
 Away, make haste ; thou know st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good Sir, will you show me to this house ?

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>16</sup> —— upon more advice,] *Id est*, upon more reflection.

<sup>19</sup> —— old swearing,) Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language there are various instances in our author.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FOURTH.

(a) This scene represents the Sala dei Pregadi, or Hall of the Senators. In Venice the tribunal for criminal cases was composed of forty judges, ordinarily presided over by one of three selected from the Council of the Doge, and draughted for the most part, if not wholly, from the members of the Senate. The Doge, who on all occasions was attended by his particular officers, had the right of sitting in the councils, or on the tribunal. The authority for the six senators in red (in this scene) is taken from the picture at Hampton Court Palace, where the Doge of Venice, in state, is receiving Sir Henry Wootton, ambassador from James the First. The picture is by Odoardo Fialetti, better known as an engraver than as a painter, and who was living at Venice when Sir Henry Wootton was ambassador there.

(n) The first Doge, or Duke of Venice, was Paolo Luca Anafesto, elected A.D. 697, and the last was Luigi Manini, who yielded the city, which had just completed the eleventh century of its sway, to the victorious arms of Buonaparte, in 1797.

(c) We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting, sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the Emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian Empire on the *Terra firma*, while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty, only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanuds, the Justinianii, the Grimaldi, the Summaripi, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations), and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants* which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while publick spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction), were called *royal merchants*. — *Wurburton*

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*.—Johnson

(n) This judgment is related by *Fracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflection at the conclusion of it.—

"The vivacity of that great Turk enters into competition with that of Solomon: a Jew pretended to cut an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obstinacy, as perfidiousness towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the Jew with death if he cut either more or less: And this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtlety."—*The Hero*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.*, has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590.—Steevens.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—BELMONT. AVENUE TO PORTIA'S HOUSE.

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright :—In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd me well ;  
Stealing my soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come :  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter BALTHAZAR.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

*Bal.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray you, friend.

*Bal.* Balthazar is my name : and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him —  
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Lau.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola.

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Lau.* Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola

*Lor.* Leave holloing, man; here.

*Lau.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Lau.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:

And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*  
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines<sup>1</sup> of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter MUSICIANS.**GLEE.<sup>2</sup>*

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
That o'er the green corn fields did pass,  
In the spring time, the pretty spring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

<sup>1</sup> —— *patines of bright gold.*] A patine is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice in the service of the altar. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold.

<sup>2</sup> Sung by Miss POOLE, Miss LEFFLER, Mr. T. YOUNG, Mr. J. COLLETT, and Mr. WALLWORTH.—From *As You Like It*, Act v., Scene 3.

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In the spring-time, the pretty spring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding, ding : —  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is your spirits are attentive :  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 If any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature :  
 The man that bath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NEBISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
 How far that little candle throws his beams !  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. Music ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;  
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

[*Music ceases*

*Por.* How many things by season season'd are  
 To their right praise, and true perfection ! —

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
 Of I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Nothing is good, I see, without respect,* [ *Not absolutely good but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances*

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa;  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;  
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A trumpet sounds*

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:  
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

*Por.* You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bas.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend --  
This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.\*

[*GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.*

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong:  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:  
Would he were hang'd that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already? What's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give to me; whose posy was

\* —— *this breathing courtesy*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of breath, i.e., words.

For all the world, like cutler's poetry<sup>6</sup>  
Upon a knife, '*Love me, and leave me not.*'

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till the hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave;  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective,<sup>6</sup> and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,<sup>7</sup>  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blamie, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bas.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it.

[*Aside.*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it, too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing; he begg'd mine:  
And ncither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

<sup>6</sup> — like cutler's poetry] Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of aqua fortis, with short sentences in distich

<sup>7</sup> — respective,) Regardful.

— a little scrubbed boy,) A stunted boy

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord ;  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bas.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your sight  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bas.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bas.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?  
I was enfore'd to send it after him.  
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give 'e worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding

*Bas.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And in the hearing of these many friends,

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,

I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[*To PORTIA.*

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord

Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety: give him this;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

*Bas.* By heaven it is the same I gave the doctor!

*Por.* I had it of him pardon me, Bassanio.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,

Did give me this.

*Gra.* Why this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, when the ways are fair enough.

*Por.* You are all amaz'd

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor,

Nerissa there, her clerk Lorenzo here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

And but e'en now return'd, I have not yet

Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome,

And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect unseal this letter soon,

There you shall find three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

*Bas.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

“—I once did lend my body for his wealth.” *Blest*, for his advantage—to obtain his happiness, *wealth* was, at that time, the term opposed to *adversity* or *calamity*.

*Gru.* Were you the clerk, and I knew you not?

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?  
My clerk has some good news too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee —  
There do I give to you Jessica  
From the rich Jew a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he has possessed of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop mama in the way of travel  
people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are — satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go on,  
And charge us there upon interrogatories.<sup>10</sup> [ *Replies* ]

10 — *interrogatories*, | — A contraction of *interrogative*.

At a very early period, Venice had begun to trade with Constantinople and the Levant, and though subjected to formidable competition from the Pisans and Genoese, succeeded in engrossing the far largest share of the traffic of the East. The Crusades now commenced, and giving lucrative employment to their shipping in the conveyance of troops, and the munitions of war, greatly increased both their wealth and power, and enabled them to make large additions to their territory. In early times, the Doges had been elected by the popular voice, and held their office by a very precarious tenure; for, in the case of any reverse or general dissatisfaction from any other cause, they were not only deposed, but often lost their lives, either by open violence, or assassination. The disorders thus occasioned rose to such a height in the 12th century, that a change in the form of government became necessary. For this purpose the city was divided into six districts, each of which nominated two delegates, or twelve in all; these twelve nominated 470 representatives, who concentrated in themselves all the powers which had been previously exercised by the popular assemblies. At the same time, a senate was appointed, and the Doge was provided with a council of six, who were nominally to assist, but, if so disposed, could easily find means to thwart him. The 470 representatives formed the grand council, and receiving their appointments annually from 12 delegates chosen by the popular voice, continued, in fact, notwithstanding the change in form, to be dependent upon it. The next change, however, set them free. After a severe struggle, the 470, in 1319, succeeded in making their office hereditary, and thus converted what had previously been a democracy into one of the most rigid forms of aristocracy. The evils of the system soon developed themselves. The 470, now hereditary nobles, became as jealous of each other as they had formerly been of the people, and while appropriating all the great offices of the state, had recourse to various methods, many of them of the most despotic nature, to prevent anyone of the great families from acquiring a preponderating influence. Among these arrangements was the institution of a council of 10, selected from the grand council, and subsequently, in 1454, the selection of three state inquisitors from the council of 10. These inquisitors, in whom all the powers of the state were absolutely vested, justified the name which the cruel bigotry of the Romish Church has established. This rigid despotism had, however, the effect of giving a stern unity of purpose to the proceedings of government, and doubtless contributed in some degree to consolidate the various accessions of territory which had been made into one whole. At this period the Venetians were masters of the coast of Dalmatia, and the islands of Cyprus, Candia, and a great

part of the Morea, and had almost monopolized the trade of Egypt and the East. The first great attempt to humble Venice was made in the beginning of the 16th century, when the famous league of Cambrai, of which Pope Julius the Second was the real author, though the Emperor of Germany, and the kings of France and Spain were parties to it, was framed for the avowed purpose of completely subduing her, and partitioning her territories. Dissensions among the confederates more than her own valour saved her from destruction, but not before most of her possessions on the mainland had been wrested from her. A still heavier blow at her prosperity was struck, by the discovery of a new passage to the East, which carried its rich traffic into new channels, and dried up one of the main sources of her wealth and strength. The work of destruction was all but completed by the Turks, who engaged her in an expensive and ruinous warfare, during which she lost the Morea, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, and with them the ascendancy which she had long possessed in the Levant. From all these causes her decline proved as rapid as her rise had been, and though her position can hardly fail to give her a considerable coasting trade, all her maritime greatness has departed, and apparently the highest destiny to which she can now aspire, is that of being a valuable dependency to some superior power.

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K I N G J O H N,

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT  
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,  
WITH  
HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
BY  
CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.,

AS PERFORMED ON  
MONDAY, OCTOBER, 18TH, 1858

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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KING JOHN.....	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
PRINCE HENRY { <i>(his Son, afterwards King Henry III)</i> }	Miss CHAPMAN.
ARTHUR, { <i>(Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John)</i> }	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
WILLIAM MARSHALL, <i>(Earl of Pembroke)</i>	Mr. COLLETT.
GEOFFREY FITZ-PETER, { <i>(Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary of England)</i> }	Mr. CORMACK
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, <i>(Earl of Salisbury)</i>	Mr. J. F. CATHCART.
ROBERT BIGOT, <i>(Earl of Norfolk)</i> . .	Mr. BRAZIER.
HUBERT DE BURGH, { <i>(Chamberlain to the King)</i> }	Mr. RYDER.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, { <i>(Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge)</i> }	Mr. H. SAKER.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, { <i>(his Half-Brother, Natural Son to King Richard the First)</i> }	Mr. WALTER DALY.
JAMES GURNEY, { <i>(Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.)</i> }	Mr. STOAKES.
PETER OF PONTRÉT, <i>(a Prophet)</i> ....	Mr. WHITTLE.
PHILIP, <i>(King of France)</i> ....	Mr. TERRY.
LEWIS, <i>(the Dauphin)</i> .....	Mr. G. EVERETT.
ARCH-DUKE OF AUSTRIA, .....	Mr. H. MELLON.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, <i>(the Pope's Legate)</i>	Mr. GRAHAM.
MELUN, <i>(a French Lord)</i> .....	Mr. BARSBY.
CHATILLON, { <i>(Ambassador from France to King John)</i> }	Mr. RAYMOND.
CITIZEN OF ANGIERS, .....	Mr. F. COOKE.
ENGLISH HERALD, .....	Mr. ROLLESTON.
FRENCH HERALD,.....	Mr. DALY.
ENGLISH KNIGHT .....	Mr. PAULO.
SHERIFF OF NORTHUMBERLAND, .....	Mr. MORRIS.

DRAMATIS PER ONÆ.

ELINOR, { (*the Widow of King Henry II.,*)  
and Mother of King John) } Mrs. WINSTANLEY.

CONSTANCE, (*Mother to Arthur*) ..... Mrs. CHARLES KEAN.

BLANCH, { (*Daughter to Alphonso, King of  
Castile, & Niece to King John*) } Miss KATE TERRY.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, { (*Mother to Philip  
and Robert  
Faulconbridge.*) } Mrs. W. DALY.

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,  
and other Attendants.*

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**SCENE—**Sometimes in ENGLAND and sometimes in FRANCE.

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THE SCENERY Painted by Mr. GRIEVE and Mr. TELBIN,  
Assisted by Mr. W. GORDON, Mr. F. LLOYDS,  
Mr. CUTHBERT, Mr. DAYES, &c.

THE MUSIC under the direction of Mr. J. L. HATTON.

THE DECORATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS by Mr. E. W. BRADWELL.

The DRESSES by Mrs. and Miss HOGGINS.

The MACHINERY by Mr. G. HODSDON.

PERRUQUIER, Mr. ASPLIN, of 13, New Bond Street.

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 For reference to Historical Authorities indicated by  
Letters, see end of each Act.

## PREFACE.

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SHAKESPEARE, with the inspiration of genius, has converted the histories of several of our English Kings into a series of grand dramatic poems, thereby impressing the imagination with living pictures of the Royal race, who in earlier days swayed the sceptre, and ruled the destinies of this island.

With a single exception, the canvas reflects portraits of the Plantagenet line, commencing with the crafty and remorseless John, and ending almost on the threshhold of the author's own period, with the voluptuous and haughty Tudor, Henry the Eighth.

The political motives and public events of the times depicted, are chiefly supplied from the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, but while Shakespeare has drawn amply from these, his favourite pages, as authority for his living record of the crimes and errors, the weaknesses and misfortunes of Princes, it is to his own consummate knowledge of human nature that we are indebted for the thoughts which find utterance in the person of each individual character. Shakespeare has set history to the strains of poetic music. The wonderful creation of the sorrow-stricken Lady Constance would appear but as a faint shadow

through the vista of time, had not her name been immortalized by England's greatest bard in the eloquent language of grief.

A lone woman stands in the midst of chivalry, encircled by the din of battle, the emblem of despair and ruined majesty. Her bursts of agony as she cries aloud for "her boy, her joy, her life, her widow's comfort, and her sorrow's cure," combine the most soul-thrilling picture of maternal suffering ever adorned and enhanced by poetic imagery. The youthful Arthur is painted as a tender and innocent child—not as the leader of an army, and the affianced husband of a Princess;—that he may twine more closely round the heart, and win both sympathy and love. He is the centre from which every scene radiates; and in the spirit of retributive justice, the misfortunes of England appear as the consequent result of the wrongs inflicted by its unscrupulous monarch on his helpless nephew. The injured and unhappy boy becomes the source of every current of action throughout the play; and the lineaments of his faithless uncle are rendered palpable to the eye in all the hideousness of guilt. The character of John is presented with strict fidelity throughout, and is especially displayed when he pours forth his wicked design into the ear of Hubert, and afterwards when he upbraids his chosen tool for supposed obedience to his commands.

Though motives influential at the time when the

play was written doubtless prevented Shakespeare from alluding to the remarkable political event that renders the reign of John all important in the eyes of the constitutional historian, we cannot, at the present day, refrain from extending our vision beyond the limits of the scene, and reflecting upon the inscrutable ways of Providence.

This man of sin, this violator of every law, human and divine, becomes the instrument by which the liberty of England was founded. His very enormities furnish the occasion of that invaluable boon wrung from the Royal felon by his angry and excited Barons; and to the hand of a murderer is this country indebted for the signature which establishes the Great Charter of English Freedom.

There is little difficulty in collecting safe authority for the costume of King John's reign. Tapestry, illuminated manuscripts, and tombs, supply abundant evidence. The habits of many of the principal characters are copied from monumental effigies, care having been taken that those who out-lived King John, and were buried under the sovereignty of Henry the Third, are not clothed in emblazoned surcoats, such as appear on their respective tombs, since no instance of such ornament occurs before the year 1250.

Coeval ruins still in existence bear correct testimony of Norman architecture. The Room of State in the first act is copied from the Hall in Rochester

Castle. Each succeeding scene is arranged from specific remains of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

This play has been revived by me, with the view of adding another to the list of Shakespeare's historic dramas presented at this Theatre, under the belief that history, heightened by the charm of the most exquisite poetry, and combined with pictorial and correct embellishment, tends to promote the educational purposes for which the stage is so pre-eminently adapted; and also with a sincere desire that I may be so far useful in the sphere of action in which my lot has been cast, as to convey information to the general public through the medium of refined amusement.

CHARLES KEAN.

# KING JOHN.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. A ROOM OF STATE  
IN THE PALACE.

KING JOHN, on his Throne<sup>(A)</sup> QUEEN ELINOR,<sup>(B)</sup>  
PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY,<sup>(C)</sup> and others. Banners  
of England, Normandy, and Aquitane. CHATILLON and  
attendants enter.

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with  
us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,  
In my behaviour,<sup>1</sup> to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning:—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother, hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control<sup>2</sup> of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

<sup>1</sup> —— behaviour,] *id est*, in the manner that I now do—in the words that I am going to use—the King of France speaks in the character which I here assume.

<sup>2</sup> The proud control] Constraint, compulsion.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him; and so depart in peace;  
Be thou as lightning<sup>3</sup> in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report, I will be there;  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard: (D)  
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And sudden presage of your own decay.  
An honourable conduct let him have:—  
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHATILLON, attendants, and PEMBROKE.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole,  
With very easy arguments of love;  
Which now the manage<sup>4</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful, bloody issue, arbitrate.

*Enter the SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, who whispers to ESSEX.*

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than your right;  
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;  
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall bear.

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach. [Exit SHERIFF.  
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay  
This expedition's charge.

<sup>3</sup> *Be thou as lightning*] Alluding to the swiftness of lightning preceding the thunder.

<sup>4</sup> — *manage*] *Id est*, management, conduct, administration.

*Re-enter SHERIFF, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILLIP FAULCONBRIDGE (B).*

What men are you ?

*Phil.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field (F).

*K. John.* What art thou ?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Phil.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known : and, as I think, one father :  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother :  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.<sup>5</sup>

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy mother,  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Phil.* I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pounds a-year :  
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land !

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow :—Why, being younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

*Phil.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me wit' bastardy :  
But wher<sup>6</sup> I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;  
But, that I am as well begot my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him ;—

<sup>5</sup> Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.] The resemblance between this sentiment and that of Telemachus, in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in Euripides, Menander, and Aristotle.

<sup>6</sup> But wher] Wher for whether.

O, old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here !

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face ;<sup>7</sup>  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man ?

*K. John.* Mine eye bath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much :  
And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time :  
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's :  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :  
But truth is truth.  
Upon his death my father did bequeath  
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,<sup>8</sup>  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :  
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives.

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be, a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;

<sup>7</sup> —— a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face ;] *Id est*, peculiar air or cast  
of countenance.

<sup>8</sup> —— on his death,] *Id est*, entertained it as his fixed opinion,  
when he was dying.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence,<sup>9</sup> and no land beside?

*Phil.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;<sup>10</sup>  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
And, to his shape,<sup>11</sup> were heir to all this land,  
'Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face;  
I would not be sir Nob<sup>12</sup> in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Phil.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:  
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.<sup>13</sup>

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Phil.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Phil.* Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;  
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form  
thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet. (G)

*Phil.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:

<sup>9</sup> *Lord of thy presence,*] Lord of his presence apparently signifies *great in his own person*.

<sup>10</sup> — *I had his, sir Robert his, like him;*] The meaning is, if I had his shape—sir Robert's—as he has.

<sup>11</sup> — *to his shape,*] In addition to his shape—the shape he (Faulconbridge) has just been describing.

<sup>12</sup> — *sir Nob*] A contemptuous expression for sir Robert. Nob is now, and was in Shakespeare's time, a cant word for the head.

<sup>13</sup> — *unto the death.*] This expression (a Gallicism—*à la mort*) is common amongst our ancient writers.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,  
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed  
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

[*Trumpets.* *Exeunt all but PHILIP.*

*Phil.* A foot of honour<sup>14</sup> better than I was;  
But many a foot of land the worse.  
Well; now can I make any Joan a lady:  
Good den<sup>15</sup> sir Richard,—Gad-a-mercy, fellow;<sup>16</sup>  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
'Tis too respective, and too sociable.<sup>17</sup>  
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?  
What woman-post is this?  
O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

*Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*  
What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Phil.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?  
Colbrand the giant<sup>18</sup> that same mighty man?  
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou uneverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?  
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou

*Phil.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

<sup>14</sup> *A foot of honour*] A step—*un pas*.

<sup>15</sup> *Good den,*] i.e., good evening.

<sup>16</sup> — *Gad-a-mercy, fellow;*] Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood. *Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal—*Gad-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it.—*SIEVEKS.*

<sup>17</sup> *'Tis too respective, and too sociable.*] *Respective* is *respectful, formal*.

<sup>18</sup> *Colbrand*] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is described by Drayton in his *Poly-Olbion*.

*Gur.* Good leave<sup>19</sup> good Philip.

*Phil.* Philip?—sparrow!<sup>20</sup>—James,  
There's toys abroad;<sup>21</sup> anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Phil.* Knight, knight, good mother.  
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Phil.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:  
Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge.

*Phil.* Now, by this light, we're't to pass again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless<sup>22</sup> lion could not wage the fight, (ii)  
Nor keep his princely heat from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him-nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>19</sup> *Good leave,*] Means a ready assent.

<sup>20</sup> — *sparrow!*] A sparrow was called Philip, perhaps from his note. When James Gurney calls the new-made knight "Philip," Sir Richard exclaims with contempt "sparrow," and then puts James aside with "anon I'll tell thee more."

<sup>21</sup> *There's toys abroad;*] i.e., rumours—idle reports.

<sup>22</sup> — *awless*] The opposite of awful—not inspiring awe.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIRST.

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(a) *King John.*] King John, jestingly called Sans-Terre, or Lackland, fifth and youngest son of King Henry the Second and Queen Eleanor his wife, was born at Oxford, upon Christmas Eve, in the year 1166. John was crowned at Westminster upon Ascension Day in June, 1199. He was taken ill at Swinestead Abbey, and died at the Castle of Newark in October, 1216, aged about 50 years, having reigned over 17 years. He was buried at Worcester, and a stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the Cathedral Church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. It would appear that the body had been placed as represented by the marble effigy, habited in a long robe, which was presumed to have been of embroidered crimson damask and gold, the left hand holding a sword. It was this king who, in the ninth year of his reign, first gave by charter to the City of London the right of electing annually a mayor out of its own body; an office which was till now held for life. He gave the city also power to elect and remove its sheriffs at pleasure, and its common council-men annually.

London Bridge was finished in this reign; the former bridge having been of wood.

The *Great Charter* was signed by the king at a conference between him and the barons at Running-Mead, or Runnemede, near Staines, on the 19th October, 1215.—*Vide Hume's History of England, and Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings.*

(b) *Queen Elinor.*] Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine or Guyen, was married to King Henry the Second in the year 1151. She was eldest daughter and heir of William, fifth of that name, but ninth Duke of Aquitaine in succession, by Eleanor of Chastelheraut, his wife. She was the repudiated wife of Lewis the Seventh, called the younger, King of France; but separated from him by the authority of Pope Eugenius the Third, at a council held at Baugency, upon the river Loire, at which Lewis and Eleanor were, with joint consent, divorced, for consanguinity in the third or fourth degree. She was the prime cause of those bloody wars, which long after continued as hereditary betwixt England and France, and the fermenter of that unnatural discord betwixt her husband and his

sons. She so long over-lived King Henry, her husband, as to see three of her sons in possession of the crown, and two of them in their graves; and departed this world in the Castle of Mirabel, in Anjou, 26th June, in the year 1202, and was interred in the Monastery of Font-Evraud, where her figure in royal robes, with her crown on her head, carved in grey marble, is, at this day, to be seen, lying by her husband, King Henry.—*Sandford's History of the Kings*.

(c) *Earl of Salisbury.*] William, surnamed Longespee, or Long-sword, so called from a long sword which he usually wore, was the natural son of King Henry the Second, by Rosamond Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond. King Richard the First, his half-brother, gave him the Earldom of Salisbury, with Ela, the daughter and heir of William Fitz-Patrick, Earl of that place. He died, it is supposed, by poison, A.D. 1226, and is buried on the south-side of the nave of Salisbury Cathedral.

(d) *The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.*] This is an anachronism, which is also to be found in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

It is generally supposed that cannon were used for the first time in the field at the battle of Cressy in 1346. They were also used by the English at the siege of Calais, in 1347.

(e) *Philip Faulconbridge.*] Holinshed says that "Richard the First had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges, to revenge the death of his father."

(f) *A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.*]—St. Palaye, in his memoirs of chivalry, says,—“In warfare there was scarcely any important event which was not preceded or followed by a creation of knights. Knighthood was conferred on such occasions in a manner at once expeditious and military. The soldier presented his sword, either by the cross or the guard, to the prince or the general, from whom he was to receive the accolade—this was all the ceremonial.”

As a system, under the demonstration of chivalry, knighthood is to be dated from the eleventh century.

(g) *Arise, Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*] It is a common opinion that Plantagenet was the surname of the Royal House of England from the time of King Henry the Second, but it is, as Camden observes in his remains, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom stalk* (*Planta genista*) in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry the Second, the son of that earl by the Empress Maud, he being always called *Henry Fitz Empress*; his son, Richard Cœur-de-lion; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John sans-terre, or lack-land.—*Malone*.

The House of Plantagenet includes a race of fourteen English kings, from Henry 2nd to Richard 3rd.

(n) *The awless lion could not wage the fight.*] Shakespeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur-de-lion, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation by having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles; but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.—Perry.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—FRANCE. BEFORE THE WALLS OF ANGIERS.

*On one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, (A) and Forces ; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, (B) and Forces ; LEWIS, (C) CONSTANCE, (D) ARTHUR, (E) and Attendants. Banners of France, Bretayne, Oriflamme, and Austria.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.  
*Arthur,* that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
*Richard,* that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
*And fought the holy wars in Palestine,*  
*By this brave duke came early to his grave :*  
*And, for amends to his posterity,*  
*At our importance<sup>1</sup> hither is he come,*  
*To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,*  
*And to rebuke the usurpation*  
*Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :*  
*Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.*

*Arth.* Heaven shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
*The rather, that you give his offspring life,*  
*Shadowing their right under your wings of war :*  
*I give you welcome with a powerless hand,*  
*But with a heart full of unstained love :*  
*Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.*

*Lew.* A noble boy ! who would not do thee right ?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
*As seal to this indenture of my love ;*  
*That to my home I will no more return,*  
*Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,*

*At our importance] At our opportunity.*

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,<sup>2</sup>  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
 To make a more requital to your love.<sup>3</sup>

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
 In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phil.* Well, then, to work; our cannon shall be bent  
 Against the brows of this resisting town.  
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
 But we will make it sultjet to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
 Lest unadyis'd you stain your swords with blood:  
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
 That hot-rash haste so indiscreetly shed. [Trumpet sounds.]

*K. Phil.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.

*Enter CHATILLON, and Attendants.*

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
 And stir them up against a mightier task.  
 England, impatient of your just demands,  
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
 To land his legions all as soon as I:  
 His marches are expedient<sup>4</sup> to this town,  
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
 With him along is come the mother-queen,  
 An Até,<sup>5</sup> stirring him to blood and strife;

<sup>2</sup> ——*that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion, from the white rocks facing France.

<sup>3</sup> ——*a more requital to your love.*] In Shakespeare's time *more* signified *greater*.

<sup>4</sup> *His marches are expedient*] Immediate—expeditious.

<sup>5</sup> *An Até,*] Até was the goddess of revenge.

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;  
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :  
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft<sup>6</sup> o'er,  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath<sup>7</sup> in Christendom.  
 The interruption of their churlish drums [March  
 Cuts off more circumstance :— they are at hand  
 To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phil.* How much unlook'd-for is this expedition !

*Enter KING JOHN, ELEANOR, BLANCH, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France ; if France in peace permit  
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own !  
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !  
*K. Phil.* Peace be to England ; if that war return  
 From France to England, there to live in peace !  
 Look here upou thy brother Geffrey's face ;—  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :  
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,  
 And this is Geffrey's. In the name of Heaven,  
 How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermaisterest ?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission,  
 France,  
 To draw my answer from thy articles ?

*K. Phil.* From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts  
 In any breast of strong authority,  
 To look into the blots and stains of right.  
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :  
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong.

<sup>6</sup> —— *have waft o'er,*] Waft for wasted.

<sup>7</sup> —— *scath*] Destruction—harm.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phil.* Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ? (r)

*Const.* Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

*Aust.* Peace !

*Faul.*              Hear the crier.<sup>8</sup>

*Aust.*              What the devil art thou ?

*Faul.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone. (a)

You are the hare<sup>9</sup> of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you iight ;

Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

*K. Phil.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all,—

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

*K. John.* My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;

And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win ;

Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.*              Come to thy grandame, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandame, child :

Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :

There's a good grandame.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's  
shames,

<sup>8</sup> *Hear the crier.*] Alluding to the usual proclamation for silence, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced O-yes, Austria has just said—peace.—MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *You are the hare*] The proverb alluded to is “Mortus leoni et lepores insultant.” Erasmi *Adagia*.—MANZI.

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!  
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy.

*Eli.* I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;  
A woman's will; a canker'd grandame's will!

*K. Phil.* Peace, lady, pause; or be more temperate.  
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds.* Enter CITIZENS upon the Walls.

*Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. Phil.* 'Tis France for England.

*K. John.* England for itself:  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects!

*K. Phil.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

*K. John.* For our advantage;—Therefore hear us first.  
These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endanagement.

All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding, by these French,  
Confront's your city's eyes, your winking gates.<sup>10</sup>  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,  
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears:

<sup>10</sup> ——*your winking gates.*] *Id est,* gates hastily closed from apprehension of danger.

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits  
Forwearied<sup>11</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phil.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this hand stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town;  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?  
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Faul.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phil.* As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

*Faul.* Some bastards, too.

*K. Phil.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

<sup>11</sup> *Forwearied*] *Id est, worn out.*—SAX.

*K. Phil.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!  
 [Flourish of Trumpets. *Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE and AUSTRIA.*

*Faul.* St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since  
 Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
 Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,  
 At your den, sirrah, (*to AUSTRIA*) with your lioness,  
 I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
 And make a monster of you.

*Aust.*                           Peace; no more.

*Faul.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

[*Exeunt FAULCONBRIDGE and AUSTRIA.*

*Alarums and Excursions.* Enter a FRENCH HERALD, with  
 Trumpets to the Gates.

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
 And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;  
 And victory, with little loss, doth play  
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours!

Enter an ENGLISH HERALD, with Trumpets.

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;  
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
 Commander of this hot malicious day!  
 Our colours do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen<sup>12</sup> come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

<sup>12</sup> ——like a jolly troop of huntsmen] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.—JOHNSON.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies ; whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :<sup>13</sup>  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;  
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power, ELINOR, BLANCH, and FAULCONBRIDGE; at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?  
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

*K. Phil.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,  
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;  
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
 Or add a royal number to the dead.

*Faul.* Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !  
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?  
 Cry, havoc, kings !<sup>14</sup> back to the stained field,  
 You equal-potents,<sup>15</sup> fiery-kindled spirits  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?  
*K. Phil.* Speak, citizens, for England : who's your king ?

*Cit.* The King of England, when we know the king.

*K. Phil.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*Cit.* A greater power than we denies all this :

<sup>13</sup> —— cannot be censured.] Cannot be estimated.

<sup>14</sup> Cry, havoc, kings!] That is, command slaughter to proceed.

<sup>15</sup> You equal-potents,] Potents for potentates.

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

*Faul.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers<sup>16</sup> flout you,  
kings.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths;  
Till their soul-fearing clamours<sup>17</sup> have bawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*K. Phil.* Let it be so;—Say, where will you assault?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phil.* Our thunder from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Faul.* O prudent discipline! From north to south;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth. [*Aside.*  
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

*Cit.* Hear us great kings;—vouchsafe a while to stay,  
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

<sup>16</sup> —— *these scroyles of Angiers*] *Scroyle* is a term of contempt—a wretch. Dr. Johnson conjectures that it may be derived from the French, *escroelle*, meaning the king's evil.

<sup>17</sup> —— *soul-fearing clamours*] *I'd est*, soul-appalling.

Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

*Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,(H)  
Is near to England. Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid ;  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can,  
To our fast-closed gates ; fling them wide ope,  
And give you entrance ; but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion, no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Faul.* Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death  
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough ;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
Mark, how they whisper.

*Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

*K. Phil.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
To speak unto this city. What say you ?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :

*K. Phil.* What sayst thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself,  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.<sup>18</sup>

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

*Faul.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !  
 And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,  
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*K. John.* What say these young ones ? What say you, my niece ?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak, then, prince Dauphin ; can you love this lady ?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen,<sup>19</sup> Touaine, Maine,  
 Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
 With her to thee ; and this addition more ;  
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.

Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
 Let in that amity which you have made ;  
 For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.  
 Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?  
 Where is she and her son ?—tell me, who knows.

<sup>18</sup> —— *table of her eye.*] Table is picture, or rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. French, *tableau*.

<sup>19</sup> —— *Volquessen,*] This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*. In Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the Norman *Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John.—STEEVENS.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate<sup>20</sup> at your highness's tent.

*K. Phil.* Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady?

*K. John.* We will heal up all,  
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,  
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich, fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlock'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*March.* The gates are thrown open. *Exeunt,*  
*into the city, all but FAULCONBRIDGE.* The  
*CITIZENS retire from the walls.*

*Faul.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:<sup>21</sup>  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As Heaven's own soldier, rounded in the ear<sup>22</sup>;  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids.  
This smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,<sup>23</sup>  
This bawd, this broker,<sup>24</sup> this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not wo'd me yet:

<sup>20</sup> —— *sad and passionate*] Passionate here means given up to grief; a prey to mournful sensations.

<sup>21</sup> —— *departed with a part.*] To part and to depart were formerly synonymous.

<sup>22</sup> —— *rounded in the ear*] *Id est*, whispered in the ear. A phrase frequently used by Chaucer.

<sup>23</sup> —— *commodity,*] i. e., interest.

<sup>24</sup> —— *this broker,*] i. e., a pander, a go-between.

Not that I have no power to clutch my hand,<sup>25</sup>  
When his fair angels<sup>26</sup> would salute my palm ;  
But for my hand,<sup>27</sup> as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich ;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say,—there is no vice but beggary.  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>25</sup> —— *to clutch my hand,*] *i. e.*, to clasp it close.

<sup>26</sup> —— *his fair angels*] An angel was a gold coin, worth about ten shillings.

<sup>27</sup> *But for my hand,*] *But for* is because.

END OF ACT SECOND.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT SECOND.

—

(A) *Archduke of Austria.*] The producing Austria on the scene is contrary to the truth of history, as that prince died in 1195, previous to the siege here recorded. Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison in 1193, died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knighte of the Duke of Ostrich" the said Duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his *Chronicle*, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine.

Other historians say, that the Duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies, for political purposes.—*Malone.*

The story of King Richard returning from Palestine, through Austria, and being seized and confined in prison for fourteen months, by Leopold VII., the Duke introduced in this play, and his subsequent release, through Blondel, his minstrel, are too well known to be repeated. Vienna was fortified at this time by means of his ransom, 150,000 marks, paid for the king's liberty.

(B) *Philip, King of France.*] Philip the Second, surnamed Augustus, commenced to reign in 1180, and died in 1223.

(c) *Lewis.*] Lewis, afterwards Lewis VIII., surnamed the Lion. He was in his 36th year when his father, King Philip Augustus, died.

(D) *Constance.*] Constance, the daughter and heir of Conan, surnamed Le Petit, Earl of Britain. She married Geoffrey, the fourth son of King Henry the Second and Queen Eleanor, who was trodden to death under his horses feet at a tournament in Paris, August 17th, A.D. 1186. They had one son born after his father's death, on Easter Day 1186, named Arthur.

Constance, the widow of Geoffrey, was afterwards married to Ranulph Blandevile, Earl Palatine of Chester, from whom she

was divorced. She then married a third husband, Guy, Viscount of Thouars. The countess died in the year 1201.

(B) *Arthur.*] Arthur, Duke of Britain, and Earl of Richmond, the posthumous and only son of Earl Geoffrey, the elder brother of King John, and Constance his wife, born in 1186.

King Richard the First, his uncle, when he undertook his crusade to the Holy Land, declared this Arthur his heir, in case he should die without issue, as being the son of Duke John's elder brother; and also forced Tancred, King of Sicily, to promise his daughter to him in marriage, and to pay a good part of her portion down in ready money; so that, after King Richard's death, this Arthur was proclaimed King of England and Duke of Normandy; and being aided by Philip Augustus, King of France (who made him knight, A.D. 1199, and affianced him to his daughter, Mary, at Paris), he made war against King John, his father's younger brother, but, being taken prisoner at Mirabel, in Normandy, in the same year, he was carried to Rouen Castle, where, leaping from the wall thereof, with intent to escape, as some say, he was drowned in the ditch. But others relate that he was made away with by his said uncle John, in the year 1200, leaving not any issue.—*Sandford's History of the Kings.*

The circumstances which attended this deed of darkness were, no doubt, carefully concealed by the actors, and are variously related by historians; but the most probable account is as follows: the king, it is said, first proposed to William de la Bray, one of his servants, to dispatch Arthur; but William replied, that he was a gentleman, not a hangman; and he positively refused compliance. Another instrument of murder was found, and was dispatched with proper orders to Falaise; but Hubert de Bourg, chamberlain to the king, and constable of the castle, feigning that he himself would execute the king's mandate, sent back the assassin, spread the report that the young prince was dead, and publicly performed all the ceremonies of hi. interment; but finding that the Bretons vowed revenge for the murder, and that all the revolted barons persevered more obstinately in their rebellion, he thought it prudent to reveal the secret, and to inform the world that the Duke of Britanny was still alive, and in his custody. This discovery proved fatal to the young prince: John first removed him to the castle of Rouen; and coming in a boat, during the night-time, to that place, commanded Arthur to be brought forth to him. The young prince, aware of his danger, and now more subdued by the continuance of his misfortunes, and by the approach of death, threw himself on his knees before his uncle, and begged for mercy; but the barbarous tyrant, making no reply, stabbed him with his own hands; and fastening a stone to the dead body, threw it into the Seine.—See "*Hume's History of England.*"

(v) *Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?*] "Surely," says Hollinshead, "Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against

her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in behalf of the child; for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance would look to bear the most rule within the realm of England*, till her son should come to a lawful age to govern of himself. So hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one mind, their natures commonly being so contrary."

(e) *One that will play the devil, sir, with you,*

*An' a may catch your hide and you alone.]* The story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him.

(n) *That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanche.]* The lady Blanche was niece to King John, being the daughter of his sister Eleanor, who married Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castille. Blanche became the wife of Lewis the Eighth, King of France.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—THE FRENCH KING'S TENT.

*Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.*

*Const.* Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
 False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !  
 Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?  
 It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;  
 I do not believe thee, man ;  
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;<sup>1</sup>  
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;  
 A widow, (A) husbandless, subject to fears ;  
 A woman naturally born to fears.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?  
 Be these sad signs<sup>2</sup> confirmers of thy words ?  
 Then speak again : not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true as, I believe, you think them false,  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;  
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?

<sup>1</sup> —— *capable of fears* ;] i.e., I have a strong sensibility ; I am trembly alive to apprehension.

<sup>2</sup> *Be these sad signs*] In allusion to the shaking of his head, the laying his hand upon his breast, &c.

France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—  
Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless<sup>3</sup> stains,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content ;  
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose : but Fortune, O !  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;  
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,  
And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

*Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,*  
*ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

*K. Phil.* 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day  
Ever in France shall be kept festival :  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holyday.

<sup>3</sup> — *sightless*] *Id est*, offensive to sight—unsightly.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [Rising.  
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides,<sup>4</sup> in the kalendar?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week;<sup>5</sup>  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phil.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
 Resembling majesty,<sup>6</sup> which, being touch'd,<sup>7</sup>  
 Proves valueless: You are forsown, forsown;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league:—  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these purjur'd kings!  
 A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!  
 Hear me, O, hear me!

*Aust.*

Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.  
 O Lymoges! O Austria! (B) thou dost shame

<sup>4</sup> —— *the high tides,*] i.e., solemn seasons.

<sup>5</sup> —— *turn this day out of the week;*] In allusion to Job iii., 3: “Let the day perish,” &c., and v. 6: “Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.”

<sup>6</sup> —— *a counterfeit, resembling majesty,*] i.e., a false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a portrait. A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally.

<sup>7</sup> —— *being touched,*] *Id est*, having the touchstone applied to it.

That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;  
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy !  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety ! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?  
 Been sworn my soldier ? Bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,<sup>8</sup>  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. (c)

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me !

*Faul.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Faul.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

*Trumpet sounds without.* Enter PANDULPH (D), Knights Templars, and Attendants, with Banners of the Church.

*K. Phil.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force perforce,  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?  
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories<sup>9</sup>  
 Can task the free breath<sup>10</sup> of a sacred king ?  
 Thou caust not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

<sup>8</sup> —— *doff it for shame,*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to put off.

<sup>9</sup> *What earthly name to interrogatories*] *Id est*, What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, &c.

<sup>10</sup> —— *free breath*] Breath for speech is common with Shakspeare.

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England  
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 So, under heaven, that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :  
 So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,  
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phil.* Brother of England you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you and all the kings of Christendom,  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;  
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself ;  
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;  
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.<sup>11</sup>

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate ; (E)  
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic ;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life.<sup>12</sup>

*Const.* O, lawful let it be, \

<sup>11</sup> —— do me oppose,

*Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.*] This must have been, at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.—JOHNSON.

<sup>12</sup> *Thy hateful life.*] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth.

That I have room with Rome to curse awhile !  
 Good father cardinal, cry thou amen,  
 To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale France ! do not let go thy hand.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Faul.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
 Because—

*Faul.* Your breeches best may carry them.<sup>13</sup>

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

*K. Phil.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
 And tell me how you would bestow yourself.  
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit :  
 And shall these hands, so newly join'd in love,  
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?<sup>14</sup>  
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage-bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so :  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd  
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !  
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son,  
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

<sup>13</sup> *Your breeches best may carry them.*] This sarcasm is probably an old proverb.

<sup>14</sup> — *this kind regret ?*] A *regret* is an exchange of salutation.

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phil.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;  
O, let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;  
That is, to be the champion of our church !

But, if not, then know,  
The peril of our curses light on thee  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;  
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion !

*Faul.* Will 't not be ?  
Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine ?

*Lew.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day ?  
Against the blood that thou hast married ?  
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?  
O husband, hear me ! even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thec,  
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love. What motive may  
Be stronger with theo than the name of wife ?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

*Lew.* I muse<sup>15</sup> your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phil.* Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall from  
thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty !

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.  
Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.

<sup>15</sup> *I muse*] i.e., I wonder.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;  
 A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
 The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

*K. Phil.* Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's hie !

[*Exeunt. Trumpets sound.*]

### SCENE II.—PLAINS NEAR ANGIERS.

*Alarums ; Excursions.* Enter FAULCONBRIDGE with AUSTRIA'S lion skin.

*Faul.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;  
 Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,  
 And pours down mischief. (F) Austria's head, lie there ; (G)  
 While Philip breathes.

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip, make up :<sup>16</sup>  
 My mother is assailed in our tent,  
 And ta'en, I fear. (H)

*Faul.* My lord, I rescued her ;  
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not :  
 But on, my liege ; for very little pains  
 Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—THE SAME.

*Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat.* Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, and Lords.

*K. John.* So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,  
 [To ELINOR.  
 So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad : [To ARTHUR.

<sup>16</sup> ————— Philip, make up.] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name.

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, (*to FAULCONBRIDGE*) away for Eng-  
land ; haste before ;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots ; imprison'd angels<sup>17</sup>  
Set at liberty ;—the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Faul.* Bell, book, and candle<sup>18</sup> shall not drive me back,  
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, my gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell. [*Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.*

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert.  
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love ;  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet ;  
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say,—but let it go :  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

<sup>17</sup> —— *imprisoned angels*] In allusion to the coins called angels.

<sup>18</sup> *Bell, book, and candle*] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the exorcism.

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,<sup>19</sup>  
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night :  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,  
 (Which, else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;)  
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,<sup>20</sup>  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
 Then, in despite of brooded,<sup>21</sup> watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;  
 But ah, I will not.—Yet I love thee well ;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By Heaven, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldest ?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way ;  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread  
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

<sup>19</sup> —— *full of gawds,*] *Id est*, showy ornaments.

<sup>20</sup> —— *using conceit alone,*] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

<sup>21</sup> —— *brooded, watchful day,*] Alluding to the *watchfulness* of fowls while they are sitting.

All animals while *brooded*, i.e., with a brood of young ones under their protection, are remarkably vigilant.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry, now. Hubert, I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.<sup>22</sup>—Madam, fare you well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! (1)

Hubert, remember!

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—THE FRENCH KING'S TENT.

*Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

*K. Phil.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado<sup>23</sup> of convicted sail<sup>24</sup>

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phil.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

<sup>22</sup> *Remember.*] This is one of the scenes to which may be premised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatick taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties.—STREEVENS.

<sup>23</sup> *A whole armado*] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner:

“This England never did, nor never shall,

“Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,” &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs.—WARBURTON.

<sup>24</sup> — of *convicted sail*] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. ~

*Lew.* Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :<sup>25</sup>—

*Enter Constance.*

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

*K. Phil.* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance !

*Const.* No, I defy<sup>26</sup> all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.  
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
And I will kiss thy détestable bones :  
Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,<sup>27</sup>  
O, come to me !

*K. Phil.* O fair affliction, peace !

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.<sup>28</sup>

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so :  
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;  
My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :  
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :—  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

<sup>25</sup> — the vile prison of afflicted breath :—] i.e., the body, the prison in which the distressed soul is confined.

<sup>26</sup> — *I defy*] To defy anciently signified to refuse.

<sup>27</sup> — *Misery's love.*] Thou death, who art courted by misery to come to his relief—O, come to me !

<sup>28</sup> — *modern invocation.*] Modern, in a sense now obsolete, here means common, ordinary, trivial, and is frequently thus used by Shakespeare.

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son :  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :  
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phil.* Bind up those tresses.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*Pand.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Oh, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspirè,<sup>29</sup>  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.<sup>30</sup>  
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him : therefore, never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me that never had a son.

*K. Phil.* You are as fond of grief as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.—<sup>31</sup>

<sup>29</sup> —— *suspirè*,] i. e., breathe.

<sup>30</sup> —— *gracious creature born.*] *Gracious* is graceful—beautiful.

<sup>31</sup> *I could give better comfort than you do.*] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself cast his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness.—JOHNSON.

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

[*Exit.*]

*K. Phil.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*]

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

*Pand.* What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy foot to Englund's throne; and, therefore, mark.

John hath seiz'd Aithui; and it cannot be,

That, whiles wan life plays in that infant's veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:

That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall,

It cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world.  
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you.  
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal.

*Lew.* May he, when he will not touch young Arthur's life,  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that now he dies: and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath.—  
The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity : If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call<sup>32</sup>  
To train ten thousand English to their side ;  
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble dauphin,  
Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful  
What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.  
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong actions : Let us go ;  
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exeunt.

<sup>32</sup> ——*they would be as a call*] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught ; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or *call*.—  
**MALONE.**

END OF ACT THIRD.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT THIRD.

(A) *A widow,*] This was not the fact. Constance was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Thouars : she had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester.

(B) *O Lynches ! O Austria !*] Shakespeare has ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition ; [in 1193] but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon.

Holinshed says on this occasion, "The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of Limoges, in revenge of his father's death."

(c) — *hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back ; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their wagggeries.

(D) *Enter Pandulph.*] The red Hat was not given to the Cardinals till the year 1243, by Pope Innocent IV.

(E) *Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate.*] The interdict of John by Rome for refusing to admit Stephen Langton to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, did not take place till five years after these events.

"The sentence of interdict was at that time the great instrument of vengeance and policy employed by the court of Rome ; it was denounced against sovereigns for the lightest offences ; and made the guilt of one person involve the ruin of millions, even in their spiritual and eternal welfare. The execution of it was calculated to strike the scenses in the highest degree, and to operate with

inexhaustible force on the superstitious minds of the people. The nation was of a sudden deprived of all exterior exercise of its religion; the altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the relics, the images, the statucs of the saints, were laid on the ground; and, as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contact, the priests carefully covered them up, even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches; the bells themselves were removed from the steeples, and laid on the ground with the other sacred utensils. Mass was celebrated with shut doors, and none but the priests were admitted to that holy institution. The laity partook of no religious rite, except baptism to new-born infants, and the communion to the dying; the dead were not interred in consecrated ground; they were thrown into ditches, or buried in common fields; and their obsequies were not attended with prayers or any hallowed ceremony. Marriage was celebrated in the churchyards; and that every action in life might bear the marks of this dreadful situation, the people were prohibited the use of meat as in Lent, or times of the highest penance; they were debarred from all pleasures and entertainments, and even to salute each other, or so much as to shave their beards, and give any decent attention to their person and apparel. Every circumstance carried symptoms of the deepest distress, and of the most immediate apprehension of divine vengeance and indignation."—*Hume's History of England*.

(F) *Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,*

*And pours downe mischefe.]* There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in *Pierre Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592: With respect to the passage in question, take the following: "—the spirits of the *fire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone.—*Henderson*.

(g) —— *Austrin's head, lie there,*] Holinshed says, "The same year also (the first of John) Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain (as ye have heard) in besieging the castle of Chalus.—*Cheverell*.

(h) *My mother is assaile in our tent,*

*And ta'en, I fear.]* The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief, which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians, however, say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner.—*Malone*.

(1) *On towards Calais, ho '*] King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to *Rouen*, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.—*Malone*.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON.(A) A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

*Enter HUBERT and Two ATTENDANTS.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand  
Withinu the arras : when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

*1st Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to 't—

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness.<sup>1</sup> By my christendom,<sup>2</sup>  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long ;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me :

<sup>1</sup> —wantonness.] i.e., Idleness.

<sup>2</sup> By my christendom,] The word is used here for baptism—by his christening.

He is afraid of me, and I of him :  
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?  
 No, indeed is't not ; And I would to heaven  
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :  
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :  
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now,  
 foolish rheum ? [Aside.]

I must be brief ; lest resolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.  
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you ?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart ? When your head did but  
 ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me),  
 And I did never ask it you again :  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;  
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?

Or, what good love may I perform for you ?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you, at your sick service, had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning ; do, an if you will ;

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you ?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.  
*Arth.* An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's—  
*Hub.* Come forth. [Stamps.]

*Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with Cords, Irons, &c.*  
 Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert; drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angerly:  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1st Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*]

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,  
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
 Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert;  
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
 So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;  
 Though to no use, but still to look on you!

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But, with my breath, I can revive it, boy,

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

*Hub.* I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports,  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me,<sup>3</sup>  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,  
BIGOT, and other Lords. The KING takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd, (B)  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous;<sup>4</sup> you were crown'd before,

<sup>3</sup> —Go closely in with me.] i.e., secretly—privately."

<sup>4</sup> This once again,—

Was once superfluous;) This one time more was one time  
more than enough.

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;  
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;  
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
 With any long'd-for change or better state.

*Sar.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
 To guard a title<sup>6</sup> that was rich before,  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Big.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
 We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness  
 To overbear it.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;  
 Meantime, but ask  
 What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
 And well shall you perceive how willingly  
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I (as one that am the tongue of these),  
 Both for myself and them, heartily request  
 Th' enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed ;  
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye : that close asp ct of his  
 Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast ;  
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

<sup>6</sup> *To guard a title*] To guard is to fringe lace—i.e., the defence against injury.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—  
Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :  
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick :  
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it :  
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury : we'll go with thee ;  
This must not be thus borne : this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [ *Exeunt LORDS.* ]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I repent.  
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

#### *Enter a MESSENGER.*

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :  
Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

*Mess.* From France to England.<sup>6</sup>—Never such a power,  
For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land !  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care,

<sup>6</sup> *From France to England.*—] The king asks how all goes in France : the messenger catches the word goes, and answers that whatever is in France goes now into England.

That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
The lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!<sup>1</sup>  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the dauphin.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER of Pomfret. (c)*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Faul.* But, if you be afear'd to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd<sup>2</sup>  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Faul.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express;  
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;  
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude, harsh-sounding rhymes,

<sup>1</sup> *How wildly then walks my estate in France!*] i.e., how ill my affairs go in France. The verb *to walk* is used with great license by old writers; it often means *to go, to move*.

<sup>2</sup> *I was amaz'd*; i.e., stunned, confounded.

That ere the next Ascension Day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day, at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety,<sup>9</sup> and return,  
For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin,

{ *Exit HUBERT with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Faul.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it.  
Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury  
(With eyes as red as new-ekindled fire),  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies.  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*Faul.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.  
O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
Be mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Faul.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [ *Exit.*

*K. John.* Go after him: for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he. [ *Exit MESSENGER.*

My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night: (D)  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wondrous motion.

<sup>9</sup> *Deliver him to safety,*] That is, give him into safe custody.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action.  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.  
Another lean, unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these  
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and  
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done! Hadest not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted,<sup>10</sup> and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
 This murder had not come into my mind :  
 But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,  
 Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;  
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
 When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
 As bid me tell my tale in express words,  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin :  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.  
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reign  
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.  
 Young Arthur is alive :

<sup>10</sup> Quoted,] i. e., observed—distinguished.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience!  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—BEFORE THE CASTLE.

*Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.*

*Art.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—(E)  
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 As good to die and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down.  
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies.

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
 It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
 Whose private missive of the dauphin's love,  
 Is much more general than these lines import.*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.*Sal.* Or rather then•set forward: for 'twill be  
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> — or e'er we meet.] i.e., before we meet. This phrase is frequently used by old writers.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

*Faul.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!<sup>12</sup>  
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.  
We will not line his sin-bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks :  
Return and tell him so : we know the worst.

*Faul.* What'er you think, good words, I think, were best.  
*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.<sup>13</sup>  
*Faul.* But there is little reason in your grief ;  
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.  
*Faul.* 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.  
*Sal.* This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]  
*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !  
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,  
Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see ? This is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Faul.* It is a damned and a bloody work ;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand ?—  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

<sup>12</sup> —— *distemper'd lords !*] i.e., ruffled, out of humour.

<sup>13</sup> —— *reason now.*] To *reason*, in Shakespeare, is not so often to *argue* as to *talk*.

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to his breathless excellencce  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 Till I have set a glory to this head,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.<sup>14</sup>

*Pem.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :  
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law ?

[Drawing his sword.

*Faul.* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;  
 By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours :  
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;<sup>15</sup>  
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

*Hub.* Not for my life : but yet I dare defend  
 My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so ;<sup>16</sup>  
 Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
 Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to picces.

*Faul.* Keep the peace, I say,

<sup>14</sup> ——worship of revenge.] Worship is the dignity—the honour. We still say worshipful magistrates.

<sup>15</sup> ——my, true defence ;] i.e., honest defence ; defence in a good cause.

<sup>16</sup> Do not prove me so ;] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you ; I am hitherto not a murderer.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Faul.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Philip ?  
Second a villain and a murderer ?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who killed this prince ?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there !

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* LORDS.]

*Faul.* Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair  
work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Faul.* Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Faul.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be, as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !  
I left him well.

*Faul.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amaz'd,<sup>17</sup> methinks; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
How easy dost thou take all England up !  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven ;  
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick fallen beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.<sup>18</sup>  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture<sup>19</sup> can  
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itsclf doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>17</sup> *I am amaz'd*] i.e., confounded.

<sup>18</sup> —— *imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] *Wrested pomp*, is greatness obtained by violence.

<sup>19</sup> —— *cincture*] Girdle, probably for cincture.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FOURTH.

(a) *Northampton.*] This is a deviation from history, as Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death.

(b) —— *once again crown'd,*] John's first coronation was at Westminster; his second was at Canterbury, in the year 1201; he was crowned a third time, at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April, 1202: probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way.

(c) *Peter of Pomfret.*] There was in this season (1213, An. Reg. 15) an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. \* \* \* This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. Hereupon being committed to prison within the castel of Corfe, when the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage unto King John, he was, by the king's commandment, drawn from the said castle unto the town of Warham, and there hanged together with his son. \* \* Some thought that he had much wrong to die, because the matter fell out even as he had prophesied; for the day before Ascension-day King John had resigned the superiority of his kingdom (as they took the matter) unto the pope, and had done to him homage, so that he was no absolute king indeed, as authors affirm. One cause, and that not the least which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner.—*Vide Holinshed.*

(d) *My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night.*] About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York, five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times encompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away.—*Holinshed.*

(B) *The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down : ]* In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *euauit*; and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without either mentioning the manner of it, or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.—*Malone.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH  
AT NORTHAMPTON.

KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, (A) Grand Master, Knights Templars, Church Banners, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.

*Pand.* Take again [Giving JOHN the Crown.  
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;  
And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,<sup>1</sup>  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension Day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

*K. John.* Is this Ascension Day? Did not the prophet  
Say, that before Ascension Day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have;  
I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

<sup>1</sup> —— convertite,] i.e. convert.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

*Faul.* All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out  
But Dover Castle : London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy ;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

*Faul.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets :  
An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did live.

*Faul.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;

Let not the world see fear, and blank distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye :

Be stirring as the time ; meet fire with fire ;

Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,

That boir 'ow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away ; and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field :

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?

O, let it not be said !—Courage ! and run

To meet displeasure further from the doors ;

And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him ;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the dauphin.

*Faul.* O inglorious league !  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
 To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,  
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colors idly spread,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Faul.* Away then, with good courage; yet I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A PLAIN, NEAR ST. EDMUND'S-BURY.

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,  
 BIGOT, and SOLDIERS.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
 Return the precedent<sup>2</sup> to these lords again;  
 That, having our fair order written down,  
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear  
 A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
 To your proceedings,—O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

<sup>2</sup> *Return the precedent*] i.e., the rough draught of the original  
 treaty between the dauphin and the English lords.

Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;  
 And on our actions set the name of right,  
 With holy breath.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

*Pand.*      Hail, noble prince of France!  
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome;  
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
 I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself.  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,<sup>3</sup>  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave?  
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE attended.*

*Faul.* According to the fair-play of the world,  
 Let me have audience. I am sent to speak:  
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;

<sup>3</sup> —— with interest to this land,] This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time.

And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The dauphin is too wilful opposite,  
And will not temporise with my entreaties ;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Faul.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?  
No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy, towers<sup>4</sup>  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :

*Lew.* We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a babbler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Faul.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither :—  
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Faul.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;  
And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep mouth'd thunder : for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he has us'd rather for sport than need) •  
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits

<sup>4</sup> —— *his airy, towers*] an *airy* is the nest of an eagle.

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Faul.* And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A FIELD OF BATTLE.

*Alarums.* Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.  
*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a MESSENGER.

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought Sir Richard<sup>5</sup> even now:  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stored with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

<sup>5</sup> —— *Sir Richard*] Sir Richard Faulconbridge.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter MELUN, wounded, (B) and led by SOLDIERS.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;<sup>6</sup>  
Untread the road-way of rebellion;<sup>7</sup>  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means<sup>1</sup> to recompense the pains you take:  
By compassing your deaths. Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? May this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view?  
What in the world should make me now deceive?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsown if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu, whereof, I pray you bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

<sup>6</sup> —— *bought and sold;*] a proverbial phrase, intimating treachery.

<sup>7</sup> *Untread the road-way of rebellion,*] i.e. return by the road you took when you rebelled against king John.—COLLIER.

<sup>1</sup> *He means]* The Frenchman; i.e., Lewis means, &c.

In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight ;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Calmly run on in our obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends !

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*

SCENE V.—EXTERIOR OF SWINSTEAD ABBEY,  
(NIGHT).

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and HUBERT with a cross bow,*  
*meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.  
*Faul.* A friend.—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Faul.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:<sup>9</sup>  
Who art thou?

*Faul.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,  
Have done me shame :—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Faul.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad :

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Faul.* Brief, then; and what's the news?

<sup>9</sup> *Thou hast a perfect thought :]* id est, a well informed one.

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Faul.* Show me the very wound of this ill news ;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk ; (o)  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil.

*Faul.* How did he take it ? Who did taste to him ?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out ; the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Faul.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

*Hub.* Why, know you not, the lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company ?  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Faul.* Withold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !  
I'll tell thec, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;  
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI.—THE ORCHARD OF SWINSTEAD ABBEY, (NIGHT).

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late ; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly,<sup>10</sup> and his pure brain  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,  
That being brought into the open air

<sup>... ruptibly,</sup>] i.e., corruptively. Such was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age.

It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful ~~hymn~~ to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you were born  
To set a form upon that indigest,<sup>11</sup>  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.<sup>12</sup>

*Re-enter BIGOT with ATTENDANTS, who bring in KING JOHN  
on a couch, and Monks with Torches.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors,  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off:  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,

<sup>11</sup> —— *indigest,*] *Id est*, disordered, indigested state of affairs.

<sup>12</sup> *To set a form upon that indigest,*

*Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.*] A description of  
the chaos, almost in the very words of Ovid—

“Quem dixerat chaos, rudis indigetaque moles.”  
With chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap,  
No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the *shape's* world did  
view.—GOLDING'S TRANSLATION, 1587.

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,<sup>13</sup>  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and HUBERT.*

Faul. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye;  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair.  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.<sup>14</sup>

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;  
Where, heaven knows how we shall answer him;  
For in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.(D) [The KING dies.]

Hub. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.  
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surely of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay.

Faul. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

<sup>13</sup> —— *you are so strait,*] *Id est*, narrow, avaricious.

<sup>14</sup> —— *module of confounded royalty.*] *Module* and *model* were, in Shakespeare's time, only different modes of spelling the same word. It is here used for a representation.

*Hub.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;  
For so he will'd it.

*Faul.* Thither shall it, then ;  
And happily may you, sweet prince, put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land.  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Faul.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.<sup>16</sup>—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itsclf.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.

<sup>16</sup> — *let us pay the time but needful woe,*  
*Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.*] Let us not waste  
the present time in superfluous sorrow, as we have already found  
sufficient cause for lamentation.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIFTH.

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(a) *Pandulph with the crown.*] In 1213 John did homage to Pandulph, as the Pope's legate, with all the submissive rights which the feudal law required of vassals before their liege-lord and superior. He came disarmed into the legate's presence, who was seated on a throne, he flung himself on his knees before him ; he lifted up his joined hands, and put them within those of Pandulph ; he swore fealty to the Pope ; and he paid part of the tribute which he owed for his kingdom, as the patrimony of St. Peter.~~Hume.~~

(b) *Enter Melun, wounded.*] "About the same time (1216, An. Reg. 18), or rather in the year last past, as some hold, it fortuned that the Viscount of Melunc, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation : 'I lament,' saith he, 'your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn (if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king) that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility (which now do serve under him, and persecute their own king), as traitors and rebels, and furthermore will dispossess all their lineage of such inheritance as they now hold in England. And because,' saith he, 'you shall not have doubt hereof, I, which he here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to perform this thing. Wherefore I advise you to provide for your own safeties, and your realm's, which you now destroy, and keep this thing secret which I have uttered unto you.' After this speech was uttered he straightways died."—*Holinshed*

(c) *The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.*] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first, who relates it in his *Chronicle*, as a report. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever.—*Malone.*

*Holinshed* thus describes the death of King John :—

" There be which have written, that after he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, shewed himself greatly displeased therewith ; as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorously revolted from him unto his adversary Lewis, wished all misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppression of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."

(n) *Were in the washes, all unwarily,*

*Devoured by the unexpected flood.]* This untoward accident happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost, by an inundation, all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

—  
R. CHAPMAN AND CO., 5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH  
COURT, FLEET STREET.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY  
OF  
MUCH ADO ABOUT  
NOTHING.

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT  
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

AND REVIVED ON  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1858.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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London;  
PRINTED BY JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO.,  
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**JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE LANE, AND  
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.**

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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DON PEDRO, ( <i>Prince of Arragon</i> ) .....	Mr. COOPER.
DON JOHN, ( <i>his Bastard Brother</i> ) .....	Mr. TERRY.
CLAUDIO, { ( <i>a Young Lord of Florence, Favourite of Don Pedro</i> ) }	Mr. J. F. CATHCART.
BENEDICK, { ( <i>a Young Lord of Padua, Favourite likewise of Don Pedro</i> ) }	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
LEONATO, ( <i>Governor of Messina</i> ).....	Mr. RYDER.
ANTONIO, ( <i>his Brother</i> ).....	Mr. GRAHAM.
BALTHAZAR, ( <i>Servant to Don Pedro</i> ) .. .	Mr. BRAZIER.
BOBACHIO, }                   ( <i>Followers of Don John</i> )	Mr. G. EVERETT.
CONRADE, }                   ( <i>Followers of Don John</i> )	Mr. RAYMOND.
DOGGERBY, }                   ( <i>Two City Officers</i> )	Mr. F. MATTHEWS.
VERGES, }                   ( <i>Two City Officers</i> )	Mr. MEADOWS.
STACOLE,.....	Mr. H. SAKER.
OATCAKE, .....	Mr. STOAKES.
SEXTON, .....	Mr. ROLLESTON.
FRIAR, .. .. .. .. ..	Mr. F. COOKE.
HERO, ( <i>Daughter to Leonato</i> ) .....	Miss HEATH.
BEATRICE, ( <i>Niece to Leonato</i> ) .....	Mrs. CHARLES KEAN.
MARGARET, }                   ( <i>Gentlewomen attending on Hero</i> )	Miss J. LOVELL.
URSULA, }                   ( <i>Gentlewomen attending on Hero</i> )	Miss DALY.

*Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.*

---

**THE SCENERY** Painted by Mr. GRIEVE and Mr. TELBIN,  
Assisted by Mr. W. GORDON, and Mr. F. LLOYDS.  
**THE MUSIC** under the direction of Mr. J. L. HATTON.  
The DANCES Arranged by Mr. CORMACK.  
**THE DECORATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS** by Mr. E. W. BRADWELL.  
The DRESSES by Mrs. and Miss HOGGINS.  
The MACHINERY by Mr. G. HODSDON.  
**PEARQUINER,** Mr. ASPLIN, of 13, New Bond Street.

## P R E F A C E.

---

SHAKESPEARE, the greatest of Tragic poets, has, in "*Much Ado About Nothing*," evinced the endless variety of his genius, by giving to the world the finest of English Comedies.

The witty vivacity of Benedick and Beatrice are without parallel in our language ; while that loquacious and blundering functionary, Dogberry, with his attendant officials, present scenes of rich humour which have never been surpassed.

Since this play was first published, A.D. 1600, it has never ceased, through all the changes of public taste, to be a favourite subject for representation.

It may not be uninteresting to remark, with the recollection of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's private theatricals at Windsor Castle fresh in the public mind, that this was one of six plays performed by Royal Command in the year 1613, under the direction of Heming, the actor, before King James the First, at Hampton Court.

CHARLES KEAN.



# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—EXTERIOR OF LEONATO'S PALACE,  
OVERLOOKING THE CITY AND HARBOUR  
OF MESSINA.

LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, BALTHAZAR, *and others*  
*discovered.*

*Leon.* I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Bal.* He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Bal.* But few of any sort, and none of name.<sup>1</sup>

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

*Bal.* Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Bal.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

<sup>1</sup> — *few of any sort, and none of name.] Id est,* there were but few killed of any kind, and none of rank.

*Bal.* In great measure.<sup>2</sup>

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.

*Beat.* I pray you, is Signior Montanto<sup>3</sup> returned from the wars, or no?

*Bal.* I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

*Bal.* O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,<sup>4</sup> I doubt it not.

*Bal.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it. He is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Bal.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady:—but what is he to a lord?

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits<sup>5</sup> went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he hath wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that

<sup>2</sup> *In great measure.*] i. e., in abundance.

<sup>3</sup> —— *Signior Montanto*] Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school, and Beatrice humorously nicknames Benedick by the title, as indicating a boaster, or bravado.

<sup>4</sup> —— *he'll be meet with you,*] A common expression in the Midland counties, signifying, *he'll be your match—he'll be even with you.*

<sup>5</sup> —— *four of his five wits*] In our author's time, *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers.

he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.<sup>7</sup>

*Bal.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith<sup>8</sup> but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.<sup>9</sup>

*Bal.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.<sup>10</sup>

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion?

*Bal.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. Heaven help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cured.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

[*March.*

*Bal.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, attended by DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and others.*

*D. Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

<sup>7</sup> *He hath every month a new sworn brother.*] *Id est*, one with whom he hath sworn, as was anciently the custom among adventurers, to share fortunes.

<sup>8</sup> —— *he wears his faith*] Not religious profession, but *profession of friendship*.

<sup>9</sup> —— *with the next block.*] A *block* is the mould in which a hat is formed. During the reign of Elizabeth, the fashion of the hat was constantly changing.

<sup>10</sup> —— *in your books.*] A proverbial phrase, signifying, *in your favor—trust, confidence*.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly.<sup>10</sup>  
I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, Sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:<sup>11</sup>—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank Heaven, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue;

*You embrace your charge too willingly.*] Charge means "the person committed to your care." so it is used in the relationship between guardian and ward.

<sup>11</sup> — *the lady father's herself:*] The phrase is common in Dorsetshire, "Jack father's himself," *id est*, is like his father.

and so good a continuer: But keep your way, o'Heaven's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment, or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her?

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack?<sup>12</sup> Come, in what key shall a man take you?

<sup>12</sup> —— *do' you play the flouting Jack,*] *Jack*, in our author's time, was a term of contempt.—See in *Misshew's Dict.*, 1617: “A Jack sauce, or saucie Jack.”

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is't come to this, i'faith? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.<sup>13</sup> Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: “it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, Heaven forbid it should be so.”

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, Heaven forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

<sup>13</sup> — and sigh away Sundays.] This probably alludes to the strict manner in which the sabbath was observed by the Puritans, who usually spent that day in sighs and grunting.—STEEVENS.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.<sup>14</sup>

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks ; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,<sup>15</sup> all women shall pardon me ; because, I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any. I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is,<sup>16</sup> (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love : prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.<sup>17</sup>

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.<sup>18</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try :

*'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'*

*Bene.* The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead : and let me be vilely painted ; and in such great letters as they write, '*Here is good horse to hire,*' let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

<sup>14</sup> — · but in the force of his will.] Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.—WARBURTON.

<sup>15</sup> — a recheat winded in my forehead,] A recheat is the note sounded on the huntsman's horn to recall the hounds.

<sup>16</sup> — the fine i.,] i. e., conclusion.

<sup>17</sup> — a notable argument.] An eminent subject for satire.

<sup>18</sup> — hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.] An inhuman custom prevalent in our author's time.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice,<sup>19</sup> thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake, too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed, he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of Heaven: From my house, (if I had it)—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments,<sup>20</sup> and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,<sup>21</sup> examine your conscience; and so I leave you.

[*Exit BENEDICK.*]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her Claudio?

*Claud.* O, my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,  
Than to drive liking to the name of love:  
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

<sup>19</sup> — if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice,] All modern writers agree in representing Venice in the same light as the ancients did Cyprus, and it is this character of the people that is here alluded to.—WARMURTON.

<sup>20</sup> — guarded with fragments,] Guards were ornamental lace or borders.

<sup>21</sup> — ere you flout old ends any further,] The speaker probably alludes to the conclusion of letters commonly used in Shakespeare's time, "From my house this sixth of July," &c., "Examine if your sarcasms do not touch yourself."

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words:  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,  
And I will break with her, and with her father,  
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end,  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than  
the flood?  
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once,<sup>22</sup> thou lovest;  
And I will fit thee with the remedy.  
I know we shall have revelling to-night;  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  
Then, after, to her father will I break;  
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:  
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* My lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?  
You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing  
bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.  
You have of late stood out against your brother, and he  
hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible  
you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make  
yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your  
own harvest.

<sup>22</sup> —— 'tis once,] *Id est*, once for all.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog ; if I had my mouth I would bite ; if I had my liberty I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent ?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here ? What news, Borachio ?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper ; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness ?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire ! And who, and who ? which way looks he ?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ?

*Bora.* I heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, let us thither ; this may prove food to my displeasure ; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow ; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way : You are both sure,<sup>22</sup> and will assist me ?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper : their cheer is the greater that I am subdued : Would the cook were of my mind !—Shall we go prove what's to be done ?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>22</sup> —— you are both sure,] *I* *est*, to be depended upon.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Brother, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamed not of. The prince and Claudio, walking on the thick pleach'd alley of the orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio that he lov'd my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night, in a dance, and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and you shall question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but do you acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be better prepar'd for her answer, if peradventure this be true. Here she comes.

*Enter HERO and BEATRICE.*

*Leon.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Hero.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.<sup>1</sup>

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my ady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

<sup>1</sup> *Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count

<sup>1</sup> — *heart-burned an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heartburn* proceeds from an acid humour of the stomach, and is, therefore, properly enough, imputed to *tart* looks.—JOHNSON.

John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Beat.* For the which blessing I am upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.<sup>2</sup>

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband that has no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him.

*Ant.* Well, niece, [to Hero] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "as it please you;" but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or, else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till Heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-masted with a piece of valiant dust?—to make account of her life to a clod of wayward mail?<sup>3</sup> No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Ant.* Niece, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,<sup>4</sup> tell

<sup>2</sup> — *I had rather lie in the woollen*] Between blankets—with-out sheets.

<sup>3</sup> — *mail* <sup>2</sup>] i.e., Clay.

<sup>4</sup> — *important*,] Importunate.

him there is measure in everything,<sup>4</sup> and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero;—Wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light. [Music.]

*Leon.* The revellers are entering.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?<sup>5</sup>

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*H. ro.* When I like your favour; for Heaven defend<sup>7</sup> the lute should be like the case!<sup>8</sup>

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof: Within the house is Jove.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —— *there is measure in everything,*] A *measure*, in old language, beside its ordinary meaning, signified also a *dance*.

<sup>5</sup> —— *walk about "ith your friend!"*] *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a lover.

<sup>7</sup> —— *Heaven defend*] *Heaven forbid*.

<sup>8</sup> —— *the lute should be like the case!*] i.e., that your face should be as homely as your mask.

<sup>9</sup> *My visor is Philemon's roof: within the house is Jove.*] The poet here alludes to the story of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid. Don Pedro is a prince, and though his visor is but ordinary, he would insinuate to Hero that he has something godlike within, alluding either to his dignity, or the qualities of his mind and person.

*Hero.* Why, theny our visor should be thatch'd.<sup>10</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the ‘Hundred Merry Tales’: <sup>11</sup> Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders;<sup>12</sup> none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy;<sup>13</sup> for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him; I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had ~~boarded~~ me.<sup>14</sup>

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. (*Music within.*) We must follow the leaders.

<sup>10</sup> — *your visor should be thatch'd.*] In allusion to the thatch'd cottage in which the old pair, Baucis and Philemon, lived.

<sup>11</sup> — *hundred merry tales:*] A jest book, supposed to be printed in the year 1575—a kind of Joe Miller in the days of Shakespeare.

<sup>12</sup> — *impossible slanders;*] Such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them.

<sup>13</sup> — *in his villainy;*] *Id est, his malice, and impious jests.*

<sup>14</sup> — *I would he had boarded me.*] i.e., accosted me.

## DANCE.

*Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORACHIO,  
and CLAUDIO.*

*D. John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it : The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.<sup>15</sup>

*D. John.* Are not you Signior Benedick ?

*Claud.* You know me well ; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured on Hero ; I pray you dissuade him from her ; she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her ?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I, too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,  
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.  
'Tis certain so,—the prince woos for himself.  
Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love :  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent ; for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.<sup>16</sup>  
This is an accident of hourly proof,  
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero !

<sup>15</sup> —— *by his bearing.*] i.e., his carriage, his demeanour.

<sup>16</sup> —— *beauty is a witch,*

*Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.*] As wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person whom it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump, so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruined passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea.—SIEVELNS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.      {ACT II.

*Re-enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain,<sup>17</sup> or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a

<sup>17</sup> —— *like an usurer's chain,*] Chains of gold, of considerable value, were, in Shakespeare's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens and others, as they now are, on public occasions, by the aldermen of London. Usury seems about this period to have been a common topic of invective.

warren;<sup>18</sup> I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance<sup>19</sup> upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole

<sup>18</sup> —— *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;*] A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says; "The Daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. Near Aleppo these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c., are raised, should be regularly watched. When the cucumbers, &c., are gathered, these *lodges* are abandoned by the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented. Shakespeare, therefore, uses the expression as an image of solitariness.

<sup>19</sup> —— *'impossible conveyance]* i.e., conveyed in a manner impossible to resist.

army shooting at me : She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have clest his club to make the fire too. I would to heaven some scholar would conjure her ;<sup>20</sup> for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ;<sup>21</sup> do you any embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy : You have no employment for me ?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O Heaven, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

*Beat.* I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count ? wherefore are you sad ?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then ? Sick ?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

<sup>20</sup> — *some scholar would conjure her,*] As Shakespeare always attributes to his exorcists the power of raising spirits, he gives his conjuror, in this place, the power of laying them.—M. MASON.

<sup>21</sup> — *Prester John's foot—great Cham's beard,*] Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former, Prester John, that is Prebyter John ; from *prestre*, French, now *prieur*, the supposed name of a Christian king of India, whose dominions were variously placed. Whether imaginary or not, this monarch was often alluded to by the poets.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and heaven give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it; poor fool,<sup>22</sup> it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance!—thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit<sup>23</sup> in a corner and cry heigh ho! for a husband.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be

<sup>22</sup> —— *poor fool,*] Formerly an expression of tenderness.

<sup>23</sup> —— *and I am sunburned,*] Thus does everyone but I find a shelter, and I am left exposed to wind and sun.

merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then there was a star danced, and under that I was born.—Cousins, heaven give you joy !

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of ?

*Beat.* I cry your mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[Exit BEATRICE.]

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church ?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord : Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son ; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing : but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us ; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero ?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I knew : thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain,<sup>24</sup> of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick :—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and queasy stomach,<sup>25</sup> he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer ; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exit.]

<sup>24</sup> —— *of a noble strain,*] i.e., descent, lineage.

<sup>25</sup> —— *queasy stomach,*] i.e., squeamish.

## SCENE II.—ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affections, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me: pretend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no

less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue you can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage.  
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—LEONATO'S GARDEN.

*BENEDICK discovered seated.*

*Bene.* I do much wonder that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. [*Rises, and comes forward.*] I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.<sup>28</sup> He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he

<sup>28</sup> —— *the fashion of a new doublet.*] This folly, so conspicuous in gallants of former days, is laughed at by all our comic writers.

never shall make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please Heaven!<sup>27</sup>—Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.

*Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, BALTHAZAR, and Musicians. (Don PEDRO and LEONATO sit.)*

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself? Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

### GLEE.

#### I.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

#### II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leafy.  
Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get

<sup>27</sup> — her hair shall be of what colour it please Heaven.] The fashion of dying the hair was very common in Shakespeare's time, and in Queen Elizabeth's reign was thought worthy of particular animadversion from the pulpit. It is to this custom, probably, that our author here alludes.

us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Bal.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so; farewell.

[*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and MUSICIANS.*

*Leonato,* what was it you told me of to-day? That your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. (*Aside to PEDRO.*) I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I, neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.<sup>23</sup>

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* Counterfeit! there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well, this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Beno.* (*Aside.*) I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it;—knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

<sup>23</sup> — *past the infinite of thought.*] i.e., beyond the power of thought to conceive.

*Bene.* (*Aside.*) So, so.

*Leon.* My daughter says that the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that she is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself.

*Bene.* (*Aside.*) Poor thing! poor thing!

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* 'Tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Bene.* (*Aside.*) Very well, very well.

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

[*Bell rings.* *DON PEDRO* and *LEONATO* rise.]

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see; let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]

*BENEDICK* advances from the arbour.

*Bene.* This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.<sup>29</sup> They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent.<sup>30</sup> Love me! why it must be requited. I hear how I

<sup>29</sup> — the conference was sadly borne.] i.e., was seriously carried on.

<sup>30</sup> — her affections have the full bent.] A metaphor from the exercise of the bow.

am censured : They say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud :—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth I can bear them witness : and virtuous—'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise but for loving me :—By my troth it is no addition to her wit ; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage : But doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age : Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? No : The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice : By this day she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message ?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal :—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [Exit.]

*Bene.* Ha ! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me'—that's as much as to say, any pains I take for you is as easy as thanks :—If I do not take pity of her I am a villain ; if I do not love her I am a Jew ; I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S GARDEN.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour ;  
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice :  
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
 Is all of her ; say, that thou overheard'st us ;  
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower<sup>1</sup>  
 To listen our purpose :<sup>2</sup> This is thy office,  
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[*Exit.*]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
 Our talk must only be of Benedick :  
 When I do name him, let it be thy part  
 To praise him more than ever man did merit :  
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick  
 Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter  
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
 That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

*Enter BEATRICE, behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;  
 I know, her spirits are as coy and wild  
 As haggards of the rock.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> —— *pleached bower,*] To *pleach* is to intertwine, or weave together.

<sup>2</sup> *To listen our purpose.*] i.e., our conversation.

<sup>3</sup> *As haggards of the rock.*] A *haggard* is a wild hawk ; from *hagard*, French.

*Urs.* But are you sure,  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.  
They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;  
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,  
To wish him<sup>4</sup> wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?<sup>5</sup>

*Hero.* O God of love! I know, he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man;  
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising<sup>6</sup> what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak:<sup>7</sup> she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endeared.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death<sup>8</sup> with wit.  
Therefore, let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

<sup>4</sup> To wish him] i.e., to recommend or desire.

<sup>5</sup> Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?] Ursula means to say, that  
Benedick is as deserving of complete happiness in the marriage  
state as Beatrice herself.

<sup>6</sup> Misprising] i.e., undervaluing.

<sup>7</sup> —— seems weak:] i.e., seems foolish.

<sup>8</sup> —— press me to death] The allusion is to an ancient punishment  
of our law, called, peine fort et dure, which was formerly  
inflicted on those persons who, being indicted, refused to plead.  
In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by an  
heavy weight laid upon their stomach. This punishment the  
good sense and humanity of the legislature have, within these  
few years, abolished.—MALONE.

[Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :  
It were a better death than die with mocks.

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion :  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
She cannot be so much without true judgment,  
(Having so swift and excellent a wit<sup>9</sup>  
As she is priz'd to have), as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.  
She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*

### BEATRICE advances.

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears?<sup>10</sup> Can this be true?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.  
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:<sup>11</sup>  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band:  
For others say thou dost deserve; and I  
Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*

<sup>9</sup> — *swift and excellent a wit*] *Swift* means *ready*, i.e., ready wit.

<sup>10</sup> *What fire is in mine ears?*] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them.—WARBURTON.

<sup>11</sup> *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She says, that *wild* as her *heart* is, she will *tame* it to the *hand*.

## SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper:<sup>12</sup> for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet, say I, he is in love. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

<sup>12</sup> —— *a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper;*] A covert allusion to the old proverb:

“As the fool thinketh,  
So the bell clinketh.”—STEVENS.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lutestring.<sup>13</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : Conclude—conclude he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.<sup>14</sup>

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me ; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so : Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice : and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*D. John.* My lord and brother, Heaven save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private ?

*D. John.* If it please you ;—yet Count Claudio may hear ; for what I would speak of concerns him.

<sup>13</sup> — *crept into a lutestring.*] Love-songs in our author's time were generally sung to the music of the lute.

<sup>14</sup> *She shall be buried with her face upwards.*] There is much speculation among the commentators respecting the meaning of this sentence. Mr. Heath appears to give the most probable solution : "The poet wishes to prepare the reader to expect something uncommon or extraordinary ; and the humour consists in the disappointment of that expectation, as at the end of Iago's poetry in Othello :

'She was a wight, if ever such wight were,  
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer'"

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* Means your lordship to be married to morrow ?  
[To CLAUDIO.]

*D. Pedro.* You know he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not ; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well ; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage : surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed !

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter ?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you ; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who ? Hero ?

*D. John.* Even she ; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal ?

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say she were worse ; think you of a worse title and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered ; even the night before her wedding-day ; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so ?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough : and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses ; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE III.—A STREET.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES,<sup>15</sup> SEACOAL, and OATCAKE, with the Watch.*

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

*Verg.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal; Heaven hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

*Sea.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge—You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*Sea.* How if he will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank Heaven you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the

<sup>15</sup> *Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES,* &c., *The first of these worthies had his name from the Dog-berry, i.e., the female cornel, a shrub that grows in the hedges in every county of England. Verges is only the provincial pronunciation of Verjuice.—STEEVENS.*

prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for—for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured. .

*Sea.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen:<sup>16</sup>—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

*Sea.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then let them alone until they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*Sea.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*Sea.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*Sea.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are

<sup>16</sup> — *your bills be not stolen* —] The bill was a kind of pike or halbert formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterward<sup>s</sup> the usual weapon of watchmen

to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good-night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels, and your own, and good-night.—Come, neighbour.

*Sea.* Well, masters, we hear our charge ; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you. [ *Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Bora.* (Without.) What ! Conrade,—

*Sea.* Peace, stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say !

*Con.* Here, man, I am, at thy elbow. And now, forward with thy tale.

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard,<sup>17</sup> utter all to thee.

*Sea.* (Aside.) Some treason, masters, yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear ?

*Bora.* Thou shouldest rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

<sup>17</sup> — *like a true drunkard,*] It was on this account, probably, that Shakespeare called him Borachio, from Boraccho, Spanish, a drunkard ; or Borracha, a leathern receptacle for wine.—STEVENS.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed.<sup>18</sup> Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Well, Conrade, know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret: away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

*Oat.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

*Sea.* Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

*Bora & Con.* Masters,—masters,—

*Sea.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

<sup>18</sup> *That shows thou art unconfirmed*] i.e., unpractised in the ways of the world.

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, Heaven help him, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.<sup>19</sup>

*Verg.* Yes, I thank heaven, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: *palabras,*<sup>20</sup> neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers:<sup>21</sup> but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me! ha!

*Dogb.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of 'any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: Heaven help us! it is a world to see!<sup>22</sup>—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—an two men ride of a horst, one must ride behind:<sup>23</sup> An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is,

<sup>19</sup> — *as the skin between his brows.*] This was a proverbial expression.

<sup>20</sup> — *palabras,*] *Pocas palabras,* i.e., few words; a scrap of Spanish, which might have been current among the people in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>21</sup> — *poor duke's officers,*] This is a stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet, *poor.*

<sup>22</sup> — *it is a world to see'*] i.e., it is wonderful to see.

<sup>23</sup> — *two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:*] The first place, or rank, or understanding, can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to despise his inferior.

as ever broke bread : but heaven is to be worshipped : All men are not alike ; alas, good neighbour.

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts that heaven gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir : our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

[*Exit LEONATO.*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the gaol : we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com.* ;<sup>24</sup> only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>24</sup> — shall drive some of them to a *non com.* ;] i.e., to a *non compos mentis* ; put them out of their wits ; or, perhaps, he confounds the term with *non plus*.— MALONE.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF LEONATO'S PALACE.

DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR, CLAUDIO,  
BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.

*Leon.* Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, or your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

*Bene.* How now! Interjections?

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as Heaven did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.  
There, Leonato, take her back again ;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.  
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here ;  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord ?

*Claud.* Not to be married.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,<sup>1</sup>  
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth —

*Claud.* No, Leonato,  
I never tempted her with word too large ;<sup>2</sup>  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it.  
You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb ;  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.<sup>3</sup>

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?<sup>4</sup>

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak ?  
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to this false one here.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Hero.* True, O Heaven !

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here ?  
Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?  
Is this face Hero's ? are our eyes our own ?  
*Leon.* All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?  
*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter ;  
And by that fatherly and kindly power  
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

<sup>1</sup> — *in your own proof*] i.e., in your own trial of her.

<sup>2</sup> — *with word too large,*] i.e., not restrained within due bounds.

<sup>3</sup> — *chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.*] Before the air has  
tasted its sweetness.

<sup>4</sup> — *that he doth speak so wide ?*] i.e., remotely from the present  
business.

*Hero.* O, Heaven defend me ! how am I beset !  
What kind of catechising call you this ?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name,  
With any just reproach ?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero ;  
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.  
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight,  
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato,  
I am sorry you must hear : Upon mine honour,  
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window.

*D. John.* Fie, fie ! it is  
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoken of ;  
There is not chastity enough in language,  
Without offence, to utter it. Thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou been,  
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart !  
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell ;  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,<sup>b</sup>  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.<sup>a</sup>

*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO,  
*and Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

[*HERO swoons.*

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin ? wherefore sink you down ?  
*Bene.* How doth the lady ?

*Beat.* Dead, I think ;—help, uncle ;—  
Hero ! why, Hero !—Uncle !—Signior Benedick !—friar !

<sup>a</sup> — *shall, conjecture hang.*] Conjecture is here used for suspicion.

<sup>b</sup> — *never shall it more be gracious.*] i.e., lovely, attractive

*Leon.* O fate, take not away thy heavy hand !  
 Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
 That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero ? (*Hero recovering.*)

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up ?

*Friar.* Yea ; Wherefore should she not ?

*Leon.* Wherefore ? Why, doth not every earthly thing  
 Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny  
 The story that is printed in her blood ?<sup>7</sup>  
 Do not live, Hero : do not ope thine eyes :  
 For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,  
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
 Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one ?  
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame ?<sup>8</sup>  
 O, one too much by thee ! O, she is fallen  
 Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea  
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient :  
 For my part I am so affir'd in wonder,  
 I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

*Beat.* No, truly not ; although, until last night  
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made,  
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !  
 Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie ?  
 Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,  
 Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her : let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little ;  
 For I have only been silent so long,  
 And given way unto this course of fortune,  
 By noting of the lady ; I have mark'd  
 A thousand blushing apparitions start  
 Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames

<sup>7</sup> *The story that is printed in her blood ?*] That is, the story which her blushes discover to be true.

<sup>8</sup> *Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame ?*] i.e., grieved I at nature's being so frugal as to have framed for me only one child.

In angel whiteness bear away those blushes :—  
 Call me a fool ;  
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,  
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
 Under some biting error.

*Leon.*                    Friar, it cannot be :  
 Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse  
 That which appears in proper nakedness ?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me ; I know none :  
 If I know more of any man alive  
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
 Let all my sins lack mercy !—O, my father,  
 Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision<sup>9</sup> in the princes.  
*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour;<sup>10</sup>  
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
 The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

*Leon.* I know not : if they speak but truth of her,  
 These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,  
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
 But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
 To quit me of them throughly.

*Friar.*                    Pause a while,  
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;  
 Let her a while be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it that she is dead indeed.

<sup>9</sup> —— *strange misprision*] i.e., strange mistaking.

<sup>10</sup> —— *the very bent of honour* ;] *Bent* is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion or mental quality : the expression is derived from archery.

*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?

*Friar.* She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,  
Of every hearer. So will it fare with Claudio :  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,<sup>11</sup>  
Then shall he mourn,  
And wish he had not so accus'd her ;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :  
And though you know my inwardness<sup>12</sup> and love  
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly as your soul  
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
The smallest twine may lead me. [*Exit LEONATO.*

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;  
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day,  
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience and endure.

*Exeunt FRIAR, HERO, and LADIES.*

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that  
would right her !

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship ?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it ?

*Beat.* It is man's office, but not yours.

<sup>11</sup> —— *she died upon his words,*] i.e., died by them—in consequence of them.

<sup>12</sup> —— *my inwardness*] i.e., intimacy.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you : Is not that strange ?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not : It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing :—I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word ?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it : I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, Heaven forgive me !

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

*Beat.* You have staid me in a happy hour ; I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do anything for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha ! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it : Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here :<sup>13</sup> There is no love in you :—Nay, I pray you let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy ?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain,<sup>14</sup> that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman ?—O, that I were a man !—What ! bear her in hand<sup>15</sup> until they

<sup>13</sup> *I am gone, though I am here :]* i.e., I am lost to you, though I am here.

<sup>14</sup> —— *in the height a villain,*] i.e., a villain in the highest degree.

<sup>15</sup> —— *bear her in hand]* i.e., delude her by fair promises.

come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O Heaven, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.<sup>16</sup>

*Bene.* Here me, Beatrice ;—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying.

*Bene.* Nay, but, Beatrice ;—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes, and counties!<sup>17</sup> Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect;<sup>18</sup> a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend wculd be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,<sup>19</sup> valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too:<sup>20</sup> he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him.

*Beat.* Will you?

*Bene.* Upon my soul, I will. I'll kiss your hand, and so

<sup>16</sup> — eat his heart in the market-place] With equal ferocity, Hecuba, speaking of Achilles, in the 24th Iliad, expresses a wish to employ her teeth on his liver.

<sup>17</sup> Princes and counties') County was the ancient general term for a nobleman.

<sup>18</sup> — a goodly count-confect;) i.e., a specious nobleman made out of sugar.

<sup>19</sup> — manhood is melted into courtesies,) i.e. into ceremonious obeisance.

<sup>20</sup> — men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too] i.e., not only men, but trim ones are turned into tongue, that is, not only common, but clever men.

leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.

*Bent.* You'll be sure to challenge him?

*Bene.* By those bright eyes, I will.

*Bent.* My dear friend, kiss my hand again!

*Bene.* As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

[Both going.

*Bent.* Benedick, kill him—kill him, if you can!

*Bene.* As sure as he's alive, I will.<sup>21</sup>

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A PRISON.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, with book, SEACOAL, OATCAKE, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* O, a stool, and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.<sup>22</sup>

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve Heaven?

*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down they hope they serve Heaven:—and write Heaven first; for Heaven defend but Heaven should

<sup>21</sup> The lines in italics are an introduction, which custom has grafted on the play.

<sup>22</sup> — we have the exhibition to examine.] Blunder for examination to exhibit.

go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well stand aside.—Fore Heaven, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down, that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry that's the eftest way;<sup>23</sup>—Let the watch come forth; Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

*Sea.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down Prince John a villain!—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain!

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

*Oat.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

*Sea.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

*Sea.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny.

<sup>23</sup> — *the eftest way.* —] *i.e.*, the quickest way.

Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away ; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.—Come, bind them :—Thou naughty varlet !

Con. Away ! you are an ass, you are an ass !

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place ? Dost thou not suspect my years ?—O that he were here to write me down an ass ! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass :—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to : and a fellow that hath had losses;<sup>24</sup> and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him :—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass ! [Exeunt.

<sup>24</sup> — *a fellow that hath had losses;*] Mr. Collier, in his notes and emendations, gives “*leases*” for “*losses*.”

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—BEFORE LEONATO'S HOUSE, AS IN  
ACT FIRST.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;  
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief  
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine.  
And bid him speak of patience.  
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself; therefore, give me no counsel.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;  
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so :  
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;  
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,  
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,  
thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear:  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me;  
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,  
As, under privilege of age, to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do  
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,  
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,  
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.  
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;  
Despite his nice fence<sup>1</sup> and his active practice,  
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

*Claud.* Away, I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me?<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* Let him answer me,—  
Come follow me, boy; come, boy, come follow me:  
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—

<sup>1</sup> *Despite his nice fence*] i.e., skill in the science of fencing.

<sup>2</sup> *Canst thou so daff me?*] i.e., put me aside.

*Ant.* Content yourself: Heaven knows I lov'd my niece;  
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;  
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:  
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man, I know them, yea,  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :  
Scambling,<sup>3</sup> out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,  
And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony.—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter;  
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.<sup>4</sup>

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;  
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

Leon. No

**Come, brother, away—I will be heard ;—**

*Ant.* And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*D. Pedro.* See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior. You are almost come to part almost a fray.

<sup>3</sup> *Scambling,*] A scambler, in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner.

*[— we will not wake your patience.]* i.e., we will not keep alive this apparent provocation.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.<sup>6</sup>

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.<sup>6</sup>

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* Heaven bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* But when shal' we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'

<sup>6</sup> *What, though care killed a cat,*] A proverbial expression.

<sup>6</sup> — *he knows how to turn his girdle.*] This was a proverbial expression derived from wrestling: to turn the buckle of the belt behind was considered a challenge.

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy! you know my mind: I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, Heaven be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him. Let me hear from you.

[*Exit BENEDICK.*

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!<sup>7</sup> Did he not say my brother was fled?

*Dogb.* (without.) Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance:<sup>8</sup> nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, SEACOAL, OATCAKE, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BOBACHIO.*

*D. Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

*Claud.* Harken after their offence, my lord!

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly,

<sup>7</sup> — when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!] i.e., what an inconsistent fool is man, when he covers his body with clothes, and at the same time divests himself of his understanding.

<sup>8</sup> — weigh more reasons in her balance.] A quibble between reasons and raisons.—RITSON.

I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division.

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood.—What's your offence ?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes ; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed me<sup>to</sup> to slander the lady Hero : how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her : my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame ; the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this ?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter : And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall servc, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton, too.

*Re-enter LEONATO, with the SEXTON and Servants.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid hym. Which of these is he ?

— incensed me] i.e., incited me.

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou—thou the slave that with thy breath hast  
kill'd

Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou believest thyself;  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.  
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience,  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,  
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I;  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you cause my daughter live,  
That were impossible; but I pray you both,  
Possess the people<sup>10</sup> in Messina here  
How innocent she died.

To-morrow morning come you to my house;  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us;  
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,  
And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O, noble sir,  
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!  
I do embrace your offer; and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;  
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man

<sup>10</sup> *Possess the people]* To possess, in ancient language, signifies to inform, to make acquainted with.

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong.<sup>11</sup>

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not ;  
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;  
But always hath been just and virtuous,  
In anything that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir (which, indeed, is not under white  
and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass :  
I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment.  
Pray you, examine him upon this point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and  
reverend youth ; and I praise Heaven for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* Heaven save the foundation !

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank  
thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship : which,  
I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example  
of others. Heaven keep your worship ; I wish your wor-  
ship well ; Heaven restore you to health : I humbly give  
you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wished,  
Heaven prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VFRGES, and Watch.*

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on ; we'll 'alk with Mar-  
garet,  
How hei acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.<sup>12</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well  
at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

<sup>11</sup> —— *was packed in all this wrong.*] i.e., combined, an accomplice.

<sup>12</sup> —— *lewd fellow.*] *Lewd* here signifies *ignorant*.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* Why shall I always keep below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you.

[*Exit MARGARET.*]

*Bene.* Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to '*lady*' but '*baby*', an innocent rhyme; for '*scorn*', '*horn*', a hard rhyme; for '*school*', '*fool*', a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings.—No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.<sup>13</sup>

#### Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldest thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* Then is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Claudio undergoes my challenge:<sup>14</sup> and I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them altogether; which maintained so politic

<sup>13</sup> — — *I cannot woo in festival terms.*] i.e., in splendid phraseology such as differs from common language, as holidays from common days.

<sup>14</sup> *Claudio undergoes my challenge;* i.e., is subject to it.

a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

*Bene.* ‘*Suffer love*,’ a good epithet ! I do *suffer* love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think : alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably. And now tell me, how doth your cousin ?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you ?

*Beat.* Very ill, too.

*Bene.* Serve Heaven, love me, and mend.—Here comes one in haste.

*Enter Ursula.*

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle ; it is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accus’d, the prince and Claudio mightily abus’d, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone.

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior ?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle’s.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—CHAMBER IN LEONATO’S HOUSE.

LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA,  
FRIAR, and HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

*Leon.* So are the priuce and Claudio, who accus’d her, Upon the error that you heard debated ; But Margaret was in some fault for this ; Although against her will, as it appears.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enfore’d To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;  
And when I send for you, come hither veiled ;

[*Exeunt BEATRICE, HERO, and Ladies.*

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour  
To visit me.— You know your office, brother ;  
You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
And give her to young Claudio.

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior ?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love re quite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,  
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will ?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical ;  
But, for my will, my will is, your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the estate of honourable marriage ;  
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio ;  
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

*Ant.* Oh, here they come. ,

*Re-enter HERO and BEATRICE, with the Ladies, veild.*

*Claud.* Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.* Why then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand  
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy friar;  
I am your husband, if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife; [ *Unveils.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero?

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that was dead.

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify;  
When, after that the holy rites are ended,  
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death;  
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,  
And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?  
*Beat.* I answer to that name; [ *Unveiling.*

What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why no, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,  
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth no, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;  
For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,  
Wit in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our  
hearts!—Come, I will have thee: but, by this light, I take  
thee for pity.

*Bene.* I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou wouldest have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends:—Prince, thou art sad.

*D. Pedro.* I have got the tooth-ache!

*Bene.* Get thee a wife, and all will be well.  
Nay, laugh not; laugh not,  
Your gibes and mockeries I laugh to scorn:  
No staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

FINIS.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY  
OF  
H A M L E T,  
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT  
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
BY  
CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.,

AS PERFORMED  
ON MONDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1859.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.**

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Järnanenda Shaka  
Gata putty shi.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

<b>CLAUDIUS, (King of Denmark).....</b>	<b>Mr. RYDER.</b>
<b>HAMLET,</b> { ( <i>Son to the former and Nephew to</i> <i>the present King</i> )	{ <b>Mr. CHARLES KEAN.</b>
<b>POLONIUS, (Lord Chamberlain).....</b>	<b>Mr. MEADOWS.</b>
<b>HORATIO, (Friend to Hamlet) .....</b>	<b>Mr. GRAHAM.</b>
<b>LAERTES, (Son to Polonius) .....</b>	<b>Mr. J. F. CATHCART.</b>
<b>ROSENCRANTZ,</b> }	<b>Mr. BRAZIER.</b>
<b>GUILDENSTERN,</b> } ( <i>Courtiers</i> )	{ <b>Mr. G. EVERETT.</b>
<b>OSRICK,</b>	<b>Mr. DAVID FISHER.</b>
<b>PRIEST, .....</b>	<b>Mr. TERRY.</b>
<b>MARCELLUS, .....</b>	<b>Mr. PAULO.</b>
<b>BERNARDO, .....</b>	<b>Mr. DALY.</b>
<b>FRANCISCO, .....</b>	<b>Mr. COLLETT.</b>
<b>GHOST or HAMLET'S FATHER, .....</b>	<b>Mr. WALTER LACY.</b>
<b>FIRST GRAVEDIGGER, .....</b>	<b>Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS.</b>
<b>SECOND GRAVEDIGGER, .....</b>	<b>Mr. H. SAKER.</b>
<b>FIRST PLAYER, .....</b>	<b>Mr. F. COOKE.</b>
<b>SECOND PLAYER, .....</b>	<b>Mr. ROLLESTON.</b>
<b>GERTRUDE, { (<i>Queen of Denmark, and</i> <i>Mother of Hamlet</i>)</b>	{ <b>Mrs. CEARLES KEAN.</b>
<b>OPHELIA, (Daughter of Polonius) .....</b>	<b>Miss HEATH.</b>
<b>ACTRESS, .....</b>	<b>Miss DALY.</b>

**S T A G E   D I R E C T I O N S .**

R. H. means Right Hand ; L. H. Left Hand ; U. E. Upper Entrance ;  
R. H. C. Enters through the centre from the Right Hand ; L. H. C. Enters through the centre from the Left Hand.

RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS WHEN ON THE STAGE.

R. means on the Right Side of the Stage ; L. on the Left Side of the Stage ; C. Centre of the Stage ; R. C. Right Centre of the Stage ; L. C. Left Centre of the Stage.

(\*) The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



## P R E F A C E.

THE play of *Hamlet* is above all others the most stupendous monument of Shakespeare's genius, standing as a beacon to command the wonder and admiration of the world, and as a memorial to future generations, that the mind of its author was moved by little less than inspiration. *Lear*, with its sublime picture of human misery ;—*Othello*, with its harrowing overthrow of a nature great and amiable ;—*Macbeth*, with its fearful murder of a monarch, whose “virtues plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off,”—severally exhibit, in the most pre-eminent degree, all those mighty elements which constitute the perfection of tragic art—the grand, the pitiful, and the terrible. *Hamlet* is a history of mind—a tragedy of thought. It contains the deepest philosophy, and most profound wisdom; yet speaks the language of the heart, touching the secret spring of every sense and feeling. Here we have no ideal exaltation of character, but life with its blended faults and virtues,—a gentle nature unstrung by passing events, and thus rendered “out of tune and harsh.”

The original story of Hamlet is to be found in the Latin pages of the Danish historian, *Saxo Grammaticus*, who died in the year 1208. Towards

the end of the sixteenth century, the French author, Francis de Belleforest, introduced the fable into a collection of novels, which were translated into English, and printed in a small quarto black letter volume, under the title of the "Historic of Hamblett," from which source Shakespeare constructed the present tragedy.

Saxo has placed his history about 200 years before Christianity, when barbarians, clothed in skins, peopled the shores of the Baltic. The poet, however, has so far modernised the subject as to make Hamlet a Christian, and England tributary to the "sovereign majesty of Denmark." A date can therefore be easily fixed, and the costume of the tenth and eleventh centuries may be selected for the purpose. There are but few authentic records in existence, but these few afford reason to believe that very slight difference existed between the dress of the Dane and that of the Anglo-Saxon of the same period.

Since its first representation, upwards of two centuries and a half ago, no play has been acted so frequently, or commanded such universal admiration. It draws within the sphere of its attraction both the scholastic and the unlearned. It finds a response in every breast, however high or however humble. By its colossal aid it exalts the drama of England above that of every nation, past or present. It is, indeed, the most marvellous creation of human intellect.

CHARLES KEAN.

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—ELSINORE. A PLATFORM BEFORE  
THE CASTLE. NIGHT.

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BARNARDO, L.H.

*Bar.* Who's there?

*Fran.* (R.) Nay, answer me: <sup>1</sup> stand, and unfold <sup>2</sup> yourself.

*Bar.* Long live the king! <sup>3</sup>

*Fran.* Barnardo?

*Bar.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Bar.* 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief much thanks: (*Crosses to L.*) 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

*Bar.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Bar.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch,<sup>4</sup> bid them make haste.

<sup>1</sup> — *me:*] i. e., *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word.

<sup>2</sup> — *unfold:*] Announce, make known.

<sup>3</sup> *Long live the king.]* The watch-word.

<sup>4</sup> *The rivals of my watch,]* Rivals, for partners or associates.

*Fran.* I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.H.*

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier:  
Who hath reliev'd you?

*Fran.* Barnardo hath my place.

Give you good night. [*Exit FRANCISCO, L.H.*]

*Mar.* Holloa! Barnardo!

*Bar.* Say,

What, is Horatio there?

*Hor.* (*Crosses to c.*) A piece of him.<sup>6</sup>

*Bar.* (R.) Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Bar.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* (L.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:  
Therefore I have entreated him, along  
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;<sup>7</sup>  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes,<sup>8</sup> and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

*Bar.* Come, let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.<sup>9</sup>

*Hor.* Well, let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,  
When yon same star that's westward from the pole

<sup>5</sup> *And liegemen to the Dane.*] i. e., owing allegiance to Denmark.

<sup>6</sup> *A piece of him.*] Probably a cant expression.

<sup>7</sup> —— *to watch the minutes of this night;*] This seems to have been an expression common in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>8</sup> —— *approve our eyes,*] To approve, in Shakespeare's age, signified to make good, or establish.

<sup>9</sup> *What we have seen.*] We must here supply "with," or "by relating" before "what we have seen."

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,  
The bell then beating one—

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

*Enter Ghost, L.H.*

*Bar.* In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

*Hor.* Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.<sup>10</sup>

*Bar.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,<sup>11</sup>  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

*Mar.* It is offended. [GHOST crosses to R.

*Bar.* See! it stalks away!

*Hor.* Stay!—speak!—speak, I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost, R.H.]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Bar.* How now, Horatio! You tremble, and look pale:  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you of it?

*Hor.* Before heaven, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch<sup>12</sup>  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:  
Such was the very armour he had on,  
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,<sup>13</sup>  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

<sup>10</sup> —— it harrows me with fear and wonder.] i. e., it confounds and overwhelms me.

<sup>11</sup> —— Usurp'st this time of night,] i. e., abuses, uses against right, and the order of things.

<sup>12</sup> —— I might not this believe, &c.] I could not: it had not been permitted me, &c., without the full and perfect evidence, &c.

<sup>13</sup> —— jump at this dead hour,] Jump and just were synonymous in Shakespeare's time.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work,<sup>14</sup> I know not ;  
 But in the gross and scope<sup>15</sup> of mine opinion,  
 This bodes some strange eruption to our state.<sup>16</sup>  
 In the most high and palmy<sup>17</sup> state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

*Re-enter Ghost, R.H.*

But, (L.C.) soft, behold ! lo, where it comes again !  
 I'll cross it, though it blast me. (*HORATIO crosses in front of the Ghost to r. GHOST crosses to l.*)  
 Stay, illusion !  
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,<sup>18</sup>  
 Speak to me :  
 If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
 Speak to me :  
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
 O, speak !  
 O, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,<sup>19</sup>  
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
 Speak of it :—stay, and speak ! [Exit Ghost, L.H.]  
*Mar.* 'Tis gone !

<sup>14</sup> *In what particular thought to work,*] In what particular course to set my thoughts at work : in what particular train to direct the mind and exercise it in conjecture.

<sup>15</sup> — *gross and scope*] Upon the whole, and in a general view.

<sup>16</sup> — *bodes some strange eruption to our state,*] i. e., some political distemper, which will break out in dangerous consequences.

<sup>17</sup> — *palmy state*] Outspread, flourishing. Palm branches were the emblem of victory.

<sup>18</sup> — *sound, or use of voice,*] Articulation.

<sup>19</sup> — *uphoarded in thy life*

*Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,*] So in Decker's Knight's Conjuring, etc. "If any of them had bound the spirit of gold by any charmes in caves, or in iron fetters, under the ground, they should, for their own soule's quiet (which, questionless, else would whine up and down,) not for the good of their children, release it."

We do it wrong, being so majestical,  
To offer it the show of violence.

*Bar.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons.<sup>20</sup> I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,  
Doth with his lofty<sup>21</sup> and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit<sup>22</sup> hies  
To his confine.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:  
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. [Exeunt, L.H.

## SCENE II.— A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

*Trumpet March.* Enter the KING and QUEEN, preceded by POLONIUS, HAMLET, LAERTES,<sup>23</sup> Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

*King.* (R.C.) Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green;<sup>24</sup> and that it us befitted

<sup>20</sup> *And then it started like a guilty thing*

*Upon a fearful summons]* Apparitions were supposed to fly from the crowing of the cock, because it indicated the approach of day.

<sup>21</sup> —————*lofty*] High and loud.

<sup>22</sup> *The extravagant and erring spirit]* Extravagant is, got out of his bounds. Erring is here used in the sense of wandering.

<sup>23</sup> Laertes is unknown in the original story, being an introduction of Shakespeare's.

<sup>24</sup> —————*green,*] Flesh.

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;  
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
 That we with wisest sorrow<sup>25</sup> think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,<sup>26</sup>  
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd<sup>27</sup>  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.  
 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?  
 You told us of some suit ; What is't, Laertes ?

*Laer. (R.)* My dread lord,  
 Your leave and favour<sup>28</sup> to return to France ;  
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
 To shew my duty in your coronation,  
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,  
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave ? What says Poloniouſ ?

*Pol. (R.)* He hath, my lord, (wrung from me my slow  
 leave  
 By laboursome petition ; and, at last,  
 Upon his will I sealed my hard consent) :<sup>29</sup>  
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,

<sup>25</sup> ————— *wisest sorrow*] Sober grief, passion discreetly reined.

<sup>26</sup> ————— *with a defeated joy*,] i.e., with joy baffled ; with joy interrupted by grief.

<sup>27</sup> ————— *barr'd*] Excluded—acted without the concurrence of.

<sup>28</sup> *Your leave and favour*] The favour of your leave granted, the kind permission. Two substantives with a copulative being here, as is the frequent practise of our author, used for an adjective and substantive : an adjective sense is given to a substantive.

<sup>29</sup> *Upon his will I sealed my hard consent* :] At or upon his earnest and importunate suit, I gave my full and final, though hardly obtained and reluctant, consent.

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!<sup>30</sup>

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* (L.) A little more than kin, and less than kind.<sup>31</sup>

[*Aaside.*]

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?<sup>32</sup>

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.<sup>33</sup>

*Queen.* (L.O.) Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour<sup>34</sup> off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids<sup>35</sup>

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

<sup>30</sup> *Take thy fair hour! time be thine;*

*And thy best graces spend it at thy will!] Catch the auspicious moment!* be time thy own! and may the exercise of thy fairest virtue fill up those hours, that are wholly at your command!

<sup>31</sup> *A little more than kin, and less than kind.]* Dr. Johnson says that *kind* is the Teutonic word for *child*. Hamlet, therefore, answers to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*. Steevens remarks, that it seems to have been another proverbial phrase: "The nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love; the greater the *kindred* is, the less the *kindness* must be." *Kin* is still used in the Midland Counties for *cousin*, and *kind* signifies *nature*. Hamlet may, therefore, mean that the relationship between them had become *unnatural*.

<sup>32</sup> — *I am too much i' the sun.]* Meaning, probably, his being sent for from his studies to be exposed at his uncle's marriage as his *chief st. courtier*, and being thereby placed too much in the radiance of the king's presence; or, perhaps, an allusion to the proverb, "*Out of Heaven's blessing, into the warm sun:*" but it is not unlikely that a quibble is meant between *son* and *sun*.

<sup>33</sup> — *nighted colour]* Black—night-like.

<sup>34</sup> — *vealed lid.]* Cast down.

That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,  
 For they are actions that a man might play :  
 But I have that within which passeth show ;<sup>35</sup>  
 These but the trappings<sup>36</sup> and the suits of woe.

*King.*\* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,  
 Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :  
 But, you must know, your father lost a father ;  
 That father lost, lost his ;<sup>37</sup> and the survivor bound,  
 In filial obligation, for some term  
 To do obsequious sorrow :<sup>38</sup> But to perséver<sup>39</sup>  
 In obstinate condolment,<sup>40</sup> is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :  
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.<sup>41</sup>  
 We pray you, throw to earth  
 This unprevailing<sup>42</sup> woe ; and think of us  
 As of a father : for let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;  
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet :  
 I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply :  
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

<sup>35</sup> —— *which passeth show* ;] i.e., "external manners of lament."

<sup>36</sup> —— *trappings*] *Trappings* are 'furnishings.'

<sup>37</sup> *That father lost, lost his* ;] "That lost father (of your father, i.e., your grandfather) or father so lost, lost his."

<sup>38</sup> —— *do obsequious sorrow* :] Follow with becoming and ceremonious observance the memory of the deceased.

<sup>39</sup> *But to perséver*] This word was anciently accented on the second syllable.

<sup>40</sup> —— *obstinate condolment*,] Ceaseless and unremitting expression of grief.

<sup>41</sup> —— *incorrect to heaven*.] Contumacious towards Heaven.

<sup>42</sup> —— *unprofitable*] Fruitless, unprofitable.

Sits smiling to my heart: <sup>43</sup> in grace whereof,<sup>44</sup>  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,<sup>45</sup>  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder.

[*Trumpet march repeated. Exeunt KING and QUEEN, preceded by POLONIUS, Lords, Ladies, LAERTES, and Attendants, E.H.*

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself<sup>46</sup> into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon<sup>47</sup> 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!<sup>48</sup>  
 Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely.<sup>49</sup> That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr:<sup>50</sup> so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not beteem<sup>51</sup> the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,

<sup>43</sup> *Sits smiling to my heart:]* To is at: gladdens my heart.

<sup>44</sup> — *in grace whereof,]* i.e., respectful regard or honour of which.

<sup>45</sup> *No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,]* Dr. Johnson remarks, that the king's intemperance is very strongly impressed; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink. The Danes were supposed to be hard drinkers.

<sup>46</sup> — *resolve itself]* To resolve is an old word signifying to dissolve.

<sup>47</sup> *His canon]* i.e., his rule, or law.

<sup>48</sup> — *the uses of this world!]* i.e., the habitudes and usages of life.

<sup>49</sup> — *merely.]* Wholly—entirely.

<sup>50</sup> *Hyperion to a satyr:]* An allusion to the exquisite beauty of Apollo, compared with the deformity of a satyr; that satyr, perhaps, being Pan, the brother of Apollo. Our great poet is here guilty of a false quantity, by calling Hypērion, Hypērion, a mistake not unusual among our English poets.

<sup>51</sup> — *might not beteem]* i.e., might not allow, permit.

As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—  
 Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is Woman !—  
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears ;—she married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules.  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good :  
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

*Enter HORATIO, BARNARDO, and MARCELLUS, R.H.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship !

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with  
 you :<sup>62</sup>

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—

*Marcellus?* [Crosses to C.

*Mar. (R.)* My good lord,—

*Ham. (C.)* I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.

[To BERNARDO, R.

But what, in faith,<sup>63</sup> make you<sup>64</sup> from Wittenberg ?<sup>65</sup>

*Hor. (L.)* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so ;  
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself : I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

<sup>62</sup> —— *I'll change that name with you.*] i.e., do not call yourself my servant, you are my friend ; so I shall call you, and so I would have you call me.

<sup>63</sup> —— *in faith.*] Faithfully, in pure and simple verity.

<sup>64</sup> *But what make you ?*] What is your object ? What are you doing ?

<sup>65</sup> —— *what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?*] In Shakespeare's time there was an university at Wittenberg ; but as it was not founded till 1502, it consequently did not exist in the time to which this play refers.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe<sup>56</sup> in heaven Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio! My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

*Hor.* Where,  
My lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.<sup>57</sup>

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again. [Crosses to L.

*Hor.* (c.) My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Ham.* Season your admiration for a while<sup>58</sup> With an attent ear; till I may deliver, Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For Heaven's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch, In the dead waste and middle of the night,<sup>59</sup> Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé,Appears before them, and, with solemn march

<sup>56</sup> —— *my dearest foe*] i. e., my direst or most important foe. This epithet was commonly used to denote the strongest and liveliest interest in any thing or person, for or against.

<sup>57</sup> —— *goodly king.*] i. e., a good king.

<sup>58</sup> *Season your admiration for a while*

*With an attent ear,*] i. e., suppress your astonishment for a short time, that you may be the better able to give your attention to what we will relate.

<sup>59</sup> *In the dead waste and middle of the night,*] i. e., in the dark and desolate vast, or vacant space and middle of the night. It was supposed that spirits had permission to range the earth by night alone.

Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd  
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
 Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distill'd  
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,<sup>60</sup>  
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch :  
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
 The apparition comes.

*Ham.* But where was this? [Crosses to MARCELLUS.]

*Mar.* (r.) My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* (c.) Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* (l.) My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought  
 It listed up its head, and did address<sup>61</sup>  
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :  
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,  
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away ;  
 And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;  
 And we did think it writ down<sup>62</sup> in our duty  
 To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

*Mar.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Aim'd, say you ?

*Mar.* Aim'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe ?

*Mar.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not  
 His face ?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.<sup>63</sup>

*Ham.* What, looked he frowningly ?

<sup>60</sup> —— *with the act of fear,*] i.e., by the influence or power of fear.

<sup>61</sup> —— *address]* i.e., make ready.

<sup>62</sup> —— *writ down]* Prescribed by our own duty ?

<sup>63</sup> —— *he wore his beaver up.]* That part of the helmet which  
 may be lifted up, to take breath the more freely

*Hor.* A countenance more  
In sorrow than in anger.  
*Ham.* Pale or red ?  
*Hor.* Nay, very pale.  
*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you ?  
*Hor.* Most constantly.  
*Ham.* I would I had been there.  
*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.  
*Ham.* Very like,  
Very like. Stay'd it long ?  
*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.  
*Mur.* } Longer, Longer.  
*Ber.* } Longer.  
*Hor.* Not when I saw it.  
*Ham.* His beard was grissl'd, No ?  
*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.  
*Ham.* I will watch to-night ;  
Perchance, 'twill walk again.  
*Hor. (c.)* I warrant it will.  
*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. (*Crosses to L.*) I pray you all,  
If you have hithe-to conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable<sup>61</sup> in your silence still ;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue :  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well :  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.  
*Hor. (r.)* Our duty to your honour.  
*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you : Farewell.  
[*Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BER-*  
*NARDO, R.H.*

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;  
I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come ;  
Till then sit still, my soul : Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit, L.H.*<sup>61</sup> ——*tenable*] i.e., strictly maintained.

## SCENE III.—A ROOM IN POLONIUS'S HOUSE.

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, R.H.*

*Laer.* (L.C.) My necessaries are embarked : farewell :  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,<sup>65</sup>  
Let me hear from you.

*Oph.* (R.C.) Do you doubt that ?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,<sup>66</sup>  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.<sup>67</sup>

*Oph.* No more but so ?

*Laer.* He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state.  
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs.  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;  
And keep within the rear of your affection,<sup>68</sup>  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chairest maid<sup>69</sup> is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :  
Be wary, then ; best safety lies in fear :  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

<sup>65</sup> ——*ben/fit,*] Favourable means.

<sup>66</sup> ——*trifling of his favour,*] Gay and thoughtless intimation.

<sup>67</sup> ——*perfume and suppliance of a minutre,*] i.e., an amusement to fill up a vacant moment, and render it agreeable.

<sup>68</sup> ——*keep within the rear of your affection,*] Front not the peril : withdraw or check every warm emotion : advance not so far as your affection would lead you.

<sup>69</sup> *The chairest maid*] Chary is cautious.

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven  
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,<sup>70</sup>  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 And rocks not his own read.<sup>71</sup>

*Laer.* O, fear me not.  
 I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS, L.H.*

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!  
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,<sup>72</sup>  
 And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with you!

[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory—  
 Look thou character.<sup>73</sup> Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportion'd thought<sup>74</sup> his act.  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,  
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
 Take each man's censure,<sup>75</sup> but i reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
 And they in France of the best rank and station

<sup>70</sup> ————— *puff'd and reckless libertine.*] Bloated and swoln, the effect of excess; and heedless and indifferent to consequences.

<sup>71</sup> —————  *Rocks not his own read.*] i.e., heeds not his own lessons or counsel.

<sup>72</sup> ————— *shoulder of your sail,*] A common sea phrase.

<sup>73</sup> *Look thou character.*] i.e., a word often used by Shakespeare to signify *to write, strongly infix;* the accent is on the second syllable.

<sup>74</sup> ————— *unproportion'd thought*] Irregular, disorderly thought.

<sup>75</sup> ————— *each man's censure,*] Sentiment, opinion.

Are most select and generous, chief in that.<sup>76</sup>  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.<sup>77</sup>  
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !<sup>78</sup>

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

[*Crosses to L.*

Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well  
 What I have said to you.

*Oph.* (*crosses to LAERTES.*) 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.<sup>79</sup>

*Laer.* Farewell.

[*Exit LAERTES, L.H.*

*Pol.* What is it, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought :  
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
 Given private time to you ;<sup>80</sup> and you yourself  
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :  
 If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,<sup>81</sup>  
 And that in way of caution), I must tell you,  
 You do not understand yourself so clearly  
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.  
 What is between<sup>82</sup> you ? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders  
 Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection ! pooh ! you speak like a green girl,

<sup>76</sup> — *chief in that.*] i.e., chiefly in that.

<sup>77</sup> — *husbandry.*] i.e., thrift, economical prudence.

<sup>78</sup> — *season this in thee !*] i.e., infix it in such a manner as that  
 it may never wear out.

<sup>79</sup> — *yourself shall keep the key of it.*] Thence it shall not be  
 dismissed, till you think it needless to retain it.

<sup>80</sup> *Given private time to you ;*] Spent his time in private visits to  
 you.

<sup>81</sup> *As so 'tis put on me,*] Suggested to, impressed on me.

<sup>82</sup> — *is between*] i.e., what has passed—what intercourse had.

Unsifted<sup>83</sup> in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or, you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with love In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.<sup>84</sup> I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: This is for all,— I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slander any leisure moment,<sup>85</sup> As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet. Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

#### SCENE IV.—THE PLATFORM. NIGHT.

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS, U.E.L.H.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly: it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.<sup>86</sup>

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

<sup>83</sup> —— *green girl,*  
*unsifted*] i.e., inexperienced girl. Unsifted means one who has not nicely *canvassed* and examined the peril of her situation.

<sup>84</sup> —— *woodcocks.*] Witless things.

<sup>85</sup> —— *slander any leisure moment,*] i.e., I would not have you so disgrace your most idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's conversation.

<sup>86</sup> —— *an eager air.*] Eager here means sharp, from *aigre*, French

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor. (R.C.)* Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near  
the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off without.*

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham. (L.C.)* The king doth wake to-night,<sup>87</sup> and takes his  
rouse,<sup>88</sup>

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus Bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham. Ay, marry, is't:* [Crosses to HORATIO.

But to my mind,—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born,—it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

### Enter GHOST, L.H.

*Hor. (R.H.)* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham. (C.)* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,<sup>89</sup>  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee—Hamlet,  
King, father: Royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,<sup>90</sup>  
Have burst their cerements;<sup>91</sup> why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

<sup>87</sup> —— *doth wake to-night,*] i.e., holds a late revel

<sup>88</sup> —— *takes his rouse,*] *Rouse* means drinking bout, carousal.

<sup>89</sup> —— *questionable shape,*] To *question*, in our author's time, signified to *converse*. *Questionable*, therefore, means *capable of being conversed with*.

<sup>90</sup> —— *hearsed in death,*] Deposited with the accustomed funeral rites.

<sup>91</sup> —— *cerements;*] Those precautions usually adopted in preparing dead bodies for sepulture.

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again, in cōplete steel,  
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature<sup>92</sup>  
 So horridly to shake our disposition<sup>93</sup>  
 With thoughte beyond the reaches of our souls ?  
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

[*Ghost beckons.*

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartiment did desire

To you alone. [*Ghost beckons again.*

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground :<sup>94</sup>  
 But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.  
*Ham.* It will not speak ; then I will follow it.  
*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear ?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;<sup>95</sup>  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself ? [*Ghost beckons.*

It waves me forth again :—I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,<sup>96</sup>  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,<sup>97</sup>  
 And there assume some other horrible form,  
 And draw you into madness ? [*Ghost beckons.*

*Ham.* It waves me still.—  
 Go on ; I'll follow thee.

<sup>92</sup> —— *fools of nature*] i. e., making sport for nature.

<sup>93</sup> —— *disposition*] Frame of mind and body.

<sup>94</sup> —— *removed ground :*] *Removed for remote.*

<sup>95</sup> —— *at a pin's fee :*] i. e., the value of a pin.

<sup>96</sup> *What if it tempt you toward the flood, &c.]* Malignant spirits were supposed to entice their victims into places of gloom and peril, and exciting in them the deepest terror.

<sup>97</sup> —— *beetles o'er his base into the sea,*] i. e., projects darkly over the sea.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd ; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.<sup>98</sup>

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd :—unhand me, gentlemen ;

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :—<sup>99</sup>  
I say, away!—Go on ; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet, l.h., followed at a distance by Horatio and Marcellus.*

## SCENE V.—A MORE REMOTE PART OF THE PLATFORM. NIGHT.

*Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet, u.e.l.h.*

*Ham.* (R.) Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak ; I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* (L.) Mark me.,

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak ; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit ;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

<sup>98</sup> *Némean lion's nerve.*] Shakespeare, and nearly all the poets of his time, disregarded the quantity of Latin names. The poet has here placed the accent on the first syllable, instead of the second.

<sup>99</sup> —— *that lets me :—*] To let, in the sense in which it is here used, means to hinder—to obstruct—to oppose. The word is derived from the Saxon.

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,<sup>100</sup>  
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy soul;<sup>101</sup> freeze thy young blood ;  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 And each particular hair to stand on end,<sup>102</sup>  
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :<sup>103</sup>  
 But this eternal blazon<sup>104</sup> must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list !—  
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

*Ham.* O heaven !

*Ghost.* Revenge his soul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder !

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Ha-te me to know it, that I, with wings as swift  
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
 May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt ;  
 And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed  
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,<sup>105</sup>  
 Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :  
 'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,<sup>106</sup>  
 A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark

<sup>100</sup> —— *to fast in fires,*] Chaucer has a similar passage with regard to eternal punishment —“ *And moreover the misery of Hell shall be in default of meat and drink.*”

<sup>101</sup> —— *harrow up thy soul,*] Agitate and convulse.

<sup>102</sup> —— *hair to stand on end,*] A common image of that day.  
 “ *Standing as frightened with erected haire.*”

<sup>103</sup> —— *the fretful porcupine :*] This animal being considered irascible and timid.

<sup>104</sup> —— *eternal blazon*] i.e., publication or divulgence of things eternal.

<sup>105</sup> —— *rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,*] i.e., in indolence and sluggishness, by its torpid habits contributes to that morbid state of its juices which may figuratively be denominated rottenness.

<sup>106</sup> —— *orchard,*] Garden.

Is by a forged process<sup>107</sup> of my death  
 Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,  
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
 Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
 Won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :  
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline  
 Upon a wretch,<sup>109</sup> whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine !

But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air ;  
 Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
 My custom always in the afternoon,  
 Upon my secure<sup>109</sup> hour thy uncle stole,  
 With juice of cursed hebenon<sup>110</sup> in a vial,  
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect  
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;  
 So did it mine ;  
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd :<sup>111</sup>  
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,<sup>112</sup>

<sup>107</sup> ——*forged process*] i.e., false report of proceedings.

<sup>109</sup> ——*secure upon a wretch.*] Stoop with degradation to.

<sup>110</sup> ——*secure*] Unguarded.

<sup>111</sup> *Hebenon* is described by Nares, in his Glossary, as the juice of ebony, supposed to be a deadly poison.

<sup>111</sup> *despatch'd.*] Despoiled—bereft.

<sup>112</sup> *Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;*] To *housel* is to minister the sacrament to one lying on his death bed. *Disappointed* is the same as unappointed, which here means unprepared. *Unanel'd* is without extreme unction.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.

*Ham.* O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

*Ghost.* If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury<sup>113</sup> and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:<sup>114</sup>  
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[*Exit, L.H.*

*Ham.* Hold, hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe.<sup>115</sup> Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,<sup>116</sup>  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven,  
I have sworn't.

*Hor. (without.)* My lord, my lord,—

*Mar. (without.)* Lord Hamlet,—

*Hor. (without.)* Heaven secure him!

*Ham.* So be it!

*Mar. (without.)* Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.<sup>117</sup>

<sup>113</sup> —— *luxury*] Lasciviousness.

<sup>114</sup> —— *pale his uneffectual fire:*] i. e., not seen by the light of day; or it may mean, shining without heat.

<sup>115</sup> *In this distracted globe.*] i. e., his head distracted with thought.

<sup>116</sup> —— *pressures past,*] Impressions heretofore made.

<sup>117</sup> —— *come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers used to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus, U.E.L.H.*

*Mar.* (R.) How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* (L.) What news, my lord?

*Ham.* (C.) O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No;

You will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then; would heart of man once  
think it?

But you'll be secret?—

*Hor.* { Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Mar.* }

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark—

But he's an arrant knave.<sup>118</sup>

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the  
grave

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are in the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You as your business and desire shall point you,  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is;—and, for my own poor part,  
Look you, I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words,<sup>119</sup> my lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

<sup>118</sup> *There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark—*

*But he's an arrant knave.]*

Hamlet probably begins these words in the ardour of confidence and sincerity; but, suddenly alarmed at the magnitude of the disclosure he was going to make, and considering that, not his friend Horatio only, but another person was present, he breaks off suddenly:—There's ne'er a villain in all Denmark that can match (perhaps he would have said) my uncle in villainy; but recollecting the danger of such a declaration, he pauses for a moment, and then abruptly concludes:—“but he's an arrant knave.”

<sup>119</sup> —— *whirling words,*] Random words, thrown out with no

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick,<sup>120</sup> but there is, Horatio, And much offence, too. Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you : For your desire to know what is between us, O'er-master it<sup>121</sup> as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord ? We will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to-night.

*Hor.* } My lord, we will not.  
*Mar.* }

*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen. Swear by my sword.

[*HORATIO and MARCELLUS place each their right hand on HAMLET'S sword.*

*Ghost. (Beneath.)* Swear.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.<sup>122</sup>

| There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come.—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet To put an antick disposition<sup>123</sup> on,— That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

<sup>120</sup> —— by Saint Patrick,] At this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland ; to which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint.

<sup>121</sup> O'er-master it] Get the better of it.

<sup>122</sup> —— give it welcome] Receive it courteously, as you would a stranger when introduced.

<sup>123</sup> —— antick disposition, i e, strange, foreign to my nature, a disposition which Hamlet assumes as a protection against the danger which he apprehends from his uncle, and as a cloak for the concealment of his own meditated designs.

With arms encumber'd thus,<sup>124</sup> or this head-shake,  
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
 As, *Well, we know*; or, *We could, an if we would*; or, *If we list to speak* ;—or, *There be, an if they might* ;—  
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
 That you know aught of me :—This do you swear,  
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

[*HORATIO and MARCELLUS again place their hands on HAMLET's sword.*

*Ghost. (Beneath.)* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So gentlemen,  
 With all my love I do commend me to you :  
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
 Heaven willing, shall not lack.<sup>125</sup> Let us go in together ;

[*Crosses to L.*

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
 The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite,  
 That ever I was born to set it right !

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt, L.H.*

<sup>124</sup> ——*arms* encumber'd thus,] i. e., folded.

<sup>125</sup> ——*friending to you—shall not lack*] Disposition to serve  
 you shall not be wanting.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN POLONIUS'S HOUSE.

*Enter POLONIUS,<sup>1</sup> L.H., meeting OPHELIA, R.H.**Pol.* How now, Ophelia ! What's the matter ?*Oph.* O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !*Pol.* With what, in the name of heaven ?*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraç'd ;  
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other,  
And with a look so piteous in purport,  
He comes before me.*Pol.* Mad for thy love ?*Oph.* My lord, I do not know ;  
But, truly, I do fear it.*Pol.* What said he ?*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er hi, brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so ;  
At last,—a little shaking of mine aim,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Polonius,*] Doctor Johnson describes Polonius as " a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. A man positive and confident, because he knows his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak." The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.

<sup>2</sup> —— *his bulk,*] Frame.

And end his being : That done, he lets me go :  
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;  
 For out o'doors he went without their helps,  
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me : I will go seek the king.  
 This is the very ecstacy of love ;<sup>3</sup>

What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

*Oph.* No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,  
 I did repel his letters, and denied  
 His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.

Come, go we to the king :

This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move  
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.<sup>4</sup>

Come.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

## SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants, R.H.*

*King.* (c.) Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern !  
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke  
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation. What it should be,  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

<sup>3</sup> — *ecstacy of love* ;] i.e., madness of love. In this sense the word is now obsolete.

<sup>4</sup> *This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move*

*More grief to hide than hate to utter love.*] i.e., thus must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet.

It was the custom of Shakespeare's age, to conclude acts and scenes with a couplet, a custom which was continued for nearly a century afterwards.

So much from the understanding of himself;<sup>5</sup>  
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest<sup>6</sup> here in our court  
 Some little time: so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* (n.c.) Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;  
 And sure I am two men there are not living  
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
 So to expend your time with us a while,  
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
 As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* (n.) Both your majesties  
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,<sup>7</sup>  
 Put your dread pleasures more into command  
 Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* (n.) But we both obey,  
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,<sup>8</sup>  
 To lay our service freely at your feet.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* I do beseech you instantly to visit  
 My too much changed son. Go, some of you,  
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[Enter ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and  
 Attendants, R.H.

Enter POLONIUS, L.H.

*Pol.* Now do I think (or else this brain of mine  
 Hunts not the trail of policy<sup>9</sup> so sure  
 As it hath us'd to do), that I have found  
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* (c.) O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

<sup>5</sup> —— *the understanding of himself.*] i.e., the just estimate of himself.

<sup>6</sup> —— *vouchsafe your rest]* Please to reside.

<sup>7</sup> —— *of us,*] i.e., over us.

<sup>8</sup> —— *in the full bent,*] To the full stretch and range—a term derived from archery.

<sup>9</sup> —— *the trail of policy]* The *trail* is the course of an animal pursued by the scent.

*Pol. (l.c.)* My liege, and madam, to expostulate<sup>10</sup>  
 What majesty should be, what duty is,  
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time ;  
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time ;  
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—  
 I will be brief.—Your noble son is mad :  
 Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,  
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?  
 But let that go.

*Queen. (r.c.)* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
 That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true 'tis pity ;  
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;  
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
 Mad let us grant him, then : and now remains  
 That we find out the cause of this effect,  
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defective comes by cause :  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 Perpend.<sup>11</sup>  
 I have a daughter, have, while she is mine,  
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.  
 [Reads] *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*<sup>12</sup>  
 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, *beautified* is a vile phrase :  
 but you shall hear. Thus :  
*In her excellent white bosom,*<sup>13</sup> these, &c.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>10</sup> —— *expostulate*] To *expostulate* is to discuss, to put the pros and cons, to answer demands upon the question. *Expose* is an old term of similar import.

<sup>11</sup> *Perpend.*] i. e., reflect, consider attentively.

<sup>12</sup> —— *most beautified Ophelia,*] Heywood, in his History of Edward VI., says "Katharine Parre, Queen Dowager to King Henry VIII., was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues." The same expression is frequently used by other old authors.

<sup>13</sup> *In her excellent white bosom,*] The ladies, in Shakespeare's time, wore pocketts in the front of their stays.

<sup>14</sup> —— *the c., &c.*] In our poet's time, the word *these* was usually added at the end of the superscription of letters.

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

[Reads.]     *Doubt thou the stars are fire;*  
                 *Doubt that the sun doth move;*  
                 *Doubt truth to be a liar;*  
                 *But never doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;<sup>15</sup> I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best,<sup>16</sup> believè it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,<sup>17</sup> Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me:

And more above,<sup>18</sup> hath his solicitings,<sup>19</sup>

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to my ear.

*King.*     But how hath she  
Receiv'd his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think,  
When I had seen this hot love on the wing  
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had played the desk or table book;<sup>20</sup>  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;<sup>21</sup>

<sup>15</sup> ——*I am ill at these numbers,*] No talent for these rhymes.

<sup>16</sup> ——*O most best,*] An ancient mode of expression.

<sup>17</sup> ——*Whilst this machine is to him,*] Belongs to, obey his impulse; so long as he is "a sensible warm motion," the similar expression to "While my wits are my own."

<sup>18</sup> *And more above,*] i.e., moreover, besides.

<sup>19</sup> ——*his solicitings,*] i.e., his love-making, his tender expressions.

<sup>20</sup> *If I had played the desk, or table book;*] This line may either mean if I had conveyed intelligence between them, or, known of their love, if I had locked up his secret in my own breast, as closely as it were confined in a desk or tab'e bo'.

<sup>21</sup> *Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,*] i.e., connived at it.

Or looked upon this love with idle sight;<sup>22</sup>  
 What might you think? No, I went round to work,<sup>23</sup>  
 And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:  
*Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy sphere;*  
*This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,  
 That she should lock herself from his resort,  
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;<sup>24</sup>  
 And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),  
 Fell into sadness; thence into a weakness;  
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,  
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
 And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that.)  
 That I have positively said, '*tis so,*'  
 When it proved otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if it be otherwise:

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.]  
 If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks for hours together  
 Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:  
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,  
 And be not from his reason fallen theron,  
 Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm, and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

<sup>22</sup> ——*with idle sight,*] i.e., with indifference.

<sup>23</sup> ——*round to work,*] i.e., roundly, without reserve.

<sup>24</sup> *If* this done, she took the fruits of my advice,) She took the fruits of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made fruitful.—JOHNSON.

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both, away :  
I'll board him presently.<sup>25</sup>

[*Exeunt KING and QUEEN, R.H.*

*Enter HAMLET, reading, L.C.*

*Pol.* How does my good lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* (c.) Excellent well.

*Pol.* (R.) Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.<sup>26</sup>

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i'the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—fiend, look to't, look to't, look to't.

[*Goes up stage.*

<sup>25</sup> *I'll board him presently.*] Accost, address him.

<sup>26</sup> — *you are a fishmonger.*] This was an expression better understood in Shakespeare's time than at present, and no doubt was relished by the audience of the Globe Theatre as applicable to the Papists, who in Queen Elizabeth's time were esteemed enemies to the Government. Hence the proverbial phrase of *He's an honest man and eats no fish*, to signify he's a friend to the Government and a Protestant.

<sup>27</sup> *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?*] i.e., Hamlet having just remarked that honesty is very rare in the world, adds, that since there is so little virtue, since corruption abounds everywhere, and maggots are bred by the sun, which is a god, even in a dead dog, Polonius ought to take care to prevent his daughter from walking in the sun, lest she should prove "a breeder of sinners;" for though conception (understanding) in general be a blessing, yet as Ophelia might chance to conceive, (to be pregnant) it might be a calamity. Hamlet's abrupt question, "*Have you a daughter?*" is evidently intended to impress Polonius with the belief of the Prince's madness.—MALONE.

*Pol. (aside.)* Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. (*Crosses to L.*) I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

*Ham. (c.)* Words, words, words.

*Pol. (L.)* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue<sup>23</sup> says here that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward. [*Crosses L.*

*Pol. (aside.)* Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave? [*Crosses R.*

*Pol. (L.)* Indeed, that is out o' theair.—How pregnant sometimes his replies<sup>24</sup> are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham. (c.)* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord. [*Exit Polonius, L. II.*

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Pol. (without)* You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* Heaven save you, sir!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L. II.*

*Guild.* My honor'd lord!—

*Ros.* My most dear lord!—

<sup>23</sup>—*the satirical rogue*] Hamlet alludes to Juvenal, who in his 10th Satire, describes the evils of long life.

<sup>24</sup> *How pregnant his replies*] Big with meaning.

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? (*Crosses to ROSENCRANTZ.*) Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

*Ros.* (l.) None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* (c.) Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship,<sup>30</sup> what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* (r.) What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, (*taking their hands,*) by the consonancy of our youth,<sup>31</sup> by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer<sup>32</sup> could charge you withal, be even<sup>33</sup> and direct me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.

*Ham.* Nay, then, I have an eye of you.<sup>34</sup> (*Crosses r.*) [Aside behind HAMLET's back.

—if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* (returning c.) I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king

<sup>30</sup> —— *beaten way of friendship,*] Plain track, open and uncere-monious course.

<sup>31</sup> —— *rights of our fellowship and consonancy of our youth,*] Habits of familiar intercourse and correspondent years.

<sup>32</sup> —— *a better proposer*] An advocate of more address in shaping his aims, who could make a stronger appeal.

<sup>33</sup> —— *even*] Without inclination any way.

<sup>34</sup> *Nay, then, I have an eye of you.*] i.e., I have a glimpse of your meaning. Hamlet's penetration having shown him that his two friends are set over him as spies.

and queen moult no feather.<sup>35</sup> I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express<sup>36</sup> and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon<sup>37</sup> of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me,—nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lente[n] entertainment<sup>38</sup> the players shall receive from you : we coted them on the way ;<sup>39</sup> and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me ; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target ; the lover shall not sigh gratis ; the humorous man shall end his part in peace ;<sup>40</sup> and the

— — — so sha ' my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King in Queen moult no feather.] Be beforchand with your discovery, and the plume and gloss of your secret pledge be in no feather shed or tarnished.

<sup>36</sup> — — — express,] According to pattern, justly and perfectly modelled.

<sup>37</sup> — — — paragon,] Mod. 1 of perfection.

<sup>38</sup> — — — lente[n] entertainment,] i. e., sparing, like the entertainments given in Lent.

<sup>39</sup> — — — cote them on the way,] To cote, is to pass by, to pass the side of another. It appears to be a word of French origin, and was a common sporting term in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>40</sup> The humorous man shall end his part in peace,) The fretful or capricious man shall vent the whole of his spleen undisturbed.

lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.<sup>41</sup> —What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it, they travel?<sup>42</sup> their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark,<sup>43</sup> and those that would make mouths at him<sup>44</sup> while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little.<sup>45</sup> There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out

[*Flourish of trumpets without.*

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hern-shaw.<sup>46</sup> [Crosses R.

*Pol. (without, l. n.)* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham. (crosses c.)* Hark you, Guildenstern;—and Rosencrantz: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

<sup>41</sup> —— *the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.*] i. e., the lady shall mar the measure of the verse, rather than not express herself freely and fully.

<sup>42</sup> —— *travelt*] Become strollers.

<sup>43</sup> *It is not strange, for my uncle is King of Denmark.*] This is a reflection on the mutability of fortune, and the variableness of man's mind.

<sup>44</sup> —— *make mouths at him*] i. e., deride him by antic gestures and mockery.

<sup>45</sup> —— *in little.*] In miniature.

<sup>46</sup> —— *I know a hawk from a hernshaw.*] A hernshaw is a heron or hern. *To know a hawk from a hernshaw* is an ancient proverb, sometimes corrupted into *handsaw*. Spencer quotes the proverb, as meaning, *wise enough to know the hawk from the game*.

*Ros.* (R.) Haply he's the second time come to them ; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophecy he comes to tell me of the players ; mark it.—You say right, sir : o'Munday morning ; 'twas then, indeed.

*Enter POLONIUS, L.H.*

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz !<sup>47</sup>

*Pol.* Upon my honour,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass.<sup>48</sup>

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.<sup>49</sup> For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.<sup>50</sup>

*Ham.* O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou !

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord ?

*Ham.* Why,—One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.

*Pol.* Still harping on my daughter. [Aside.]

*Ham.* Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah ?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord ?

<sup>47</sup> *Buz, buz !*] Sir William Blackstone states that *buz* used to be an interjection at Oxford when any one began a story that was generally known before.

<sup>48</sup> *Then came each actor on his ass.*] This seems to be a line of a ballad.

<sup>49</sup> *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] An English translation of the tragedies of Seneca were published in 1581, and one comedy of Plautus, viz., the *Menechme*, in 1595.

<sup>50</sup> *For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.*] The probable meaning of this passage is,—*For the observance of the rules of the Drama, while they take such liberties, as are allowable, they are the only men—writ is an old word for writing.*

*Ham.* Why, *As by lot, God wot*,<sup>51</sup> and then, you know,  
*It came to pass, As most like it was*,—The first row of the  
 pious Chanson<sup>52</sup> will shew you more; for look, my abridg-  
 ment comes.<sup>53</sup>

*Enter Four or Five Players, L.H.—POLONIUS crosses be-  
 hind HAMLET to R.H.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all: O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced<sup>54</sup> since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me<sup>55</sup> in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.<sup>56</sup> You are welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers,<sup>57</sup> fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech

<sup>51</sup> — *As by lot, God wot*,] There was an old ballad entitled the song of Jephthalh, from which these lines are probably quotations. The story of Jephthalh was also one of the favourite subjects of ancient tapestry.

<sup>52</sup> *The first row of the pious Chanson*] This expression does not appear to be very well understood. Stevens tells us that the *pious chansons* were a kind of *Christmas carols*, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhymes, and sung about the streets. 'The first row' appears to mean the *first division* of one of these.

<sup>53</sup> — *my abridgment comes*,] Hamlet alludes to the players, whose approach will shorten his talk.

<sup>54</sup> — *thy face is valanced*] i. e., fringed with a beard. The valance is the finges or drapery hanging round the tester of a bed.

<sup>55</sup> *Com'st thou to beard me*] To *beard* anciently meant to set at defiance. Hamlet having just told the player that his face is valanced, is playing upon the word *beard*.

<sup>56</sup> — *by the altitude of a chopine*,] A chioppine is a high shoe, or rather clog, worn by the Italians. Venice was more famous for them than any other place. They are described as having been made of wood covered with coloured leather, and sometimes even half a yard high, their altitude being proportioned to the rank of the lady, so that they could not walk without being supported.

<sup>57</sup> — *like French falconers*,] The French seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe. The French king sent over his falconers to show that sport to King James the First.—See *Weldon's Court of King James*.

straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality;<sup>48</sup> come, a passionate speech.

*1st Play.* (L.H.) What speech, my lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general:<sup>53</sup> but it was an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning.<sup>50</sup> One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—tis not so: it begins with Pyrrhus:*

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.*

*Pol. (R.)* 'Fore Heaven, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

*Ham. (C.)* So proceed you.

*1st. Play. (L.) Anon he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lids where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword<sup>51</sup>  
The unnered father falls.*

<sup>48</sup> ——quality;] Qualifications, faculty.

<sup>50</sup> —caviare to the general,] Caviare is the spawn of fish pickled, salted, and dried. It is imported from Russia, and was considered in the time of Shakespeare a new and fashionable luxury, not obtained or relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by him to signify anything above their comprehension—general is here used for the people.

<sup>51</sup> —as much modesty as cunning.] As much propriety and decorum as skill.

<sup>52</sup> Fall with the whiff and wind of his fell sword,] Our author employs the same image in almost the same phrase:

"The Grecians fall  
"Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword."

Tr. & Cree. V. ? Tr.

*But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack<sup>62</sup> stand still,  
The b<sup>63</sup>ld wind speechles, and the orb below  
As white as death; anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth round the region; So, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
A rous'd vengeance sets him new a work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers full  
On A<sup>64</sup>n's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now fall's on Priam.—*

*Out, out thou fickle Fortune!*

*Pol. (r.) This is too long.*

*Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—  
Say on;—come to Hecuba.*

*1st Play. But who, ah woe, had seen the mobled queen—*

*Ham. The mobled queen?*<sup>65</sup>

*Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.*

*1st Play. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the  
flames;*

*A clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced.*

*Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and  
has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.*

*Ham. (c.) Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this  
soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well be-  
stowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they  
are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: After  
your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their  
ill report while you live.*

*Pol. (r.) My lord, I will use them according to their desert.*

*Ham. Much better: Use every man after his desert,  
and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own*

<sup>62</sup> ——————*the rack]* The clouds or congregated vapour.

<sup>63</sup> *The mobled queen?*] Mobled is veiled, muffled, disguised.

honour and dignity : The less they deserve, the more merit  
is in your bounty. Take them in. [Crosses to R.H.]

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

*Ham.* Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[Exit POLONIUS with some of the PLAYERS, L.H.]

Old friend (crosses to c.)—My good friends (To ROSENCRANTZ and GULDENSTERN.) I'll leave you till night ; you are welcome to Elsinore—can you play the murder of Gonzago ?

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GULDENSTERN, R.H.]

*1st Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would insert in't—could you not ?

*1st Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well.—Follow that lord ; and look you mock him not. [Exit PLAYER, L.H.]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd ;<sup>44</sup>  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit ?<sup>45</sup> And all for nothing !  
For Hecuba ?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue<sup>46</sup> for passion  
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free ;  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

<sup>44</sup> — all his visage wann'd ; ] i. e., turned pale or wan.

<sup>45</sup> — his whole function suiting with forms to his conceit .] i. e., his powers and faculties—the whole energies of his soul and body giving material forms to his passion, such as tone of voice, expression of face, requisite action, in accordance with the ideas that floated in his conceit or imagination.

<sup>46</sup> — the cue] The point—the direction.

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John a-dreams,<sup>67</sup> unpregnant of my cause,<sup>68</sup>  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat was made.<sup>69</sup> Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this,  
Ha?

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter;<sup>70</sup> or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless<sup>71</sup> villain!  
O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a scold, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fye upon't! fye! About, my brains!<sup>72</sup> I have heard  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;

<sup>67</sup> Like John a-dreams,] Or dreaming John, a name apparently coined to suit a dreaming, stupid person; he seems to have been a well-known character.

<sup>68</sup> — unpregnant of my cause,] i. e., not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.

<sup>69</sup> — defeat was made.] Overthrow.

<sup>70</sup> — lack gall to make oppression bitter ;] i. e., lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression.

<sup>71</sup> — kindless] Unnatural.

<sup>72</sup> — about, my brains!] Wits to work.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;  
I'll tent him to the quick :<sup>73</sup> if he do blench,<sup>74</sup>  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil : and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy  
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
Abuses me to damn me : I'll have good grounds  
More relative than this :<sup>75</sup> The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit, R.H.]

<sup>73</sup> —— *I'll tent him to the quick:*] i.e., probe him—search his wounds.

<sup>74</sup> —— *blench,*] Shrink, start aside.

<sup>75</sup> *More relative than this :*] Directly applicable.

END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

*Three chairs on L.H., one on R.*

*Enter KING and QUEEN, preceded by POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GULDENSTERN, following, R.H.*

*King.* (c.) And can you, by no drift of conference,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion?

*Ros.* (R.) He does confess he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guild.* (R.) Nor do we find him forward<sup>1</sup> to be sounded;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* (R.C.) Did you assay him<sup>2</sup>  
To any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way :<sup>3</sup> of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: They are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

<sup>1</sup> —— *forward*] Disposed, inclinable.

<sup>2</sup> —— *assay him to*] Try his disposition towards.

<sup>3</sup> —— *o'er-raught on the way :]* Reached or overtook.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me  
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.H.*

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent<sup>4</sup> for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia:<sup>5</sup>  
Her father and myself, (lawful espials,<sup>6</sup>)  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If't be the affliction of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen. (R.)* I shall obey you:  
And for your part, Ophelia, (*OPHELIA comes down, L.H.*)  
I do wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen, R.H.*

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,  
We will bestow ourselves. Read on this book;

[*To OPHELIA.*

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

<sup>4</sup> —— *have closely sent*] i.e., privately sent.

<sup>5</sup> —— *may here affront Ophelia :]* To affront is to come face to face—to confront.

<sup>6</sup> —— *lawful espials,*] Spies justifiably inquisitive. From the French, *espier.*

<sup>7</sup> —— *too much prov'd,]* Found by too frequent experience.

*King.* O, 'tis too true ! how smart  
A lash that speech doth give my conscience ! [Aside.

*Pol.* I hear him coming : let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS, 2nd E.E.H., and OPHELIA, U.E.E.H.*

*Enter HAMLET, L.H.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question :<sup>9</sup>  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,<sup>10</sup>  
And, by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,  
No more ;—and by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to : 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep,—  
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,<sup>11</sup>  
Must give us pause :<sup>11</sup> There's the respect<sup>12</sup>  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,<sup>13</sup>  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,<sup>14</sup>  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

<sup>9</sup> *To be, or not to be, that is the question :]* Hamlet is deliberating whether he should continue to live, or put an end to his existence.

<sup>10</sup> *Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,]* A sea of troubles among the Greeks grow into a proverbial usage ; so that the expression figuratively means, the troubles of human life, which flow in upon us, and encompass us round like a sea.

<sup>11</sup> *this mortal coil,]* Coil is here used in each of its senses, that of turmoil or bust'e, and that which entwines or wraps round.

<sup>11</sup> *Must give us pause :]* i.e., occasion for reflection.

<sup>12</sup> *There's the respect*

*That makes calamity of so long life ;]* The consideration that makes the evils of life so long submitted to, lived under.

<sup>13</sup> *the whip, and scorns of time,]* Those sufferings of body and mind, those stripes and mortifications to which, in its course, the life of man is subjected.

<sup>14</sup> *contumely,]* Contemptuousness, rudeness.

The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make<sup>15</sup>  
 With a bare bodkin?<sup>16</sup> Who would fardels bear,<sup>17</sup>  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn<sup>18</sup>  
 No traveller returns,<sup>19</sup> puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all;<sup>20</sup>  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,<sup>21</sup>  
 With this regard, their currents turn away,  
 And lose the name of action.<sup>22</sup> (*OPHELIA returns.*)—Soft  
 you now!<sup>23</sup>

<sup>15</sup> — *his quietus make*] Quietus means the official discharge of an account: from the Latin. Particularly in the Exchequer accounts, where it is still current. Chiefly used by authors in metaphorical senses.

<sup>16</sup> — *a bare bodkin?*] Bodkin was an ancient term for a small dagger. In the margin of Stowe's Chronicle it is said that Caesar was slain with *bodkins*.

<sup>17</sup> *Who would fardels bear,*] Fardel is a burden. Fardellus, low Latin.

<sup>18</sup> — *from whose bourn*] i. e., boundary.

<sup>19</sup> *No traveller returns,*] The traveller whom Hamlet had seen, though he appeared in the same habit which he had worn in his life-time, was nothing but a shadow, "invulnerable as the air," and, consequently, *incorporeal*. The Ghost has given us no account of the region from whence he came, being, as he himself informed us, "forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house."—MALONE.

<sup>20</sup> *Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all.*] A state of doubt and uncertainty, a conscious feeling or apprehension, a misgiving "How our audit stands."

<sup>21</sup> — *of great pith and moment,*] i.e., of great vigor and importance.

<sup>22</sup> *With this regard, their currents turn away,*  
*And lose the name of action.*] From this sole consideration have their drifts diverted, and lose the character and name of enterprise.

<sup>23</sup> *Soft you, now!*] A gentler pace! have done with lofty march!

The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons<sup>24</sup>  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* (R.C.) Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* (L.C.) I humbly thank you; well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;  
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?  
*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should  
admit no discourse to your beauty.<sup>25</sup>

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than  
with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner  
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force  
of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness:<sup>26</sup> this was  
some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I  
did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

<sup>24</sup> *Nymph, in thy orisons]* i.e., in thy prayers. Orison is from oraison—French.

<sup>25</sup> — *if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no dis-  
course to your beauty.]* i.e., if you really possess these qualities,  
chastity and beauty, and mean to support the character of both,  
your honesty should be so chary of your beauty, as not to suffer a  
thing so fragile to entertain discourse, or to be parleyed with.

The lady interprets the words otherwise, giving them the turn  
best suited to her purpose.

<sup>26</sup> — *his likeness:]* Shakespeare and his contemporaries fre-  
quently use the personal for the neutral pronoun.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it:<sup>27</sup> I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck<sup>28</sup> than I have thoughts to put them in,<sup>29</sup> imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon, him that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry, Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; go; go.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings<sup>30</sup> too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves

<sup>27</sup> — *inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it.*] So change the original constitution and properties, as that no smack of them shall remain. "Inoculate our stock" are terms in gardening.

<sup>28</sup> — *with more offences at my beck.*] That is, always ready to come about me—at my beck and call.

<sup>29</sup> — *than I have thoughts to put them in, &c.* "To put a thing into thought," Johnson says, is "to think on it."

<sup>30</sup> *I have heard of your paintings,*] These destructive aids of beauty seem, in the time of Shakespeare, to have been general objects of satire.

another :<sup>31</sup> you jig, you amble, and you lisp,<sup>32</sup> and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.<sup>33</sup> Go to, I'll no more o' t'; it hath made me mad. (HAMLET crosses to R.H.) I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one,<sup>34</sup> shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit HAMLET, R.H.<sup>35</sup>

Oph. (L.) O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !  
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,<sup>36</sup>  
 The glass of fashion<sup>37</sup> and the mould of form,<sup>38</sup>  
 The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !  
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
 That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,<sup>39</sup>  
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh :  
 O, woe is me,

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

[Exit OPHELIA, L.H.

<sup>31</sup> —— *Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another ;*] i.e., Heaven hath given you one face, and you disfigure his image by making yourself another.

<sup>32</sup> —— *you jig, you amble, and you lisp,*] This is an allusion to the manners of the age, which Shakespeare, in the spirit of his contemporaries, means here to satirize.

<sup>33</sup> —— *make your wantonness your ignorance.*] You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.

<sup>34</sup> —— *all but one shall live :*] One is the king.

<sup>35</sup> —— *To a nunnery, go. Exit HAMLET.*] There is no doubt that Hamlet's attachment to Ophelia is ardent and sincere, but he treats her with apparent severity because he is aware that Ophelia has been purposely thrown in his way ; that spies are about them ; and that it is necessary, for the preservation of his life, to assume a conduct which he thought would be attributed to madness only.

<sup>36</sup> —— *The expectancy and rose of the fair state,*] The first hope and fairest flower. "The gracious mark o'the land."

<sup>37</sup> —— *glass of fashion*] Speculum consuetudinis.—CICERO.

<sup>38</sup> —— *the mould of form,*] The cast, in which is shaped the only perfect form.

<sup>39</sup> —— *musick vows,*] Musical, mellifluous.

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;  
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,  
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;  
 He shall with speed to England,  
 For the demand of our neglected tribute :  
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
 With variable objects, shall expel  
 This something-settled matter in his heart ;  
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well : But yet I do believe  
 The origin and commencement of his grief  
 Sprung from neglected love. My lord, do as you please ;  
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
 To show his grief : let her be round with him ;<sup>40</sup>  
 And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear  
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,<sup>41</sup>  
 To England send him ; or confine him where  
 Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so :  
 | Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

*Enter HAMLET, and a PLAYER, R.H.*

*Ham.* (c.) Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief<sup>42</sup> the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands thus ;<sup>43</sup> but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smooth-

<sup>40</sup> —— *be round with him* ;] i. e., plain with him—without reserve.

<sup>41</sup> *If she find him not,*] Make him not out. \*

<sup>42</sup> —— *as lief*] as willingly.

<sup>43</sup> —— *thus* ;] i.e., thrown out thus.

ness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perrywig-pated fellow<sup>44</sup> tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,<sup>45</sup> who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant;<sup>46</sup> it out-herods Herod:<sup>47</sup> Pray you, avoid it.

*1st Play. (E.) I warrant your honour.*

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both ~~at~~ the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.<sup>48</sup> Now, this overdone, or come tardy off,<sup>49</sup> though

<sup>44</sup> — *robustious perrywig-pated fellow*] This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakespeare's time, for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles the Second. *Robustious* means making an extravagant show of passion.

<sup>45</sup> — *the ears of the groundlings,*] The meaner people appear to have occupied the pit of the theatre (which had neither floor nor benches in Shakespeare's time), as they now sit in the upper gallery.

<sup>46</sup> — *o'er doing Termagant;*] The Crusaders, and those who celebrated them, confounded Mahometans with Pagans, and supposed Mahomet, or Mahound, to be one of their deities, and Ter-vagant or Termagant, another. This imaginary personage was introduced into our old plays and moralities, and represented as of a most violent character, so that a ranting actor might always appear to advantage in it. The word is now used for a scolding woman.

<sup>47</sup> — *it out-herods Herod:*] In all the old moralities and mysteries this personage was always represented as a tyrant of a very violent temper, using the most exaggerated language. Hence the expression.

<sup>48</sup> — *the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.*] i.e., to delineate exactly the manners of the age, and the particular humour of the day—*pressure* signifying resemblance, as in a print.

<sup>49</sup> — *come tardy off,*] Without spirit or animation; heavily, sleepily done.

it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one<sup>50</sup> must, in your allowance,<sup>51</sup> o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely,<sup>52</sup> that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

[*Crosses to R.*

*1st Play.* (L.) I hope we have reformed that indifferently<sup>53</sup> with us.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them:<sup>54</sup> for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators<sup>55</sup> to laugh to; though, in the mean time, some necessary question<sup>56</sup> of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exit Player, L.M.*

*Ham.* What, ho, Horatio!

*Enter HORATIO, R.H.*

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art c'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.<sup>57</sup>

<sup>50</sup> —— *the censure of which one*] i. c., the censure of one of which.

<sup>51</sup> —— *your allowance,*] In your approbation.

<sup>52</sup> —— *not to speak it profanely,*] i. e., irreverently, in allusion to Hamlet's supposition that God had not made such men, but that they were only the handy work of God's assistants.

<sup>53</sup> —— *indifferently*] In a reasonable degree.

<sup>54</sup> —— *speak no more than is set down for them:*] Shakespeare alludes to a custom of his time, when the clown, or low comedian, as he would now be called, addressing the audience during the play, entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with such spectators as chose to engage with him.

<sup>55</sup> —— *barren spectators*] i. e., dull, unapprehensive spectators.

<sup>56</sup> —— *question*] Point, topic.

<sup>57</sup> —— *cop'd withal.*] Encountered with.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord.

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter ;  
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
 To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be  
 flatter'd ?  
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,<sup>\*\*</sup>  
 Where thirst may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?  
 Since my dear soul<sup>††</sup> was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 Hath seal'd thee for herself : for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;  
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Has ta'en with equal thanks : and bless'd are those  
 Whose blood and judgment<sup>‡‡</sup> are so well co-mingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—  
 There is a play to-night before the king ;  
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
 Which I have told thee of my father's death :  
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
 Even with the very comment of thy soul<sup>§§</sup>  
 Observe my uncle : if his occulted guilt<sup>¶¶</sup>  
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

<sup>\*\*</sup> ——*pregnant hinges of the knee.*] i.e., bowed or bent : ready to kneel where *thrust*, that is, thriving, or emolument may follow *sympathancy*.

<sup>††</sup> *Since my dear soul.*] Dear is out of which arises the liveliest interest.

<sup>‡‡</sup> *Whose blood and judgment.*] Dr. Johnson says, that according to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and judgment in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character.

<sup>§§</sup> *the very comment of thy soul.*] The most intense direction of every faculty.

<sup>¶¶</sup> *occulted guilt do not itself unkennel.*] Stifled, secret guilt, do not develop itself.

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
 And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy.<sup>63</sup> Give him heedful note:  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
 And, after, we will both our judgments join  
 In censure of his seeming.<sup>64</sup>

[HORATIO goes off U.E.L.H.]

*March.* Enter KING and QUEEN, preceded by POLONIUS,  
 OPHELIA, HORATIO, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.* KING and QUEEN sit  
 L.H.; OPHELIA R.H.

King. (L.) How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. (c.) Excellent, i'faith; of theameleon's dish: I eat  
 the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these  
 words are not mine.<sup>65</sup>

Ham. No, nor mine, now.<sup>66</sup> My lord,—you played once  
 in the university, you say?<sup>67</sup> [To POLONIUS, L.]

Pol. (L.C.) That did I, my lord; and was accounted a  
 good actor.

Ham. (c.) And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar:<sup>68</sup> I was killed i'the  
 Capitol; Brutus killed me.

<sup>63</sup> *As Vulcan's stithy.*] A stithy is the smith's shop, as stith is  
 the anvil.

<sup>64</sup> *In censure of his seeming.*] In making our estimate of the  
 appearance he shall put on.

<sup>65</sup> *I have nothing with this answer; these words are not mine.*] i.e.,  
 they grow not out of mine. have no relation to any thing said by  
 me.

<sup>66</sup> *No, nor mine, now.*] They are how any body's. Dr. Johnson  
 observes, "a man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer  
 than while he keeps them unspoken."

<sup>67</sup> *—you played once in the university, you say?*] The practice of  
 acting Latin plays in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge  
 is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the last  
 century.

<sup>68</sup> *I did enact Julius Caesar:*] A Latin play, on the subject of  
 Caesar's death, was performed at Christ-church, Oxford, in 1582.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.<sup>60</sup>

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

[*Pointing to a chair by her side.*]

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* O, ho! do you mark that? [*Aside to the King.*]

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*<sup>70</sup>]

*Oph.* (r.) You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* O, your only jig-maker.<sup>71</sup> What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.<sup>72</sup> O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches, then.<sup>73</sup>

*Oph.* What means the play, my lord?

*Ham.* Miching mallecho;<sup>74</sup> it means mischief.

<sup>60</sup> —— *they stay upon your patience.*] Patience is here used for leisure.

<sup>70</sup> *Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*] To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry.

<sup>71</sup> —— *jig-maker.*] Writer of ludicrous interludes. A *jig* was not in Shakespeare's time only a dance, but a ludicrous dialogue in metre; many historical ballads were also called *jigs*.

<sup>72</sup> —— *for I'll have a suit of sables.*] Wherever his scenes might be, the customs of his country were ever in Shakespeare's thoughts. A suit trimmed with sables was in our author's own time the richest dress worn by men in England. By the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII., c. 13, (*articles surres*), it is ordained, that none under the degree of an *Earl* may use *sables*.

<sup>73</sup> —— *he must build churches, then.*] Such benefactors to society were sure to be recorded by means of the feast day on which the patron saints and founders of churches were commemorated in every parish. This custom has long since ceased.

<sup>74</sup> *Miching mallecho;*] To *mich* is a provincial word, signifying to *lie hid*, or to *skulk* or *ast* by stealth. It was probably once generally used. *Mallecho* is supposed to be corrupted from the Spanish *Malechor*, which means a poisoner.

*Oph.* But what is the argument of the play?

*Enter a Player as PROLOGUE, L.H., on a raised stage.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow.

*Pro.* For us, and for our tragedy,

*Here stooping to your clemency,*

*We beg your hearing patiently.* [Exit, L.H.]

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?<sup>75</sup>

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN, L.H., on raised stage.*

*P. King.* (r.) Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart<sup>76</sup> gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,<sup>77</sup>

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*P. Queen.* (l.) So many journeys may the sun and moon  
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.

*P. King.* 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
My operant powers their functions leave to do:<sup>78</sup>  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

<sup>75</sup> ——*the posy of a ring?*] Such poetry as you may find engraven on a ring.

<sup>76</sup> ——*Phœbus' cart*] a chariot was anciently called a cart.

<sup>77</sup> ——*Tellus' orbed ground,*] i. e., the globe of the earth Tellus is the personification of the earth, being described as the first being that sprung from Chaos.

<sup>78</sup> *My operant powers their functions leave to do:*] i. e., my active energies cease to perform their offices.

*Ham.* That's wormwood. [*Aside to HORATIO, R.*

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you speak ;  
But what we do determine oft we break.<sup>79</sup>  
So think you thou wilt no second husband wed ;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night !  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn.

*Ham.* If she should break it now !— [*To OPHELIA.*

*P. King.* Sweet, leave me here awhile ;  
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. [*Reposes on a bank, R., and sleeps.*

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain ;  
And never come mischance between us twain ! [*Exit, L.R.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play ?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument?<sup>80</sup> Is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play ?

*Ham.* The mouse-trap.<sup>81</sup> Marry, how ? Tropically.<sup>82</sup> This play is the image of a murder<sup>83</sup> done in Vienna : Gonzago is the Duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you shall see anon ;—'tis a knavish piece of work : but what of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us

<sup>79</sup> —————what we do determine, oft we break.] Unsettle our most fixed resolves.

<sup>80</sup> —————the argument?] The subject matter.

<sup>81</sup> *The mouse-trap.*] He calls it the mouse-trap, because it is the thing,

In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.

<sup>82</sup> —————Tropically,] i. e., figuratively.

<sup>83</sup> —————the image of a murder,] i. e., the lively portraiture, the correct and faithful representation of a murder, &c.

not: Let the galled jade wince,<sup>84</sup> our withers<sup>85</sup> are un-wrung.

*Enter LUCIANUS, L.H.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus,<sup>86</sup> my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.<sup>87</sup> Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—

— The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.<sup>88</sup>

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds<sup>89</sup> collected,  
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magick and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp<sup>90</sup> immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His

<sup>84</sup> — *Let the galled jade wince,*] A proverbial saying.

<sup>85</sup> — *our withers are unwrung.*] Withers is the joining of the shoulder bones at the bottom of the neck and mane of a horse. Unwrung is not pinched.

<sup>86</sup> — *You are as good as a chorus,*] The persons who are supposed to behold what passes in the acts of a tragedy, and sing their sentiments between the acts.

The use to which Shakespeare converted the chorus, may be seen in King Henry V.

<sup>87</sup> — *I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.*] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all puppet shows, and explained to the audience. The puppets dallying are here made to signify to the agitations of Ophelia's bosom.

<sup>88</sup> — *The croaking raven*

*Doth bellow for revenge.*] i. e., begin without more delay; for the raven, foreknowing the deed, is already croaking, and, as it were, calling out for the revenge which will ensue.

<sup>89</sup> — *midnight weeds*] The force of the epithet, *midnight*, will be best displayed by a corresponding passage in Macbeth:

"Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark."

<sup>90</sup> — *usurp*] Encroach upon.

name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian : You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*King.* Give me some light : away !

*All.* Lights, lights, lights !

[*Exeunt all, R. and L., but HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,<sup>91</sup>

The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

So runs the world away.—

O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive ?

*Hor. (R.)* Very well, my lord.

*Ham. (C.)* Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ah ! come, some musick ! come, the recorders !

[*Exit HORATIO, R.H.*

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.H. HAMLET seats himself in the chair, R.*

*Guil. (L.C.)* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him ?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.<sup>92</sup>

*Ham.* With drink, sir ?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with cholera.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more rich to signify this to the doctor ; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir :—pronounce.

<sup>91</sup> — let the stricken deer go weep,] Shakespeare, in *As you like it*, in allusion to the wounded stag, speaks of the *big round tears* which cour'd one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase. In the 13th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, is a similar passage—"The harte weepeth at his dying ; his tears are held to be precious in medicine."

<sup>92</sup> — marvellous distempered,] i.e., discomposed.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you. . . .

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

*Ros.* (*enters to c.*) Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.<sup>93</sup>

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?—impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?<sup>94</sup>

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers.<sup>95</sup>

[*Rises and comes forward, c.*

*Ros.* (*n.*) Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.<sup>96</sup>

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

<sup>93</sup> —— *admiration.*] i.e., wonder.

<sup>94</sup> —— *trade with us!*] Occasion of intercourse.

<sup>95</sup> —— *by these pickers and stealers.*] i.e., by these hands. The phrase is taken from the Church catechism, where, in our duty to our neighbour, we are taught to keep our hands from *picking and stealing*.

<sup>96</sup> —— *you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.*] By your own act you close the way against your own ease, and the free discharge of your grief, if you open not the source of them to your friends.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?<sup>97</sup>

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.<sup>98</sup>

*Enter HORATIO and MUSICIANS, R.H.*

O, the recorders:—<sup>99</sup> let me see one.—So; withdraw with you:— [Exeunt HORATIO and MUSICIANS, R.H. GUILDENSTERN, after speaking privately to ROSENCRANTZ, crosses behind HAMLET to R.H.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,<sup>100</sup> as if you would drive me into a toil?<sup>101</sup>

*Guil.* (n.) O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.<sup>102</sup>

*Ham.* (c.) I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Ros.* (l.) I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and

<sup>97</sup> — *you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark!*] Though the crown was elective, yet regard was paid to the recommendation of the preceding prince, and preference given to royal blood, which, by degrees, produced hereditary succession.

<sup>98</sup> — “*While the grass grows*,”—the proverb is something musty.] The proverb is, “*While the grass grows, the steed starves*.” Hamlet alludes to his own position, while waiting for his succession to the throne of Denmark. A similar adage is, “*A ship between the cup and the lip*.”

<sup>99</sup> — *recorder.*] A kind of flute, or pipe.

<sup>100</sup> *Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,*] Equivalent to our more modern saying of *Get on the blind side*.

<sup>101</sup> — *into a toil?*] i.e., net, or snare.

<sup>102</sup> — *if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] If my sense of duty have led me too far, it is affection and regard for you that makes the carriage of that duty border on disrespect.

it will discourse most eloquent music.<sup>103</sup> Look you, these are the stops.

*GUIL.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*HAM.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.<sup>104</sup> [Crosses to L.H.]

*Enter POLONIUS, R.H.*

*POL. (R.)* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*HAM. (C.)* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*POL.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*HAM.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*POL.* It is backed like a weasel.

*HAM.* Or like a whale?

*POL.* Very like a whale

*HAM.* Then will I come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent.<sup>105</sup> I will come by and by.

*POL.* I will say so.

*HAM.* By and by is easily said. [Exit POLONIUS, R.H.] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.H.*]  
'Tis now the very witching time of night,

<sup>103</sup> ——govern these ventages—and it will discourse most eloquent music.] Justly order these vents, or air-holes, and it will breathe or utter, &c.

<sup>104</sup> ——though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.] A *fret* is a stop or *key* of a musical instrument. Here is, therefore, a play upon the words. Though you can fret, stop, or *key*, you cannot play or impose upon me.

<sup>105</sup> They fool me to the top of my bent.] To the height; as far as they see me incline to go: an allusion to the utmost flexure of a bow.

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
 Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,  
 And do such bitter business<sup>106</sup> as the day  
 Would quake to look on Soft! now to my mother.  
 O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE SAME.

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.H.*

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us<sup>107</sup>  
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;  
 I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
 And he to England shall along with you:  
 Aim you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
 For we will letters put upon this fear,<sup>108</sup>  
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros.  
Guil. }

We will haste us.

[Cross behind the KING, and exeunt ROSEN-  
 CRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.H.]

*Enter POLONIUS, R.H.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:  
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,<sup>109</sup>  
 To hear the process; <sup>110</sup> I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:  
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

<sup>106</sup> ——*bitter business*] i.e., shocking, horrid business.

<sup>107</sup> ——*Stands it safe with us*] Is it consistent with our security.

<sup>108</sup> ——*this fear*,] Bugbear.

<sup>109</sup> *Behind the arras I'll convey myself,*] The arras-hangings, in Shakespeare's time, were hung at such a distance from the walls, that a person might easily stand behind them unperceived.

<sup>110</sup> *To hear the process;*] The course of the conversation.

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech of vantage.<sup>111</sup> Fare you well, my liege :  
[POLONIUS crosses to L.H.]

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.*

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exeunt POLONIUS L.H., and KING, R.H.*]

### SCENE III.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

*Enter Queen and Polonius, L.H.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look, you lay home to  
him.<sup>112</sup>

Tell him his pranks have been too broad<sup>113</sup> to bear with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
Much heat and him. I'll 'sconce me even here.<sup>114</sup>

Pray you, be round with him.

*Queen.* I'll warrant you;  
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself, U.E L.H.*]

*Enter Hamlet, R.*

*Ham.* (R.C.) Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* (L.C.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

<sup>111</sup> *The speech of vantage.*] i.e., opportunity or advantage of secret observations.

<sup>112</sup> — *lay home to him.*] Pointedly and closely charge him.

<sup>113</sup> — *pranks too broad*] Open and bold.

<sup>114</sup> *I'll 'sconce me even here.*] 'Sconce and ensconce are constantly used figuratively for hide. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff says, "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras."

*Queen.* Have you forgot me ?

*Ham.* No, by the rood,<sup>115</sup> not so :  
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;  
And, would it were not so ! You are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ; .

You go not till I set you up a glass  
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?  
Help, help, ho !

*Pol. (behind.)* What, ho ! help !  
*Ham.* How now ! a rat ?<sup>116</sup> [Draws.  
Dead, for a ducat, dead !

[*HAMLET rushes off behind the arras.*  
*Pol. (behind.)* O, I am slain ! [Falls and dies.

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done ?  
*Ham. (returning.)* Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?  
*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

*Ham.* A bloody deed !—almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king !  
*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.  
[*Goes off behind the arras, and returns.*

'Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !  
[*To the dead body of POLONIUS, behind the arras.*

I took thee for thy bette'.  
Leave wringing of your hands : Peace ; sit you down,

[*To the QUEEN.*  
And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;  
If damned custom have not brazed it so,<sup>117</sup>  
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.<sup>118</sup>

<sup>115</sup> —— *by the rood,*] i.e., the cross or crucifix.

<sup>116</sup> *How now ! a rat ?*] This is an expression borrowed from the History of Hamblet.

<sup>117</sup> —— *have not braz'd it so,*] i.e., soldered with brass.

<sup>118</sup> —— *proof and bulwark against sense.*] Against all feeling.

*Queen. (sits R.C.)* What have I done, that thou dar'st  
wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

*Ham. (seated, L.C.)* Such an act,  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there; <sup>119</sup> makes marriage vows  
As false as dicer's oaths: O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul; <sup>120</sup> and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words.—  
Ah, me! that act!

*Queen.* Ah me, what act?  
*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment <sup>121</sup> of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
Hypērion's curls; <sup>122</sup> the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury <sup>123</sup>  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To giv' the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:  
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

<sup>119</sup> ——takes off the rose

*From the fair forehead of an innocent love,*

*And sets a blister there;*] i.e., takes the clear tint from the  
brow of unspotted, untainted innocence. "True or honest as  
the skin between one's brows" was a proverbial expression, and  
is frequently used by Shakespeare

<sup>120</sup> *As from the body of contraction plucks]*

*The very soul,*] Annihilates the very principle of contracts.  
Contraction for marriage contract.

<sup>121</sup> *The counterfeit presentment,* i.e., picture or mimic representa-  
tion.

<sup>122</sup> *Hypērion's curls;*] Hyperion is used by Spencer with the  
same error in quantity.

<sup>123</sup> *A station like the herald Mercury]* Station is attitude—act of  
standing.

Blasting his wholesome brother.<sup>121</sup> Have you eyes?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
 And batten on this moor?<sup>122</sup> Ha! have you eyes?  
 You cannot call it love; for, at your age  
 The hey-day in the blood<sup>123</sup> is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment  
 Would step from this to this?  
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine,<sup>124</sup> in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire.

*Queen.* O, Hamlet, speak no more:  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
 And there I see such black and grained spots  
 As will not leave their tinct.<sup>125</sup>

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an unseamed bed,—<sup>126</sup>

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;  
 No more, sweet Hamlet!

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain:  
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe  
 Of your precedent lord;—a vice of kings,<sup>127</sup>  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

<sup>121</sup> — like a mildew'd ear,

*Blasting his wholesome brother.*] This alludes to Pharaoh's dream, in the 41st chapter of Genesis.

<sup>122</sup> — batten on this moor] Batten is to feed rankly.

<sup>123</sup> — hey-day in the blood] This expression is occasionally used by old authors.

<sup>124</sup> — thou canst mutine] i.e., reb'l.

<sup>125</sup> — As will not leave their tinct.] So dyed in grain, that they will not relinquish or lose their tinct—are not to be discharged. In a sense not very dissimilar he presently says,

"Then what I have to do

Will want true colour."

<sup>126</sup> — an unseamed bed.] i.e., greasy bed of grossly fed indulgence.

<sup>127</sup> — a vice of kings,] i.e., a low mimick of kings. The vice was the fool of the old moralities or dramas, who was generally engaged in contests with the devil, by whom he was finally carried away. Dr. Johnson says the modern Punch is descended from the vice.

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!<sup>131</sup>

*Queen.* No more!

*Ham.* A king  
Of shreds and patches.<sup>132</sup> [Enter GHOST, R.  
Save me, (*starts from his chair*) and hover o'er me with your  
wings,

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad! [Rising.

*Ham.* (L.) Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion,<sup>133</sup> lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

*Ghost.* (R.) Do not forget: This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul.  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.  
O gentle son, [Crosses to HAMLET.  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience.<sup>134</sup> Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

<sup>131</sup> —— *from a shelf the precious diadem stole,*

*And put it in his pocket!] In allusion to the usurper pro-  
curing the crown as a common pilferer or thief, and not by open  
villainy that carried danger with it.*

<sup>132</sup> *A king of shreds and patches.]* This is said, pursuing the idea  
of the *vice of kings.* The vice being dressed as a fool, in a coat of  
party-coloured patches.

<sup>133</sup> *laps'd in time and passion,]* That having suffered time to  
slip, and passion to cool, &c. It was supposed that nothing was  
more offensive to apparitions than the neglect to attach importance  
to their appearance, or to be inattentive to their admonitions.

<sup>134</sup> *cool patience.]* i.e., moderation.

Would make them capable.<sup>136</sup> Do not look upon me;  
Lest with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern effects:<sup>137</sup> then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.<sup>137</sup>

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

[*GHOST crosses to L.*

My father, in his habit as he lived!<sup>138</sup>

I look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit GHOST, L.II.* HAMLET sinks into chair, c.

*The Queen falls on her knees by his side.*

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.<sup>139</sup>

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness  
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from.<sup>140</sup> Mother, for love of grace, [Rising.  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:

<sup>136</sup> —— *make them capable*] Make them intelligent—capable of conceiving.

<sup>137</sup> *My stern effects*:] i. e., change the nature of my purposes, or what I mean to effect.

<sup>137</sup> *Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.*] It is in perfect consistency with the belief that all spirits were not only naturally invisible, but that they possessed the power of making themselves visible to such persons only as they pleased.

<sup>138</sup> *My father, in his habit as he lived!*] In the habit he was accustomed to wear when living.

<sup>139</sup> *This bodily creation ecstasy*

*In very cunning in.*] i. e., "Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries." Ecstasy in this place, as in many others, means a temporary alienation of mind—a fit.

<sup>140</sup> —— *gambol from.*] Start away from.

It will but skin and film<sup>141</sup> the ulcerous place,  
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;  
 Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come.

*Queen.* O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the wörser part of it,  
 And live the purer with the other half.  
 Good night : but go not to my uncle's bed ;

[*Raising the Queen.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
 Once more, good night !

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
 I'll blessing beg of you.<sup>142</sup> For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent :  
 I will bestow him, and will answer well  
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night.

[*Exit Queen, R.H.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind :  
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[*Exit Hamlet behind the arras, U.E.L.H.*

<sup>141</sup> —— *skin and film,*] Cover with a thin skin.

<sup>142</sup>        *And when you are desirous to be bless'd,*

*I'll blessing beg of you.*] When you are desirous to receive a blessing from heaven (which you cannot, seriously, till you reform), I will beg to receive a blessing from you.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

*Enter KING, and QUEEN, from R.H. centre.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves :

You must translate :<sup>1</sup> 'tis fit we understand them.  
How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend  
Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat, a rat!*  
And, in this brainish apprehension,<sup>2</sup> kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed !  
It had been so with us, had we been there.

Where is he gone ?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd.

*King.* The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern !

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.H.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :  
Go seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel.

[ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN cross to R.

<sup>1</sup> — *translate :*] Interpret.

<sup>2</sup> — *in this brainish apprehension,*] Distempered, brainsick mood.

I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.H.*

Go, Gertude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;  
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
 And what's untimely done. [Exit QUEEN, R.C.  
 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose !  
 Yet must not we put the strong law on him :  
 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;  
 And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
 But never the offence.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ, R.*

How now ! what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,  
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET, GUILDENSTERN, and ATTENDANTS, R.H.*

King. (c.) Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. (R.) At supper.

King. At supper ! Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten : a  
 certain convocation of politick worms<sup>4</sup> are e'en at him.

King. Where's Polonius ?

Ham. In Heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger  
 find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself.  
 But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you  
 shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exit GUILDENSTERN, R.H.

<sup>3</sup> —— where the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence.] When an offender is popular, the people  
 never consider what his crime was, but they scrutinize his  
 punishment.

<sup>4</sup> —— politick worms] i. e., artful, cunning worms.

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,  
Must send thee hence :  
Therefore prepare thyself ;  
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,<sup>5</sup>  
For England.

*Ham.* For England !

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them. But, come ; for  
England !—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother : Father and mother is man and wife ;  
man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for  
England. [Exit, R.H.

*King.* Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard ;  
Away ! for everything is seal'd and done.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and ATTENDANTS, R.H.  
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,  
Thou may'st not coldly set<sup>6</sup>  
Our sovereign process ;<sup>7</sup> which imports at full,  
By letters conjuring to that effect,<sup>8</sup>  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;  
For thou must cure me : 'Till I know 'tis done,  
Howe'er my haps,<sup>9</sup> my joys will ne'er begin.

[Exit KING, L.H.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO, R. CENTRE.

*Queen.* —— I will not speak with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate ; indeed, distract :  
'Twere good she were spoken with ; for she may strew  
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in.

[Exit HORATIO, R.C.

<sup>5</sup> —— the wind at help.] i.e., ready.

<sup>6</sup> —— may'st not coldly set] Set is to value or estimate. "There may'st not set little by it, or estimate it lightly."

<sup>7</sup> Our sovereign process ;] i.e., our royal design.

<sup>8</sup> By letters conjuring to that effect,] The verb to conjure, in the sense of to supplicate, was formerly accented on the first syllable.

<sup>9</sup> Howe'er my haps,] Chances of fortune.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA, R. CENTRE.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia!

*Oph.* (c.) *How should I your true love know* [Singing.  
*From another one?*

*By his cockle hat and stuff,  
And his sandal shoon.<sup>10</sup>*

*Queen.* (L.C.) Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,* [Sings.  
*He is dead and gone;*  
*At his head a grass-green turf,*  
*At his heels a stone.*

*Enter the KING, L.H.*

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark. [Sings.

*White his shroud as the mountain-snow,  
Larded all with sweet flowers;<sup>11</sup>  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.*

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well, Heaven yield you!<sup>12</sup> (*Crosses to the KING.*) They say the owl was a baker's daughter.<sup>13</sup> We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

*King.* Conceit upon her father.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>10</sup> — *his sandal shoon.*] Shoon is the old plural of shoe. \*The verse is descriptive of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love intrigues were carried on under that mask.

<sup>11</sup> — *laid all with sweet flowers;*] i. e., Garnished with sweet flowers.

<sup>12</sup> — *Heaven yield you.*] Requite; yield you recompence.

<sup>13</sup> — *the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This is in reference to a story that was once prevalent among the common people of Gloucestershire.

<sup>14</sup> Conceit upon her father.] Fancies respecting her father.

*Oph.* Pray, you, let us have no words of this; bat when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window.  
To be your Valentine:*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

*Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd<sup>15</sup> the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more*      [Crossees to R.H.

*King.* (L.) How long hath she been thus?

*Oph* (R) I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i'the cold ground. My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit, R.C.

*King.* Follow her close: give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit HORATIO, through centre R.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death.

O, Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spics,  
But in battalions!

Enter MARCELLUS, R. CENTRE.

*King.* What is the matter?

*Mar.* Save yourself, my lord:

The young Laertes, in a riotous head,<sup>16</sup>  
O'er bears your officers. The rabble call him lord;  
They cry, *Choose we: Laertes shall be king!*  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
*Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!* [Noise within, R.C.

<sup>15</sup> —— don'd and dupp'd] To *don*, is to *do on*, or *put on*, as *doff* is to *do off*, or *put off*. To *dupp* is to *do up*, or *lift up* the latch.

<sup>16</sup> —— in a riotous head,] The tide, strongly flowing, is said to pour in with a great head.

*Enter LAERTES, armed; DANES following, R. CENTRE.*

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sir, stand you all without.

*Dan.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Dan.* We will, we will. [They retire without, R.H.]

*Laer.* O, thou vile king,

Give me my father.

*Queen (interposing.)* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer. (R.)* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
Of my true mother<sup>17</sup>

*King. (L.)* What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,<sup>18</sup>  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.

Let him go, Gertrude. [QUEEN obeys.]

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:  
To hell, allegiance! To this point I stand.  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,<sup>19</sup>  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most throughly for my father.

<sup>17</sup> — the chaste unsmirched brow of my true mother.] Unsmirched is unstained, not defiled.

<sup>18</sup> — doth hedge a king,] The word hedge is used by the gravest writers upon the highest subjects.

<sup>19</sup> — both the worlds I give to negligence,] I am careless of my present and future prospects, my views in this life, as well as that which is to come.

*King.*

Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's:<sup>20</sup>

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.*

Good Laertes,

That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensible in grief<sup>21</sup> for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear  
As day does to your eye.

*Hor. (without.)* Oh, poor Ophelia!

*King.* Let her come in.

*Enter OPHELIA, R. CENTRE, fantastically dressed with  
Straws and Flowers.*

*Laer. (goes up l.c.)*

O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!  
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

*Oph. (r.c.) They bore him barefac'd on the bier;  
And on his grave rain many a tear,—*

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer. (coming down r.)* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst  
persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph. You must sing, Down-a-down,<sup>22</sup> an you call him  
a-down-a. O, how well the wheel becomes it!<sup>23</sup> It is the  
false steward, that stole his master's daughter.*

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

<sup>20</sup> *My will, not all the worlds* ·] i.e., by my will as far as my will is concerned, not all the world shall stop me; and, as for my means, I'll husband them so well, they shall go far, though really little.

<sup>21</sup> —— sensible in grief] Poignantly affected with.

<sup>22</sup> *You must sing Down-a-down,*] This was the burthen of an old song, well known in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>23</sup> —— how well the wheel becomes it!] This probably means that the song or charm is well adapted to those who are occupied at spinning at the wheel.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;<sup>24</sup> pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,<sup>25</sup> that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness, thought's and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, (*crosses to the KING on L.H.*) and columbines:<sup>26</sup> there's rue for you; (*turns to the QUEEN, who is R.C.*) and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays:—<sup>27</sup> you may wear your rue with a difference.<sup>28</sup>—There's a daisy:<sup>29</sup>—I would give you some violets,<sup>30</sup> but they withered all when my father died:—They say he made a good end,—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*<sup>31</sup>

<sup>24</sup> *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;*] Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was carried at funerals and wore at weddings. It was also considered the emblem of fidelity in lovers; and at weddings it was usual to dip the rosemary in the cup, and drink to the health of the new married couple.

<sup>25</sup> — *there is pansies,*] i.e., a little flower called *heart's-ease*. Pansies in French signifies thoughts.

<sup>26</sup> *There's fennel for you, and columbines*] Fennel was considered an emblem of flattery, and columbine was anciently supposed to be a *thankless flower*; signifying probably that the courtiers flattered to get favours, and were thankless after receiving them. Columbine was emblematical of forsaken lovers.

<sup>27</sup> — *there's rue for you; and here's some for me.—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays*] Probably a quibble is meant here, as *rue* anciently signified the same as *ruth*, i.e., sorrow. In the common dictionaries of Shakespeare's time, it was called *herb of grace*. Ophelia wishes to remind the Queen of the sorrow and contrition she ought to feel for her unlawful marriage; and that she may wear her *rue* with peculiar propriety on Sundays, when she solicits pardon for the crime which she has so much occasion to *rue* and repent of.—MALONE.

<sup>28</sup> — *you may wear your rue with a difference.*] i.e., to distinguish it from that worn by Ophelia herself: because her tears flowed from the loss of a father—those of the Queen ought to flow for her guilt.

<sup>29</sup> *There's a daisy.*] A daisy signified a warming to young women, not to trust the fair promises of their lovers.

<sup>30</sup> *I would give you some violets,*] Violets signified faithfulness.

<sup>31</sup> *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*] Part of an old song.

*Laer.* (R.) Thought and affliction,<sup>32</sup> passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

*Oph.*      *And will he not come again?*  
*And will he not come again?*  
*No, no, he is dead,*  
*Gone to his death-bed,*  
*He never will come again.*

*His beard was white as snow,*  
*All flaxen was his poll:*  
*He is gone, he is gone,*  
*And we cast away moan:*  
*Heaven a mercy on his soul!*

And of all christian souls, I pray Heaven. Heaven be  
wi' you. [Exit OPHELIA, R. CENTRE, (QUEEN following.

*Laer.* Do you see this, O Heaven?

*King.* (I.e.c.) Laertes, I must commune with your grief,<sup>33</sup>  
Or you deny me right.  
Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
To give it due content.

*Laer.* (R.c.)      Let this be so;  
 His means of death, his obscure funeral,—  
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,<sup>34</sup>  
 No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—  
 Cry to be heard,<sup>35</sup> as 'twere from heaven to earth,  
 That I must call't in question.

<sup>32</sup> *Thought and affliction,*] Thought here, as in many other places, means melancholy.

<sup>33</sup> *I must commune with your grief,*] i.e., confer, discuss, or argue with.

<sup>34</sup> *No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,*] Not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard, (i.e., a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*), are hung over the grave of every knight.

<sup>35</sup> *Cry to be heard,*] All these multiplied incitements are things which cry, &c.

*King.* So you shall;  
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.<sup>26</sup>  
How now! what news?

*Enter BERNARDO, R.H. CENTRE.*

*Ber. (c.)* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your majesty; this to the Queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Ber.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.—

Leave us. [*Exit, L.H. CENTRE.*]

[*Reads.*] *High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.*<sup>27</sup> *To morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.*

*HAMLET.*

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer. (R.)* Know you the hand?

*King. (L.)* 'Tis Hamlet's character:<sup>28</sup> *Naked,—*  
And in a postscript here,*he says, alone.*  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
*Thus diddest thou.*

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace.  
Some two months since,  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,  
He made confession of<sup>29</sup> you;

<sup>26</sup> ——*let the great axe fall.*] i.e., the axe that is to be laid to the root.

<sup>27</sup> *Naked on your kingdom.*] i.e., unprovided and defenceless.

<sup>28</sup> *'Tis Hamlet's character,*] Peculiar mode of shaping his letters.

<sup>29</sup> ——*made confession of*] Acknowledged.

And gave you such a masterly report,  
 For art and exercise in your defence,<sup>40</sup>  
 And for your rapier most especially,  
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
 If one could match you : this report of his  
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg  
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
 Now, out of this,—

*Laer.*                    What out of this, my lord ?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you ?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,    «  
 A face without a heart ?

*Laer.*                    Why ask you this ?

*King.* Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home :  
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellency,  
 And set a double varnish on the fame  
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,  
 And wager o'er your heads ; he, being remiss,<sup>41</sup>  
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
 Will not peruse the foils :<sup>42</sup> so that, with ease,  
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
 A sword unbated,<sup>43</sup> and, in a pass of practice,<sup>44</sup>  
 Requite him for your father.

*Laer.*                    I will do't :  
 And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm<sup>45</sup> so rare,

<sup>40</sup> ——*in your defence,*] i.e., "in your art and science of defence."

<sup>41</sup> ——*he, being remiss,*] i.e., unsuspicious, not cautious.

<sup>42</sup> ——*peruse the foils;*] Closely inspect them.

<sup>43</sup> *A sword unbated,*] Not blunted, as foils are by a button fixed to the end.

<sup>44</sup> ——*in a pass of practice,*] This probably means some favourite pass, some trick of fencing, with which Hamlet was inexperienced, and by which Laertes may be sure of success.

<sup>45</sup> ——*no cataplasm,*] i. e., poultice—a healing application.

Collected from all simples<sup>46</sup> that have virtue  
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death  
 That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point  
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
 It may be death.

*King. (L.)* Let's further think of this ;  
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning<sup>47</sup>,  
 When in your motion<sup>48</sup> you are hot and dry,  
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end,) And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him  
 A chalice for the nonce ;<sup>49</sup> whereon but sipping,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,<sup>50</sup>  
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

*Enter QUEEN, R. CENTRE.*

*Queen. (c.)* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
 So fast they follow : Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer. (R.)* Drown'd ! O, where ?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;  
 Therewith fantastick garlands did she make  
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,<sup>51</sup>  
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;  
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
 Fell in the weeping brook.

*Laer.* I forbid my tears : But yet  
 It is our trick :<sup>52</sup> nature her custom holds,

<sup>46</sup> Collected from all simples,] i. e., from all ingredients in medicine.

<sup>47</sup> ——on your cunning,] i. e., on your dexterity.

<sup>48</sup> ——in your motion] Exercise, rapid evolutions.

<sup>49</sup> ——for the nonce ;] i. e., present purpose or design.

<sup>50</sup> ——venom'd stuck,] Thrust. Stuck was a term of the fencing school.

<sup>51</sup> ——long purples,] One of the names for a species of orchis, a common English flower.

<sup>52</sup> ——our trick :] Our course, or habit ; a property that clings to, or makes a part of, us.

Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.<sup>53</sup>

Adieu, my lord :

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it.<sup>54</sup> [Exeunt. c.

<sup>53</sup> —— when these are gone,

The woman will be out.] When these tears are shed, this  
womanish passion will be over.

<sup>54</sup> But that this folly drowns it.] i.e., my rage had flamed, if this  
flood of tears had not extinguished it.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A CHURCH YARD.

*Enter two CLOWNS, with spades, &c. U.E.L.H.*

1st. Clo. (r.) Is she to be buried in christian burial  
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd Clo. (l.) I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave  
straight: <sup>2</sup> the crowner<sup>3</sup> hath set on her, and finds it christian  
burial.

1st Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in  
her own defence?

2nd Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1st Clo. It must be *se offendendo*: <sup>4</sup> it cannot be else.  
For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it  
argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to  
act, to do, and to perform: <sup>5</sup> argal,<sup>6</sup> she drowned herself  
wittingly.

2nd Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver. <sup>7</sup>

1st. Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:

<sup>1</sup> *Enter two CLOWNS,*] These characters are not in the original  
story, but are introduced by Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> —— *make her grave straight:*] i.e., straightways, forthwith.

<sup>3</sup> —— *the crowner*] a corruption of coroner.

<sup>4</sup> *It must be se offendendo;*] A confusion of things as well as of  
terms: used for *se defendendo*, a finding of the jury in justifiable  
homicide.

<sup>5</sup> —— *to act, to do, and to perform:*] Warburton says, this is ri-  
dicule on scholastic divisions without distinction, and of distinc-  
tions without difference.

<sup>6</sup> *Argal,*] a corruption of the latin word *ergo, therefore.*

<sup>7</sup> —— *delver.*] i.e., a digger, one that opens the ground with a  
spade.

here stands the man ; good : If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,<sup>6</sup> mark you that ; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself : argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

*2nd Clo.* But is this law ?

*1st Clo.* Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest<sup>7</sup> law.

*2nd Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

*1st Clo.* Why, there thou say'st :<sup>8</sup> And the more pity that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian.<sup>9</sup> Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers : they hold up Adam's profession.

*2nd Clo.* Was he a gentleman ?<sup>10</sup>

*1st Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put another question to thee : if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——<sup>11</sup>

*2nd Clo.* Go to.

*1st Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

*2nd Clo.* The gallows-maker ; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

<sup>6</sup> *If the man go to this water,—it is, will he, nill he, he goes,*] Still floundering and confounding himself. He means to represent it as a *wilful* act, and of course without any mixture of *nill* or *nolens* in it. Had he gone, as stated, whether he *would* or *not*, it would not have been of his own accord, or his act.

<sup>7</sup> —— *crowner's-quest law.*] Crowner's-quest is a vulgar corruption of coroner's inquest.

<sup>8</sup> *Why, there thou say'st !*] Say'st something, speak'st to the purpose.

<sup>9</sup> —— *more than their even christian.*] An old English expression for fellow-christian.

<sup>10</sup> *Was he a gentleman ?*] Mr. Douce says this is intended as a ridicule upon heraldry.

<sup>11</sup> —— *confess thyself——*] Admit, or by acknowledgment pass sentence upon thyself, as a simpleton ! "Confess, and be hanged," was a proverbial sentence.

*1st Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith : the gallows does well ; But how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church : argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

*2nd Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?

*1st Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.<sup>14</sup>

*2nd Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

*1st Clo.* To't.

*2nd Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*1st Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it,<sup>15</sup> for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker, the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Y Vaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.<sup>16</sup>

[*Exit 2nd Clown, U.E.L.H.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, U.E.L.H.*

*First Clown diggs and sings.*

*In youth, when I did love, did love.<sup>17</sup>*

*Methought, it was very sweet,  
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove  
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Ham.* (*behind the grāte.*) Has this fellow no feeling of his business, he sings at grave-making ?

*Hor.* (*on HAMLET's R.*) Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

<sup>14</sup> — tell me that, and unyoke.] Unravel this, and your 'y's work is done, your team you may then unharness.

<sup>15</sup> Cudgel thy brains no more about it ;] i. e., beat about thy brains no more.

<sup>16</sup> — a stoup of liquor.] A stoup is a jug.

<sup>17</sup> In youth, when I did love, did love.] The three stanzas sung here by the Grave-Digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem called *The Aged Lover remouesth Love*, written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was beheaded in 1547. The song is to be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.<sup>18</sup>

*1st Clo.* *But age, with his stealing steps,*  
*Hath clawed me in his clutch,*  
*And hath shipped me into the land,*  
*As if I had never been such.*

[*Throws up a skull.*

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once : How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches ; one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not ?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

[*Gravedigger throws up bones.*

*Ham.* Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them ?<sup>19</sup> mine ache to think on't.

*1st Clo.* *A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,* [Sings.  
*For and a shrouding sheet :<sup>20</sup>*  
*O, a pit of clay for to be made*  
*For such a guest is meet.*

[*Throws up a skull.*

*Ham.* There's another : Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now, his quibbles,<sup>21</sup> his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce<sup>22</sup> with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah ?

<sup>18</sup> —— *the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.*] i. e., its "palm less dulled or staled."

<sup>19</sup> —— *but to play at loggats with them ?*] A *loggat* is a small *log* or piece of wood ; a diminutive from *log*. Hence *loggats*, as the name of an old game among the common people, and one of those forbidden by a statute of the 33rd of Henry VIII. A stake was fixed into the ground, and those who played threw *loggats* at it.

<sup>20</sup> *For—and a shrouding sheet :*] For and is an ancient expression, answering to *and eke*, and likewise.

<sup>21</sup> *Where be his quiddits now, his quibbles,*] Quiddits are subtleties ; quibbles are nice and frivolous distinctions.

<sup>22</sup> —— *knock him about the sconce*] i. e., head.

*1st Clo.* Mine, sir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made* [Sings.  
*For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* (B. of grave.) I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

*1st Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

*1st Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*1st Clo.* For no man, sir,

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*1st Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*1st Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is!<sup>23</sup> we must speak by the card,<sup>24</sup> or equivocation will undo us. (*To HORATIO, &c.*) How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*1st Clo.* Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long's that since?

*1st Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born,<sup>25</sup> he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*1st Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

<sup>23</sup> *How absolute the knave is!*] Peremptory, strictly and tyrannously precise.

<sup>24</sup> —— *we must speak by the card,*] The card is the mariner's compass. Properly the paper on which the points of the wind are marked. Hence, *to speak by the card*, meant to speak with great exactness; true to a point.

<sup>25</sup> —— *the very day that young Hamlet was born,*] It would appear by this that Hamlet was thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years.

*1st Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men  
are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad ?

*1st Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely ?

*1st Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground ?

*1st Clo.* Why, here in Denmark : I have been sexton  
here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot ?

*1st Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will  
last you some eight year or nine year : a tanner will last  
you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another ?

*1st Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade,  
that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water  
is a sore decayer of your ill-begotten dead body. Here's  
a skull now, hath lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it ?

*1st Clo.* O, a mad fellow's it was : Who's do you think  
it was ?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*1st Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! he poured  
a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir,  
was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This ?

[*Takes the skull.*

*1st Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio : a fellow  
of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me  
on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I  
have kissed I know not how oft ; and now, how abhorred  
in my imagination it is ! Where be your gibes now ? your  
gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were  
wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock  
your own grinning ? Quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my  
lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to  
this favour<sup>26</sup> she must come ; make her laugh at that.  
Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord ?

<sup>26</sup> —— *favour*] Feature, countenance, or complexion.

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander look'd o'this fashion  
i'the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

[*Gives the skull to Horatio, who returns it to the grave-dig.*

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses may we return, Horatio! Why  
may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till  
it find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously,<sup>27</sup> to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither  
with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus;  
Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth  
to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; And  
why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they  
not stop a beer barrel?

Imperial Cæsar,<sup>28</sup> dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!<sup>29</sup>  
But soft! but soft! aside: Here comes the king,  
The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?  
And with such maimed rites?<sup>30</sup> This doth betoken  
The corse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo its own life:<sup>31</sup> 'Twas of some estate.<sup>32</sup>  
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio, R.H.*

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession: the corpse of Ophelia,  
Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their  
Trains, &c.*

*Laer.* (L. of the grave.) What ceremony else?

<sup>27</sup> 'Twere to consider too curiously.] Be pressing the argument  
with too much critical nicety, to dwell upon mere possibilities.

<sup>28</sup> *Imperial Cæsar,*] In some edition it is *imperious* Cæsar. Im-  
perious was a more ancient term, signifying the same as imperial.

<sup>29</sup> ——*the winter's flaw!*] i.e., winter's blast.

<sup>30</sup> ——*maimed rites?*] Curtailed, imperfect.

<sup>31</sup> *Fordo its own life:*] Destroy.

<sup>32</sup> 'Twas of some estate.] i.e., of rank or station.

*Ham. (R.)* That is Laertes,  
 A very noble youth. . .  
*1st Priest. (R. of the grave.)* Her obsequies have been as  
 far enlarg'd  
 As we have warranty : Her death was doubtful ;  
 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,<sup>33</sup>  
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
 Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,  
 Shards,<sup>34</sup> flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her :  
 Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,<sup>35</sup>  
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
 Of bell and burial.<sup>36</sup>

*Laer.* Must there no more be done ?

*1st Priest.* No more be done :  
 We should profane the service of the dead  
 To sing a *requiem*,<sup>37</sup> and such rest to her  
 As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* O, from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
 May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,<sup>38</sup>  
 A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
 When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia !

*Queen. (behind the grave, c. with the KING.)* Sweets to  
 the sweet : Farewell ! [Scattering flowers.  
 I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife ;  
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
 And not have strew'd thy grave. . .

<sup>33</sup> ——command o'ersways the order,] The course, which ecclesiastical rules prescribe

<sup>34</sup> *Shards,*] i.e., broken pots or tiles.

<sup>35</sup> ——*virgin crants,*] i.e., virgin garlands. Nares, in his Glossary, says that *crants* is a German word, and probably Icelandic.

<sup>36</sup> ——*bringing home of bell and burial.*] Conveying to her last home with these accustomed forms of the church, and this sepulture in consecrated ground.

<sup>37</sup> ——*a requiem,*] A mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased.

<sup>38</sup> ——*churlish priest,*] Churlish is, figuratively, ill-humoured, ill bred, uncouthly, "rustic and rude."

*Laer.* O, treble woe  
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense<sup>39</sup>  
 Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,  
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[Leaps into the grave.]  
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
 To o'ertop old Pelion,<sup>40</sup> or the skyish head  
 Of blue Olympus.

*Ham. (advancing.)* What is he whose grief  
 Bears such an emphasis ?—whose phrase of sorrow  
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand  
 Like wonder-wounded hearers ?—this is I,  
 Hamlet the Dane.

*Laer. (L., leaping from the grave.)* The devil take thy soul !  
 [Grappling with him.]

*Ham. (R.C.)* Thou pray'st not well.  
 I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;  
 For, though I am not splenetic and rash,  
 Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
 Which let thy wisdom fear : Hold off thy hand !

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen. (C.)* Hamlet, Hamlet !

*Ham. (R.C.)* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme  
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son, what theme ?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia : forty thousand brothers  
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
 Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

*Queen.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Ham.* Come, show me what thou'l do :

<sup>39</sup> —— *ingenious sense*] Life and sense.

<sup>40</sup> *To o'ertop old Pelion,*] Pelion is one of a lofty range of mountains in Thessaly. The giants, in their war with the gods, are said to have attempted to heap Ossa and Olympus on Pelion, in order to scale Heaven.

Wou'l<sup>t</sup> weep? wou'l<sup>t</sup> fight? wou'l<sup>t</sup> fast? wou'l<sup>t</sup> tear thyself?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?  
To outface me<sup>41</sup> with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:  
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,<sup>42</sup>  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa<sup>43</sup> like a wart! Nay, an thou'l<sup>t</sup> mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness:  
And thus a while the fit will work on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,<sup>44</sup>  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew,<sup>45</sup> and dog will have his day. [Exit, R.H.

*King.* (c.) I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.  
[Exit HORATIO, R.H.  
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.  
[Exit QUEEN, attended, R.H.  
Strengthen your patience in our last nig<sup>t</sup>'s speech;<sup>46</sup>  
[To LAERTES.  
We'll put the matter to the present push.—

<sup>41</sup> —— *outface me*] i. e., brave me.

<sup>42</sup> —— *our ground,*] The earth about us.

<sup>43</sup> —— *Ossa*] A celebrated mountain in Thessaly, connected with Pelion, and in the neighbourhood of Mount Olympus.

<sup>44</sup> —— *her golden couplets are disclosed,*] To disclose, was anciently used for to hatch. A pigeon never lays more than two eggs.

<sup>45</sup> *The cat will mew, and dog, &c*] "Things have their appointed course; nor have we power to divert it," may be the sense here conveyed.

<sup>46</sup> *Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;*] Let the consideration of the topics then urged, confirm your resolution taken of quietly waiting events a little longer.

This grave shall have a living monument :<sup>47</sup>  
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;  
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[The characters group round the grave.]

## SCENE II.—HALL IN THE CASTLE.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, R.H.*

*Ham.* But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
 That to Laertes I forgot myself ;  
 For by the image of my cause,<sup>48</sup> I see  
 The portraiture of his.

*Hor.* Peace ! who comes here ?

*Enter OSRIC, L.H.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* (o.) I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly ?<sup>49</sup>

*Hor.* (R.) No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know him.

*Osr.* (L.) Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.<sup>50</sup> Your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

<sup>47</sup> This grave shall have a living monument :] There is an ambiguity in this phrase. It either means an *endurable* monument, such as will outlive time, or it darkly hints at the impending fate of Hamlet.

<sup>48</sup> —— *image of my cause,*] Representation or character.

<sup>49</sup> Dost know this water-fly ?] Dr. Johnson remarks that a *water-fly* skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler.

<sup>50</sup> —— *all diligence of spirit.*] “With the whole bent of my mind.” A happy phraseology ; in ridicule, at the same time that it was in conformity with the style of the airy, affected insect that was playing round him.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot,<sup>51</sup> for my complexion,—

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere,— I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

[*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.*

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith.<sup>52</sup> Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing:<sup>53</sup> Indeed, to speak feelingly of him,<sup>54</sup> he is the card or calendar of gentry,<sup>55</sup> for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.<sup>56</sup>

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?<sup>57</sup>

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellency Laertes is—

<sup>51</sup> — *very sultry and hot.*] Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Osr. which he had formerly done with Polonius. The idea of this scene is evidently suggested by Juvenal.

<sup>52</sup> — *for mine ease, in good faith.*] From contemporary authors this appears to have been the ordinary language of courtesy in our author's own time.

<sup>53</sup> *an absolute—a great showing:*] A finished gentleman, full of various accomplishments, of gentle manners, and very imposing appearance.

<sup>54</sup> — *to speak feelingly of him,*] With insight and intelligence.

<sup>55</sup> — *card or calendar of gentry,*] The card by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable.

<sup>56</sup> — *the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*] The word continent in this sense is frequently used by Shakespeare; i.e., you shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation.

<sup>57</sup> *What imports the nomination, &c.*] What is the object of the introduction of this gentleman's name?

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.<sup>62</sup>

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon.

*Ham.* What is his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed,<sup>63</sup> as I take it, six French rapiers and poignards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,<sup>64</sup> or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.<sup>65</sup>

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german<sup>66</sup> to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.<sup>67</sup>

*Ham.* How if I answer no?<sup>68</sup>

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

<sup>62</sup> *I dare not—lest I should compare—were to know himself.*] No one can have a perfect conception of the measure of another's excellence, unless he shall himself come up to that standard. Dr. Johnson says, I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom

<sup>63</sup> ——*he has imposed,*] i.e., to lay down as a stake or wage Impono.

<sup>64</sup> ——*hangers,*] That part of the girdle or belt by which the swords was suspended was, in our poet's time, called the hangers.

<sup>65</sup> ——*very dear to fancy—very liberal conceit.*] Of exquisite invention, well adapted to their hilts, and in their conception rich and high fashioned.

<sup>66</sup> ——*more german*] More a *km.*

<sup>67</sup> ——*vouchsafe the answer.*] Condescend to answer, or meet his wishes.

<sup>68</sup> *How if I answer, no?*] Reply.

*Ham.* Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I deliver you so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit, L.H.*

*Hor. (R.)* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham. (C.)* I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds.<sup>65</sup> But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,<sup>66</sup> as would, perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it:<sup>67</sup> I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Exeunt, L.H.*

### SCENE III.—ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

KING and QUEEN, on a dais, LAERTES R., Lords R., Ladies L., OSRICK R., and Attendants, with Foils, &c., discovered R.H.; Tables R. and L.—Flourish of Trumpets.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, L.H.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* (offering his hand to LAERTES) Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

<sup>65</sup> *I shall win at the odds.*] I shall succeed with the advantage that I am allowed.

<sup>66</sup> —gain-giving,] Misgiving.

<sup>67</sup> *If your mind, &c.*] If you have any presentiment of evil, yield to its suggestion.

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.  
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil  
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,  
 And hurt my brother.

*Laer. (n.)* I am satisfied in nature,  
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
 To my revenge.  
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
 And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely :  
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
 Give us the foils.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes : in mine ignorance  
 Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,  
 Stick fiery off indeed.<sup>68</sup>

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,  
 You know the wager ?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord ;  
 You grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it ; I have seen you both :  
 But since he's better'd,<sup>69</sup> we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy, let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have all a length ?  
 [They prepare to play.]

*Osr.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine<sup>70</sup> upon that table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
 Or quit<sup>71</sup> in answer to the third exchange,

[*Pages exeunt B. and L.*]

<sup>68</sup> —— like a star i'the darkest night, stick fiery off] Be made by the strongest relief to stand brightly prominent.

<sup>69</sup> —— bettered,] He stands higher in estimation.

<sup>70</sup> —— stoups of wine] Flagons of wine.

<sup>71</sup> —— Quit in answer] Make the wager quit, or so far drawn.

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;  
 The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;  
 And in the cup an union shall he throw,<sup>72</sup>  
 Richer than that which four successive kings  
 In Denmark's crown have worn. (*PAGES return with wine.*)

Give me the cup ;  
 And let the kettle<sup>73</sup> to the trumpet speak,  
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
 The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,  
*Now the king drinks to Hamlet.*—Come, begin ;  
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. . . . [They play.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well :—again.

*King.* Stay ; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;  
 [Drops poison into the goblet.

Here's to thy health. (*Pretends to drink.*)

[Trumpets sound ; and cannon shot off within.

Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first ; set it by awhile. (*PAGE places the goblet on table, L.*) Come.

Another hit ; What say you ? [They play.

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.<sup>74</sup>

*Ham.* Good madam ! — [Trumpets sound.

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I have, my lord ; I pray you, pardon me.

<sup>72</sup> — *an union shall he throw,*] i.e., a fine pearl. To swallow a pearl in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. It may be observed that pearls were supposed to possess an exhilarating quality. It was generally thrown into the drink as a compliment to some distinguished guest, and the King in this scene, under the pretence of throwing a pearl into the cup, drops some poisonous drug into the wine.

<sup>73</sup> — *kettle*] i.e., kettle drum.

<sup>74</sup> *The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.*] i.e., drinks to your success.

*King.* It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late. [Aside.]

*Laer.* I'll hit him now.

And yet it is almost against my conscience. [Aside.]

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes : You do but daily ; I pray you, pass with your best violence ; I am afear'd you make a wanton of me.<sup>75</sup>

*Laer.* Say you so ? come on. [They play.]

[LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.]

*King.* Part them ; they are incensed.

*Ham.* Nay, come, again.

[The QUEEN falls back in her chair.]

*Osr.* (supporting LAERTES n.) Look to the queen there, ho !

*Hor.* (supporting HAMLET l.) How is it, my lord ?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes ?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,<sup>76</sup> Osric ; I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen ?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink, — O, my dear Hamlet,—

The drink, the drink ! I am poison'd.

[The QUEEN is conveyed off the stage by her attendant ladies, in a dying state, U.E.L.H.]

*Ham.* O villainy ! Ho ! let the doors be lock'd : Treachery ! seek it out. [LAERTES falls.]

*Laer.* (B.) It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art slain ; No medicine in the world can do thee good, In thee there is not half an hour's life ; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

<sup>75</sup> — *you make a wanton of me.*] i. e., you trifle with me as if you were playing with a child.

<sup>76</sup> — *As a woodcock to my springe.*] I have run into a springe like a woodcock, and into such a noose or trap as a fool only would have fallen into ; one of my own setting.

Unbated and envenom'd :<sup>77</sup> the foul practice<sup>78</sup>  
 Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,  
 Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd:  
 I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point  
 Envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work.  
 Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,  
 Follow my mother.

[*Stabs the KING, who is borne away by his attendants, mortally wounded, U.E.R.H.*

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;  
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
 Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

*Ham.* (c.) Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.  
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
 Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death.)<sup>79</sup>  
 Is strict in his arrest, O, I could tell you,—  
 But let it be. Horatio,  
 Report me and my cause aright  
 To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* (L.) Never believe it:  
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:  
 Here's yet some liquor left. [*Seizing the goblet on table, L.*

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,—  
 Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have it.  
 [*Dashes the goblet away.*  
 O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!<sup>80</sup>  
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,

<sup>77</sup> *Unbated, and envenom'd:]* i. e., having a sharp point envenomed with poison.

<sup>78</sup> — *the foul practice]* i. e., the wicked trick which I have practised.

<sup>79</sup> — *fell sergeant, death,]* i. e., cruel sergeant—sergeant being an officer of the law.

<sup>80</sup> — *live behind me !]* Survive me.

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.—  
O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;<sup>81</sup>  
The rest is silence.

[*Diss., c., OSRICK on his R., and HORATIO on his L.*

*Dead March afar off.*

*Curtain slowly descends.*

<sup>81</sup> ——quite o'er-crows my spirit;] Overpowers, exults over; no doubt an image taken from the lofty carriage of a victorious cock.

THE END.

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**JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO., 5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH  
COURT, FLEET STREET.**

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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF  
**KING**  
**HENRY THE FIFTH,**

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT  
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,  
WITH  
HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
BY  
CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.

AS FIRST PERFORMED  
ON MONDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1859.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

—  
**SEVENTH EDITION.**

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JOHN E. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE LANE, AND  
PETERBOROUGH COLIT, FIFFT STREET.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH,		Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
DUKE OF BEDFORD,	<i>(Brothers to the King)</i>	Mr. DALY.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,	<i>(King)</i>	Miss DALY.
DUKE OF EXETER	<i>(Uncle to the King)</i>	Mr. COOPER.
DUKE OF YORK	<i>(Cousin to the King)</i>	Mr. FLEMING.
EARL OF SALISBURY,		Mr. WILSON.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,		Mr. COLLETT.
EARL OF WARWICK,		Mr. WARREN.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,		Mr. H. MELLON.
BISHOP OF ELY,		Mr. F. COOKE.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE,	<i>(Conspirators against the King)</i>	Mr. T. W. EDMONDS.
LORD SCROOF,		Mr. CORMACK.
SIR THOMAS GREY,	<i>(King)</i>	Mr. STOAKES.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM,	<i>(Officers in King Henry's Army)</i>	Mr. GRAHAM.
GOWER,		Mr. G. EVERETT.
FLUellen,		Mr. MEADOWS.
BATES,	<i>(Soldiers in the same)</i>	Mr. DODSWORTH.
WILLIAMS,		Mr. RYDER.
NYM,	<i>(Formerly Servants to Bardolph, now Soldiers in the same)</i>	Mr. J. MORRIS.
BARDOLPH,		Mr. H. SAKER.
PISTOL,		Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS.
BOY ( <i>Servant to them</i> )		Miss KATE TERRY.
ENGLISH HERALD,		Mr. COLLIER.
CHORUS,		Mrs. CHARLES KEAN.
CHARLES THE SIXTH ( <i>King of France</i> )		Mr. FERRY.
LEWIS ( <i>the Dauphin</i> )		Mr. J. F. CATHCART.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY,		Mr. ROLLESTON.
DUKE OF ORLEANS,		Mr. BRAZIER.
DUKE OF BOURBON,		Mr. JAMES.
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE,		Mr. RAYMOND.
RAMBURES,	<i>(French Lords)</i>	Mr. WALTERS.
GRANDPRE,		Mr. RICHARDSON.
GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR,		Mr. PAULO.
MONTJOY ( <i>French Herald</i> )		Mr. BARSBY.
ISABEL ( <i>Queen of France</i> )		Miss MURRAY.
KATHARINE ( <i>Daughter of Charles and Isabel</i> )		Miss CHAPMAN.
QUICKLY ( <i>Pistol's Wife, a Hostess</i> )		Mrs. W. DALY.
<i>Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.</i>		

The SCENE, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards in France.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. H. means Right Hand; L. H. Left Hand; U. E. Upper Entrance;  
R. H. C. Enters through the centre from the Right Hand; L. H. C.  
Enters through the centre from the Left Hand.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS WHEN ON THE STAGE.

R. means on the Right Side of the Stage; L. on the Left Side of the  
Stage; C. Centre of the Stage; R. C. Right Centre of the Stage; L. C.  
Left Centre of the Stage.

*Note*—The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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THE SCENERY Painted by Mr. GRIEVE and Mr. TELBIN,

Assisted by Mr. W. GORDON, Mr. F. LLOYDS,

Mr. DAYES, &c., &c.

THE MUSIC under the direction of Mr. ISAACSON.

THE DANCE IN THE EPISODE by Mr. CORMACK.

THE DECORATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS by Mr. E. W. BRADWELL.

THE DRESSES by Mrs. and Miss HOGGINS.

THE MACHINERY by Mr. G. HODSDON.

PERRUQUIER, Mr. ASPLIN, of No. 13, New Bond Street.

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*Note*—For reference to Historical Authorities indicated by Letters,  
see end of each Act.

## P R E F A C E.

By the selection of my last Shakespearian revival at the Princess's Theatre, I have been actuated by a desire to present some of the finest poetry of our great dramatic master, interwoven with a subject illustrating a most memorable era in English history. No play appears to be better adapted for this two-fold purpose than that which treats of Shakespeare's favorite hero, and England's favorite king—Henry the Fifth.

The period thus recalled is flattering to our national pride; and however much the general feeling of the present day may be opposed to the evils of war, there are few amongst us who can be reminded of the military renown achieved by our ancestors on the fields of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, without a glow of patriotic enthusiasm.

The political motives which induced the invasion of France in the year 1415 must be sought for in the warlike spirit of the times, and in the martial character of the English sovereign. It is sufficient for dramatic purposes that a few thousands of our countrymen, in their march through a foreign land, enfeebled by sickness and encompassed by foes, were able to subdue and scatter to the winds the multitudinous hosts of France, on whose blood-stained soil ten thousand of her bravest sons lay slain, mingled with scarcely one hundred Englishmen!\* Such a marvellous disparity might well draw forth the pious acknowledgment of King Henry,

" O God, thy arm was here;—  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Acribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss  
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
For it is only thine!"

Shakespeare in this, as in other of his dramatic histories, has closely followed Holinshed; but the light of his genius irradiates the dry pages of the chronicler. The play of Henry the Fifth is not only a poetical record of the past, but it is, as it were, "a song of triumph," a lay of the minstrel pouring forth

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\* The English authorities vary in their statements from seventeen to one hundred killed. The French historian, Monstrelet, estimates the loss of his countrymen at ten thousand men.

a present of victory. The gallant feats of our forefathers are brought vividly before our eyes, inspiring sentiments not to be excited by the mere perusal of books, reminding us of the prowess of Englishmen in earlier days, and conveying an assurance of what they will ever be in the hour of peril.

The descriptive poetry assigned to the "Chorus" between the acts is retained as a peculiar feature, connecting and explaining the action as it proceeds. This singular personage, so different from the Chorus of antiquity, I have endeavoured to render instrumental to the general effect of the play; the whole being planned with a view to realise, as far as the appliances of a theatre can be exercised, the events of the extraordinary campaign so decisively closed by the great conflict of Agincourt, which ultimately placed two crowns on the brow of the conqueror, and resulted in his marriage with Katharine, the daughter of Charles the Sixth, King of France. Shakespeare does not in this instance, as in *Pericles* and the *Winter's Tale*, assign a distinct individuality to the Chorus. For the figure of Time, under the semblance of an aged man, which has been heretofore presented, will now be substituted Clio, the muse of History. Thus, without violating consistency, an opportunity is afforded to Mrs. Charles Kean, which the play does not otherwise supply, of participating in this, the concluding revival of her husband's management.

Between the fourth and fifth acts I have ventured to introduce, as in the case of *Richard the Second*, a historical episode of action, exhibiting the reception of King Henry on returning to his capital, after the French expedition.

It would be impossible to include the manifold incidents of the royal progress in one scene: neither could all the sites on which they actually took place be successively exhibited. The most prominent are, therefore, selected, and thrown into one locality—the approach to old London bridge. Our audiences have previously witnessed the procession of Bolingbroke, followed in silence by his deposed and captive predecessor. An endeavor will now be made to exhibit the heroic son of that very Bolingbroke, in his own hour of more lawful triumph, returning to the same city; while thousands gazed upon him with mingled devotion and delight, many of whom, perhaps, participated in the earlier reception of his father, sixteen years before, under such different and painful circumstances. The victor of Agincourt is hailed, not as a successful usurper, but as a conqueror; the adored sovereign of his people; the pride

of the nation ; and apparently the chosen instrument of heaven, crowned with imperishable glory. The portrait of this great man is drawn throughout the play with the pencil of a master-hand. The pliancy of the prince occasionally peeps through the dignified reserve of the monarch, as instances in his conversations with Fluellen, and in the exchange of gloves with the soldier Williams. His bearing is invariably gallant, chivalrous, and truly devout, surmounting every obstacle by his indomitable courage; and ever in the true feeling of a christian warrior, placing his trust in the one Supreme Power, the only Giver of victory ! The introductions made throughout the play are presented less with a view to spectacular effect, than from a desire to render the stage a medium of historical knowledge, as well as an illustration of dramatic poetry. Accuracy, not show, has been my object ; and where the two coalesce, it is because the one is inseparable from the other. The entire scene of the episode has been modelled upon the facts related by the late Sir Harris Nicholas, in his translated copy of a highly interesting Latin MS., accidentally discovered in the British Museum, written by a Priest, who accompanied the English army ; and giving a detailed account of every incident, from the embarkation at Southampton to the return to London. The author tells us himself, that he was present at Agincourt, and "sat on horseback with the other priests, among the baggage, in the rear of the battle." We have, therefore, the evidence of an eye-witness ; and by that testimony I have regulated the general representation of this noble play, but more especially the introductory episode.

The music, under the direction of Mr. Isaacson, has been, in part, selected from such ancient airs as remain to us of, or anterior to, the date of Henry the Fifth, and, in part, composed to accord with the same period. The "Song on the Victory of Agincourt," published at the end of Sir Harris Nicholas's interesting narrative, and introduced in the admirable work entitled "Popular Music of the Olden Time," by W. Chappell, F.S.A., is sung by the boy choristers in the Episode. The "Chanson Roland," to be found in the above-named work, is also given by the entire chorus in the same scene. The Hymn of Thanksgiving, at the end of the fourth act, is supposed to be as old as A.D. 1310 To give effect to the music, fifty singers have been engaged.

As the term of my management is now drawing to a close, I may, perhaps, be permitted, in a few words, to express

my thanks for the support and encouragement I have received. While endeavouring, to the best of my ability and judgment, to uphold the interests of the drama in its most exalted form, I may conscientiously assert, that I have been animated by no selfish or commercial spirit. An enthusiast in the art to which my life has been devoted, I have always entertained a deeply-rooted conviction that the plan I have pursued for many seasons, might, in due time, under fostering care, render the Stage productive of much benefit to society at large. Impressed with a belief that the genius of Shakespeare soars above all rivalry, that he is the most marvellous writer the world has ever known, and that his works contain stores of wisdom, intellectual and moral, I cannot but hope that one who has toiled for so many years, in admiring sincerity, to spread abroad amongst the multitude these invaluable gems, may, at least, be considered as an honest labourer, adding his mite to the great cause of civilisation and educational progress.

After nine years of unremitting exertion as actor and director, the constant strain of mind and body warns me to retreat from a combined duty which I find beyond my strength, and in the exercise of which, neither zeal, nor devotion, nor consequent success, can continue to beguile me into a belief that the end will compensate for the many attendant troubles and anxieties. It would have been impossible, on my part, to gratify my enthusiastic wishes, in the illustration of Shakespeare, had not my previous career as an actor placed me in a position of comparative independence with regard to speculative disappointment. Wonderful as have been the yearly receipts, yet the vast sums expended—sums, I have every reason to believe, not to be paralleled in any theatre of the same capability throughout the world—make it advisable that I should now retire from the self-imposed responsibility of management, involving such a perilous outlay; and the more especially, as a building so restricted in size as the Princess's, renders any adequate return utterly hopeless.

My earnest aim has been to promote the well-being of my Profession; and if, in any degree, I have attained so desirable an object, I trust I may not be deemed presumptuous in cherishing the belief, that my arduous struggle has won for me the honourable reward of—Public Approval.

CHARLES KEAN.

# KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

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*Enter Chorus.*

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,<sup>1</sup>  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars ;<sup>2</sup> and, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment. (A) But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object : Can this cockpit hold<sup>3</sup>  
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
Upon this little stage<sup>4</sup> the very casques<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *O, for a muse of fire, &c.*] This goes, says Warburton, upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another, the last and highest of which was one of fire. It alludes, likewise, to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements.

<sup>2</sup> *Assume the port of Mars;*] i.e., the demeanour, the carriage, air of Mars. From portée, French.

<sup>3</sup> *Can this cockpit hold?*] Shakespeare probably calls the stage a cockpit, as the most diminutive enclosure present to his mind.

<sup>4</sup> *Upon this little stage,*] The original text is “within this wooden, O,” in allusion, probably, to the theatre where this history was exhibited, being, from its circular form, called *The Globe*.

<sup>5</sup> —— *the very casques*] Even the helnets, much less the men by whom they were worn.

That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
 Attest in little place, a million;  
 And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,  
     *[imaginary forces' work.]*

Say, within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
 Whose high upreared and shutting fronts  
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.<sup>7</sup>  
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,<sup>8</sup>  
 And make imaginary puissance;<sup>9</sup>  
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,  
 Turning the accomplishment of many years  
 Into an hour-glass: For the which supply,  
 Admit me Chorus to this history;  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[Exit.]

\* —— *imaginary forces]* Imaginary for *imagination*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by Shakespeare frequently confounded.

<sup>7</sup> *The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.]* *Perilous narrow* means no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expression frequently occurs.

<sup>8</sup> *Into a thousand parts divide one man,]* i.e., suppose every man to be present a thousand.

<sup>9</sup> —— *make imaginary puissance :]* i.e., imagine you see an

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE PAINTED CHAMBER IN THE  
ROYAL PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

[Frequent reference is made in the Chronicles to the Painted Chamber, as the room wherein Henry V. held his councils.]

*Transverse sound.*

KING HENRY (B) *discovered on his throne (CENTRE)\*,*  
BEDFORD, (C) GLOSTER, (D) EXETER, (E) WARWICK,  
WESTMORELAND, and others in attendance.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Ecc. (L.) Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

[EXETER beckons to a HERALD, who goes off, L.H.  
West. (L.) Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight.  
That task<sup>1</sup> our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Re-enter HERALD with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, (F)\*  
and Bishop of ELY, (G) L.H. The Bishops cross to R.C.*

Cant. (R.C.) Heaven and its angels guard your sacred  
throne,

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,

\* The throne is powdered with the letter S. This decoration made its appearance in the reign of Henry IV., and has been differently accounted for. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick supposes it to be the initial letter of Henry's motto, "Souveraine." The King's costume is copied from Strutt's "Regal Antiquities." The dresses of the English throughout the play are taken from the works of Strutt, Meyrick, Shaw, and Hamilton Smith. The heraldry has been kindly supplied by Thomas Willement, Esq., F.S.A. The Lord Great Chamberlain carrying the sword of state is De Vere, Earl of Oxford.

<sup>1</sup> — task] Keep busied with scruples and disquisitions.

<sup>2</sup> *Archbishop of Canterbury,]* Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury.

<sup>3</sup> *Bishop of Ely,]* John Fordham, consecrated 1388; died, 1426.

And justly and religiously unfold,  
 Why the law Salique, (4) that they have in France,  
 Or should, or should not, ~~be~~ in our claim.  
 And Heaven forbid, my dees  
 That you should fashion, wi'  
 Or nicely charge your under  
 With opening titles miscreat  
 Suits not in native colours;  
 For Heaven doth know how ~~wisely~~, now in ~~wisdom~~,  
 Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>5</sup>  
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,<sup>6</sup>  
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war:  
 We charge you, in the name of Heaven, take heed:  
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord.

Can.(n.c.) Then bear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,  
 That owe your lives, your faith, and services,  
 To this imperial throne.—There is no bar  
 To make against your highness' claim to France  
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*  
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze<sup>7</sup>  
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
 The founder of this law and female bar.  
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;  
 Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,

<sup>4</sup> —— *wrest,*] i.e., distort.

<sup>5</sup> —— *or bow your reading,*] i.e., bend your interpretation.

<sup>6</sup> *Or nicely charge your understanding soul]* Take heed, lest by  
 nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or  
*knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false  
 title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if  
 shown in its native and true colours, would appear to be false.—  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *miscreate,*] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious.

<sup>8</sup> —— *is approbation*] i.e., in proving and supporting that title  
 which shall be now set up.

<sup>9</sup> —— *impawn our person,*] To engage and to pawn were in our  
 author's time synonymous.

<sup>10</sup> —— *gloss]* Exound, explain.

There left behind and settled certain French law,  
Nor did the French possess the Salique law,  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of King Pharamond,  
Idly supposed the founder of this law.

Besides, their writers say, "King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
Did hold in right and title of the female :  
So do the kings of France unto this day ;  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law  
To bar your highness claiming from the female ;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net  
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles"<sup>11</sup>  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience make this claim?

*Cant. (R.C.)* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !

For in the book of Numbers is it writ, —  
When the son dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;  
Look back unto your mighty ancestors :  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France,  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.<sup>12</sup>

*Ely. (R.C.)* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats :  
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Eas. (L.)* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

<sup>11</sup> —— imbare these crooked titles] i. e., to lay open, to display to view.

<sup>12</sup> In allusion to the battle of Crecy, fought 25th August, 1346.

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* (L.) They know your grace hath cause, and means  
and might:

So hath your highness;<sup>13</sup> never king of England  
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire to win your right:  
In aid whereof we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant. (R.C.)* They of those marches,<sup>14</sup> gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.  
Therefore to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice that power left at home,  
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
Let us be worried, and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit HERALD with LORDS, &c.*

Now are we well resolv'd; and by Heaven's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our ave,  
Or break it all to pieces.

<sup>13</sup> So hath your highness.] i. e., your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have.

<sup>14</sup> They of those marches.] The *marches* are the borders, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e., the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c.

*Re-enter HERALD and Lords, L.H., with the AMBASADORS of  
FRANCE, French Bishope, Gentlemen, and Attendants car-  
rying a treasure chest, L.H.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* (L.C.) May it please your majesty to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King;  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus, then, in few.<sup>15</sup>  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard won;<sup>16</sup>  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?  
*Era.* (Opening the chest.) Tennis-balls, my liege. (H)  
*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;  
His present and your pains we thank you for:  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by Heaven's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.  
And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.

<sup>15</sup> — *in few.*] i. e., in short, brief.

<sup>16</sup> — *a nimble galliard won,*] A galliard was an ancient dance.  
The word is now obsolete.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;  
 Be like a king, and shew my soul of greatness,  
 When I do rease me in my throne of France :  
 For I will rise there with so full a glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
 But this lies all within the will of Heaven,  
 To whom I do appeal ; And in whose name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,  
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[ *Exeunt AMBASSADOR, and Attendants, L.H.*

*Eus.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[ *The King rises.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition ;  
 For we have now no thought in us but France,  
 Save those to Heaveh, that run before our business.  
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon  
 That may with reasonable swiftness add  
 More feathers to our wings ; for, Heaven before,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

[ *The characters group round the KING.*

*Trumpets sound.*

## SCENE II.—EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

*Enter BARDOLPH,(1) Nym, PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, and BOY, L. 2 E.*

*Quick. (L.C.) Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring  
 thee to Staines.<sup>17</sup>*

<sup>17</sup> ——let me bring thee to Staines.] i.e., let me attend, or accom-  
 pany thee.

Pict. (c.) No; for my manly heart doth yearn to see Bardolph, be he 'live' or 'dead.'—Nym, rouse thy valianting veins; Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead. And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. (z.) Would I were with him, wheresoever he is!

Quic. (c.) Sure, he's in Arthur's bosom,<sup>10</sup> if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. <sup>11</sup> A made a finer end,<sup>12</sup> and went away, an it had been any christom child;<sup>13</sup> he parted even just between twelve and one,<sup>14</sup> when it turning o' the tide;<sup>15</sup> for after I saw him fumble with the sheets,<sup>16</sup> and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and he babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John! quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So a' cried out—Heaven, Heaven, Heaven! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 't should not think of Heaven; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.

Nym. (z.c.) They say he cried out of sack.

Quic. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quic. Nay, that 'a did not.

<sup>10</sup> ——Arthur's bosom,] Dame Quickly, in her usual blundering way, mistakes Arthur for Abraham.

<sup>11</sup> A made a finer end,] To make a fine end is not an uncommon expression for making a good end. The Hostess means that Falstaff died with becoming resignation and patient submission to the will of Heaven.

<sup>12</sup> ——as it had been any christom child,] i.e., child that has wore the christen, or white cloth put on a new baptised child.

<sup>13</sup> ——turning o' the tide,] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time.—JOHNSON.

<sup>14</sup> ——I saw him fumble with the sheets,] Pliny, in his chapter on the signs of death, makes mention of "a fumbling and plaiting of the bed-clothes." The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates, and Galen.

Boy. (a.) See, that 'a, did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. (crosses L.H.) 'A could never abide incarnation;<sup>20</sup>  
'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon  
Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul jumping  
in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire;  
that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off?<sup>21</sup> the king will be gone from  
Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my moveables:  
Let sense rule;<sup>22</sup> the word is, *Pitch and pay*;<sup>23</sup>

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And-hold-fast is the only dog,<sup>24</sup> my duck:

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.<sup>25</sup>

Go, clear thy crystals.<sup>26</sup>—Yoke-fellows in arms,

[Crosses L.H.]

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! [Crosses R.H.]

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

[Kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

<sup>20</sup> 'A could never abide incarnation;] Mrs. Quickly blunders, mis-taking the word *incarnate* for a colour. In *questions of Love*, published 1566, we have "grisnes, pale, rosde, blus, whyte, gray, and incarnate."

<sup>21</sup> *Shall we shog off?*] i.e., shall we move off—jog off?

<sup>22</sup> *Let sense rule;*] i.e., let prudence govern you—conduct yourself sensibly.

<sup>23</sup> — *Pitch and pay;*] A familiar expression, meaning pay down at once, pay ready money; probably throw down your money and pay.

<sup>24</sup> — *hold-fast is the only dog,*] Alluding to the proverbial saying—"Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better."

<sup>25</sup> — *caveto be thy counsellor.*] i.e., let prudence be thy counsellor.

<sup>26</sup> — *clear thy crystals.*] Dry thine eyes.

Pis. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, R.H., and DAME QUICKLY, L.H.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be a man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and ca'l it—purchase. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Distant March heard. Exit Boy, R.H.*

END OF FIRST ACT.

## HISTORICAL NOTE TO CHORUS—ACT FIRST

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(a) — *should famine, sword, and fire,*  
*Crouch for employment.*] Holinshed states that when the people of Rouen petitioned Henry V., the king replied "that the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaids, ever of necessity attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine." These are probably the *dogs of war* mentioned in Julius Caesar.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIRST.

(a) King Henry on his throne,] King Henry V. was born at Monmouth, August 9th, 1386, from which place he took his surname. He was the eldest son of Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, afterwards Duke of Hereford, who was banished by King Richard the Second, and, after that monarch's deposition, was made king of England, A.D. 1399. At eleven years of age Henry V. was a student at Queen's College, Oxford, under the tuition of his half-uncle, Henry Beaufort, Chancellor of that university. Richard II. took the young Henry with him in his expedition to Ireland, and caused him to be imprisoned in the castle of Trym, but, when his father, the Duke of Hereford, deposed the king and obtained the crown, he was created Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall.

In 1403 the Prince was engaged at the battle of Shrewsbury, where the famous Hotspur was slain, and there wounded in the face by an arrow. History states that Prince Henry became the companion of rioters and disorderly persons, and indulged in a course of life quite unworthy of his high station. There is a tradition that, under the influence of wine, he assisted his associates in robbing passengers on the highway. His being confined in prison for striking the Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoigne, is well known.

These excesses gave great uneasiness and annoyance to the king, his father, who dismissed the Prince from the office of President of his Privy Council, and appointed in his stead his second son, Thomas, Duke of Clarence. Henry was crowned King of England on the 9th April, 1413. We read in Stow—"After his coronation King Henry called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen

who were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts, and then commanded that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him at court ; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence."

This heroic king fought and won the celebrated battle of Agincourt, on the 25th October, 1415 ; married the Princess Katherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France and Isabella of Bavaria, his queen, in the year 1420 ; and died at Vincennes, near Paris, in the midst of his military glory, August 31st, 1422, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and the tenth of his reign, leaving an infant son, who succeeded to the throne under the title of Henry VI.

The famous Whittington was for the third time Lord Mayor of London in this reign, A.D. 1419. Thomas Chaucer, son of the great poet, was speaker of the House of Commons, which granted the supplies to the king for his invasion of France.

(c) *Bedford,*] John, Duke of Bedford, was the third son of King Henry IV., and his brother, Henry V., left to him the Regency of France. He died in the year 1435. This duke was accounted one of the best generals of the royal race of Plantagenet.

King Lewis XI. being counselled by certain envious persons to deface his tomb, used these, indeed, princely words :—"What honor shall it be to us, or you, to break the monument, and to pull out of the ground the bones of him, whom, in his life time, neither my father nor your progenitors, with all their puissance, were once able to make fly afoot backward? Who by his strength, policy, and wit, kept them all out of the principal dominions of France, and out of the noble Duchy of Normandy? Wherefore I say first, God save his soul, and let his body now lie in rest, which, when he was alive, could have daubed the proudest of us all; and for his tomb, I assure you, it is not so worthy or convenient as his honor and acts have deserved."—*Vida Sandford's History of the Kings of England.*

(d) *Gloster,*] Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, was the fourth son of King Henry IV., and on the death of his brother, Henry V., became Regent of England. It is generally supposed he was strangled. His death took place in the year 1446.

(e) *Exeter,*] Shakespeare is a little too early in giving Thomas Beaufort the title of Duke of Exeter ; for when Harlech was taken, and he was appointed governor of the town, he was only Earl of Dorset. He was not made Duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, November 14, 1416. Exeter was half brother to King Henry IV., being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swynford.

(f) *Archbishop of Canterbury,*] The Archbishop's speech in this scene, explaining King Henry's title to the crown of France, is closely copied from Holinshed's chronicle, page 545.

" About the middle of the year 1414, Henry V., influenced by the persuasions of Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the

dying injunction of his royal father, not to allow the kingdom to remain long at peace, or more probably by those feelings of ambition, which were no less natural to his age and character, than consonant with the manners of the time in which he lived, resolved to assert that claim to the crown of France which his great grandfather, King Edward the Third, had urged with such confidence and success."—*Nicola's History of the Battle of Agincourt.*

(e) —— *the law Salique,*] According to this law no woman was permitted to govern or be a Queen in her own right. The title only was allowed to the wife of the monarch. This law was imported from Germany by the warlike Franks.

(n) *Tennis-balls, my liege.*] Some contemporary historians suppose that the Dauphin sent Henry the contemptuous present, which has been imputed to him, intimating that such implements of play were better adapted to his dissolute character than the instruments of war, while others are silent on the subject. The circumstance of Henry's offering to meet his enemy in single combat, affords some support to the statement that he was influenced by those personal feelings of revenge to which the Dauphin's conduct would undoubtedly have given birth.

(r) *Eww BARDOLPH, Nym, PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, and BOY.*] These followers of Falstaff figured conspicuously through the two parts of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* Pistol is a swaggering, pompous braggadocio; Nym a boaster and a coward; and Bardolph a liar, thief, and coward, who has no wit but in his nose.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Cho.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries ;  
 For now sits expectation in the air.  
 O England !—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural !  
 But see thy fault<sup>1</sup> France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills<sup>2</sup>  
 With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge<sup>3</sup> ; and the second,  
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham<sup>4</sup> ; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.—  
 Have, for the gilt of France<sup>5</sup> (O guilt indeed !),  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ; (▲)  
 And by their hands this grace of kings<sup>6</sup> must die,

<sup>1</sup> — which he fills] i.e., the King of France.

<sup>2</sup> — Richard, earl of Cambridge;] Was Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth.

<sup>3</sup> Henry lord Scroop of Masham,] Was third husband of Joan Duchess of York (she had four), mother-in-law of Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

<sup>4</sup> — the gilt of France,] i.e., golden money.

<sup>5</sup> — this grace of kings,] i.e., he who does the greatest honor to the title. By the same phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *vise of kings*, i.e., the opprobrium of them.

(If hell and treason hold their promises,) Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.

*The bark scene opens and discovers a tableau, representing the three conspirators receiving the bribe from the emissaries of France.*

Linger your patience on ; and well digest  
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.<sup>4</sup>  
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;  
The king is set from London ; and the scene  
Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton.—  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach<sup>5</sup> with our play.  
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,<sup>6</sup>  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.      [Exit.]

<sup>4</sup> —— *while we force a play.*] To *force a play* is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass.

<sup>5</sup> *We'll not offend one stomach.*] That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness.

<sup>6</sup> *But, till the King come forth, and not till then.*] The meaning is, "We will not shift our scene unto Southampton till the king makes his appearance on the stage, and the scene will be at Southampton *only* for the short time while he does appear on the stage ; for, soon after his appearance, it will change to France." —MALONE.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—COUNCIL CHAMBER IN  
SOUTHAMPTON CASTLE.

EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND, *discovered*.

*Bed.* 'Fore Heaven, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Ere.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves! As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

*Ere.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, (▲) Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours,— That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Distant Trumpets sound.* Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, LORDS and ATTENDANTS, v.e.l.l.h.

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard. My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,— And you, my gentle knight,—givē me your thoughts: Think you not, that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours,<sup>1</sup> Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* (n.) Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

<sup>1</sup> ——*in a fair consent with ours,*] i. e., in friendly concord; in unison with ours.

Then is your majesty : there's not, I think, a subject  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* (n.) Even those that were your father's enemies  
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts create<sup>2</sup> of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* (o.) We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;  
And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit  
According to the weight and worthiness.

Uncle of Exeter, n.

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person : we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
And, on his more advice,<sup>3</sup> we pardon him.

*Scroop.* (n.) That's mercy, but too much security :  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,  
After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !<sup>4</sup>  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,<sup>5</sup>  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye<sup>6</sup>  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,  
Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care  
And tender preservation of our person,—

<sup>2</sup> —— hearts create] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal.

<sup>3</sup> —— more advice,] On his return to more coolness of mind.

<sup>4</sup> Are heavy orisons 'gainst, &c.] i. e., are weighty supplications against this poor wretch.

<sup>5</sup> —— proceeding on distemper,] Distemper'd in liquor was a common expression. We read in Holinshed, vol. iii., page 626 :— “gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempored, and reeled as he went.”

<sup>6</sup> —— how shall we stretch our eye] If we may not wink at small faults, how wide must we open our eyes at great.

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes : [All take their places at Council table.  
Who are the late Commissioners?<sup>1</sup>

*Cam.* (E. of table.) I one, my lord :  
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scoop.* (E. of table.) So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* (E. of table.) And me, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;—  
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, sir knight,  
Grey of Northumberland, this name is yours :—  
Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.—  
My lord of Westmoreland, —and uncle Exeter, —[E. of table.  
We will aboard to-night. (*Conspirators start from their places.*) Why, how now, gentlemen !

What see you in these papers, that you lose  
So much complexion ?—look ye, how they change !  
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
That hath so cowardly and chear'd your blood  
Out of appearance ?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault ;  
And do submit me to your highness' mercy. [*Falling on his knees.*

*Grey.* } To which we all appeal. [*Kneeling.*  
*Scroop.* }

*K. Hen.* (rising ; all the LORDS rise with the KING.) The  
mercy that was quick<sup>2</sup> in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy.  
See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
These English monsters ! My lord of Cambridge here,—  
You know how apt our love was to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour ; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practises of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton ; to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But, O,

<sup>1</sup> Who are the late commissioners?] That is, who are the persons lately appointed commissioners.

<sup>2</sup> —— quick] That is, hasty.

What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ? thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !  
Thou that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost might'st have coar'd me into gold,  
May it be possible, that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross<sup>10</sup>  
As black from white,<sup>10</sup> my eye will scarcely see it ;  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open :  
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;—

[EXETER goes to door U.E.L.H., and calls on the Guard.  
And Heaven acquit them of their practises !

Exe. (comes down, R.C.) I arrest thee of high treason, by  
the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord  
Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas  
Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. (R., kneeling.) Our purposes Heaven justly hath  
discover'd ;  
And I repent my fault more than my death.

Cam. (R., kneeling.) For me,—the gold of France did not  
seduce ; (B)  
Although I did admit it as a motive  
The sooner to effect what I intended :  
But Heaven be thanked for prevention ;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,<sup>11</sup>  
Beseeching Heaven and you to pardon me.

\* — as gross] As palpable.

<sup>10</sup> — though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black from white,] Though the truth be as apparent and  
visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To stand off  
is être relâché, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a  
picture.—JOHNSON.

<sup>11</sup> Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,] Cambridge means to  
say, at which prevention, or, which intended scheme that it was  
prevented, I shall rejoice. Shakespeare has many such elliptical  
expressions. The intended scheme that he alludes to was the  
taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law.—MALONE.

*Grey.* (In kneeling.) Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
Prevented from a damned enterprise:  
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. Hen.* (c.) Heaven quit you in its mercy! Hear your sentence.  
You have conspir'd against our royal person,.  
Join'd with an enemy proclam'd, and from his coffers  
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
His princes and his peers to servitude;  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
Touching our person, seek we no revenge; (v)  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,<sup>12</sup>  
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
The taste whereof, Heaven of its mercy give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences!<sup>13</sup>—Bear them hence.

[Conspirators rise and exeunt guardæ, with EXETER.  
Now, Lords, for France; the enterprize whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
Since Heaven so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way.  
Then, forth, dear countrymen: 'Let us deliver  
Our puissance<sup>14</sup> into the hand of Heaven,  
Putting it straight in expedition.  
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance: (d)  
No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt, U.E.L.H.

<sup>12</sup> — our kingdom's safety must so tender,] i.e., must so regard.

<sup>13</sup> — dear offences!—] *To dñe*, in ancient language, was to hurt; the meaning, therefore, is hurtful—pernicious offences.

<sup>14</sup> Our puissance] i.e., our power, our force.

## SCENE II.—FRANCE. A ROOM IN THE FRENCH KING'S PALACE.

*Trumpets sound.*

*Enter the FRENCH KING,<sup>15</sup> attended : the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and Others,*(<sup>x</sup>)*E.H.*

*Fy. King*(c.)*Thus come the English with full power upon us ; And more than carefully it us concerns<sup>16</sup> To answer royally in our defences.*

*Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Bretagne, Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,— And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch, To line and new repair our towns of war With men of courage and with means defendant.*

*Dau. (R.C.) My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe : And let us do it with no show of fear ; No, with no more than if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance : For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her sceptre so fantastically borne By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.*

*Con. (L.C.) O peace, prince Dauphin You are too much mistaken in this King : With what great state he heard our embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception,<sup>17</sup> and withal How terrible in constant resolution, And you shall find his vanities fore-spent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly.*

*Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ; But though we think it so, it is no matter :*

<sup>15</sup> —— FRENCH KING,] The costume of Charles VI. is copied from Willemin, Monuments Français. The dresses of the other Lords are selected from Montfaucon Monarchie Française.

<sup>16</sup> —— more than carefully it us concerns,] More than carefully is with more than common care ; a phrase of the same kind with better than yell.—JOHNSON.

<sup>17</sup> How modest in exception,] How diffident and decent in making objections.

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems;  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong;  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain<sup>18</sup>  
That haunted us<sup>19</sup> in our familiar paths:  
Witness our too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward, black prince of Wales:  
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,  
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—<sup>20</sup>  
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
The patterns that by Heaven and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter Montjoy,*<sup>22</sup> l.h., and kneels c. to the King.

*Mont.* Ambassadors from Henry King of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. (*Montjoy rises from his knee.*) Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Montjoy, and certain Lords,* l.h.  
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths,<sup>23</sup> when what they seem to threaten  
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,

<sup>18</sup> — strain] lineage.

<sup>19</sup> That haunted us] To haunt is a word of the utmost horror, which shows that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits.

<sup>20</sup> — crown'd with the golden sun,—] Shakespeare's meaning (divested of its poetical fancy) probably is, that the king stood upon an eminence, with the sun shining over his head.—STERVENS.

<sup>21</sup> — fate of him.] His fate is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform.

<sup>22</sup> Montjoy,] Mont-joie is the title of the principal king-at-arms in France, as Garter is in our country.

<sup>23</sup> — spend their mouths,] That is, bark; the sportsman's term.

Take up the English shorts ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

[FRENCH KING takes his seat on Throne. II.  
Re-enter MONTJOY, LANCELOT, with EXETER and TAUNTON. I. II.]

*Fr. King.* From our brother England ?  
*Exe. (l.c.)* From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the awful name of Heaven,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature and of nations, long  
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know  
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line.<sup>24</sup>

[Gives a paper to MONTJOY, who delivers it kneeling  
to the King.]

In every branch truly demonstrative ;  
Willing you overlook this pedigree :  
And when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove.  
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel) :  
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message ;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressal I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further :

[<sup>24</sup> —— memorable line,] This genealogy ; this deduction of his  
lineage.

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent,  
Back to our brother England.

[MONTJOY rises, and retires to R.]

Dess. (n. of throne.) For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him: What to him from England?  
Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may hot misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: as if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large, --  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,  
That caves and womb'y vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass,<sup>23</sup> and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,  
It is against my will; for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with those Paris halls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference  
Between the promise of his greener days  
And these he masters now: now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain: which you shall read<sup>24</sup>  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair condi-  
tions: [MONTJOY crosses to the English party.  
A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence.

[English party exit, with MONTJOY and others,  
L.II. French Lords group round the KING.

Trumpets sound.

<sup>23</sup> Shall chide your trespass,] To chide is to resound, to echo,

<sup>24</sup> —— you shall rend] i.e., shall find.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO CHORUS—ACT  
SECOND.

(A) *Three corrupted men,—*

*One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,*

*Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,*

*Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—*

*Have for the guilt of France (O, guilt, indeed!)*

*Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France.*

About the end of July, Henry's ambitious designs received a momentary check from the discovery of a treasonable conspiracy against his person and government by Richard, Earl of Cambridge, brother of the Duke of York; Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, the Lord Treasurer; and Sir Thomas Grey, of Heton, knight. The king's command for the investigation of the affair, was dated on the 21st of that month, and a writ was issued to the Sheriff of Southampton, to assemble a jury for their trial; and which on Friday, the 2nd of August, found that on the 20th of July, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and Thomas Grey, of Heton, in the County of Northumberland, knight, had falsely and traitorously conspired to collect a body of armed men, to conduct Edmund, Earl of March,<sup>\*</sup> to the frontiers of Wales, and to proclaim him the rightful heir to the crown, in case Richard II. was actually dead; but they had solicited Thomas Frumpington, who personated King Richard, Henry Percy, and many others from Scotland to invade the realm, that they had intended to destroy the King, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, with other lords and great men; and that Henry, Lord Scroop, of Masham, consented to the said treasonable purposes, and concealed the knowledge of them from the king. On the same day the accused were reported by Sir John Popham, Constable of the Castle of Southampton, to whose custody they had been committed, to have confessed the justice of the charges brought against them, and that they threw themselves on the king's mercy; but Scroop endeavoured to ex-

\* At that moment the Earl of March was the lawful heir to the crown, he being the heir general of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., whilst Henry V. was but the heir of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, King Edward's fourth son.

tenuate his conduct, by asserting that his intentions were innocent, and that he appeared only to acquiesce in their designs to be enabled to defeat them. The Earl and Lord Scroop having claimed the privilege of being tried by the peers, were remanded to prison, but sentence of death in the usual manner was pronounced against Grey, and he was immediately executed; though, in consequence of Henry having dispensed with his being drawn and hung, he was allowed to walk from the Watergate to the Northgate of the town of Southampton, where he was beheaded. A commission was soon afterwards issued, addressed to the Duke of Clarence, for the trial of the Earl of Cambridge and Lord Scroop: this court unanimously declared the prisoners guilty, and sentence of death having been denounced against them, they paid the forfeit of their lives on Monday, the 6th of August. In consideration of the earl being of the blood royal, he was merely beheaded; but to mark the perfidy and ingratitude of Scroop, who had enjoyed the king's utmost confidence and friendship, and had even shared his bed, he commanded that he should be drawn to the place of execution, and that his head should be affixed on one of the gates of the city of York.—*Nicolas's History of the Battles of Agincourt.*

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT SECOND.

(A) ——*the man that was his bedfellow,*) So, Holinshed: “The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometimes to be his *bedfellow*. ” The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the sixth Earl of Northumberland (still preserved in the collection of the present duke), addressed “To his beloved cousin, Thomas Arundel,” &c., which begins “*Bedfellow*, after my most haste recommendation.”—*Steevens.*

This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence, during the civil wars, from the mean men with whom he slept.—*Malone.*

After the battle of Dreux, 1582, the Prince of Condé slept in the same bed with the Duke of Guise; an anecdote frequently

cited, to show the magnanimity of the latter, who slept soundly, though so near his greatest enemy, then his prisoner.—*Nares.*

(s) *For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;]* Holinshed observes, "that Richard, Earl of Cambridge, did not conspire with the Lord Scroop and Thomas Grey, for the murdering of King Henry to please the French king, but only to the intent to exalt to the crown his brother-in-law Edmund, Earl of March, as heir to Lionel, Duke of Clarence; after the death of which Earl of March, for divers secret impediments not able to have issue, the Earl of Cambridge was sure that the crown should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten; and therefore (as was thought), he rather confessed himself for need of money to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c., which if it were espied, he saw plainly that the Earl of March should have tasted of the same cup that he had drunk, and what should have come to his own children he merely doubted, &c."

A million of gold is stated to have been given by France to the conspirators.

Historians have, however, generally expressed their utter inability to explain upon what grounds the conspirators built their expectation of success; and unless they had been promised powerful assistance from France, the design seems to have been one of the most absurd and hopeless upon record. The confession of the Earl of Cambridge, and his supplication for mercy in his own hand writing, is in the British Museum.

(c) *Touching our person, seek we no revenge;*] This speech is taken from Holinshed:—

"Revenge herein touching my person, though I seek not; yet for the safeguard of my dear friends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed: Get ye hence, therefore, you poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein God's majesty give you grace of his mercy, and repentance of your heinous offences."

(n) *Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;*] "The king went from his castle of Porchester in a small vessel to the sea, and embarking on board his ship, called The Trinity, between the ports of Southampton and Portsmouth, he immediately ordered that the sail should be set, to signify his readiness to depart." "There were about fifteen hundred vessels, including about a hundred which were left behind. After having passed the Isle of Wight, swart were seen swimming in the midst of the fleet, which, in the opinion of all, were said to be happy auspices of the undertaking. On the next day, the king entered the mouth of the Seine, and cast anchor before a place called Kidecaus, about three miles from Harfleur, where he proposed landing." *Nicolar's History of Agincourt.*

The departure of Henry's army on this occasion, and the separation between those who composed it and their relatives and

friends, is thus described by Drayton, who was born in 1563, and died in 1631 :—

There might a man have seen in every street,  
The father bidding farewell to his son ;  
Small children kneeling at their father's feet :  
The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done  
Brother, his brother, with adieu to greet :  
One friend to take leave of another, run ;  
The maiden with her best belov'd to part,  
Gave him her hand who took away her heart.  
The nobler youth the common rank above,  
On their curveting coursers mounted fair :  
One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove ;  
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair :  
And he her colours, whom he did most love ;  
There was not one but did some favour wear :  
And each one took it, on his happy speed,  
To make it famous by some knightly deed. \*

(E) Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE of BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.] Charles VI., surnamed the Well Beloved, was King of France during the most disastrous period of its history. He ascended the throne in 1380, when only thirteen years of age. In 1385 he married Isabella of Bavaria, who was equally remarkable for her beauty and her depravity. The unfortunate king was subject to fits of insanity, which lasted for several months at a time. On the 21st October, 1422, seven years after the battle of Agincourt, Charles VI. ended his unhappy life at the age of 55, having reigned 42 years. Lewis the Dauphin was the eldest son of Charles VI. He was born 22nd January, 1396, and died before his father, December 18th, 1415, in his twentieth year. History says, "Shortly after the battle of Agincourt, either for melancholy that he had for the loss, or by some sudden disease, Lewis, Doyphin of Wiennois, heir apparent to the French king, departed this life without issue."

John, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Fearless, succeeded to the dukedom in 1403. He caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated in the streets of Paris, and was himself murdered August 28, 1419, on the bridge of Montereau, at an interview with the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII. John was succeeded by his only son, who bore the title of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

The Constable, Charles D'Albret, commanded the French army at the Battle of Agincourt, and was slain on the field.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less swiftness  
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
 The well-appointed king<sup>1</sup> at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty<sup>2</sup>; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:  
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold  
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think  
 You stand upon the rivage,<sup>3</sup> and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
 For so appears this fleet majestical.  
 Holding due course to Hartlebury. Follow, follow!  
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;<sup>4</sup>  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance;  
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd

<sup>1</sup> *The well-appointed king*] i.e., well furnished with all the necessaries of war.

<sup>2</sup> *Embark his royalty*,] The place where Henry's army was encamped, at Southampton, is now entirely covered with the sea, and called Westport.

<sup>3</sup> —— *rivage*,] The bank or shore.

<sup>4</sup> —— *to sternage of this navy*,] The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. *Stern*, however, appears to have been anciently synonymous to *rudder*.

With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a sarge ;  
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back :  
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him  
 Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
 The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner  
 With linstock<sup>5</sup> stow the devilish canon touches,

[*Alarums, and cannon shot off.*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE CHANGES TO

### THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

#### THE WALLS ARE MANNED BY THE FRENCH.

#### THE ENGLISH ARE REPULSED FROM AN ATTACK ON THE BREACH.

*Alarums.* Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,  
 GLOSTER, and Soldiers, R.H.

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once  
 more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead !<sup>6</sup>

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility :

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

<sup>5</sup> —— *linstock*] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.

<sup>6</sup> *Or close the wall up with our English dead /* i. e., re-garter the breach you have made, or fill it up with your own dead, besides.

Then imitate the' action of the tiger!  
 On, on, you noble English,  
 Whose blood is fet<sup>1</sup> from fathers of war-proof!  
 And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*The English charge upon the breach, headed by the KING. Alarums. The GOVERNOR of the Town appears on the walls with a flag of truce.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governour of the town?  
 This is the latest parle we will admit:  
 Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;  
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
 Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier  
 (A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,  
 If I begin the battery once again,  
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur  
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.  
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
 Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready  
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,

<sup>1</sup> *Whose blood is fet*] To fet is an obsolete word meaning *to fetch* That is, "whose blood is derived," &c. The word is used by Spenser and Ben Jonson.

\* — like greyhounds in the slips,] Slips are a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time.

\* — whom of succour we en[trusted,] This phraseology was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time.

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.  
 Enter our town; dispose of us and ours;  
 For we no longer are defensible. [*Soldiers shout.*

[*The GOVERNOR and others come from the town,  
 and kneeling, present to KING HENRY the keys  
 of the city.*

*K. Hen.* Come, uncle Exeter, &c.  
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
 Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.  
 To-night in Harfleur\* will we be your guest;  
 To-morrow for the march are we addrest.<sup>10</sup>

[*March. English army enter the town through  
 the breach.*

\* Extracts from the Account of the Siege of Harfleur, selected from the pages of the anonymous Chronicler who was an eye-witness of the event.

"Our King, who sought peace, not war, in order that he might further arm the cause in which he was engaged with the shield of justice offered peace to the besieged, if they would open the gates to him, and restore, as was their duty, freely, without compulsion, that town, the noble hereditary portion of his Crown of England, and of his Duchy of Normandy.

"But as they, despising and setting at nought this offer, strove to keep possession of, and to defend the town against him, our King summoned to fight, as it were, against his will, called upon God to witness his just cause \* \* \* he (King Henry) gave himself no rest by day or night, until having fitted and fixed his engines and guns under the walls, he had planted them within shot of the enemy, against the front of the town, and against the walls, gates, and towers, of the same \* \* \* so that taking aim at the place to be battered, the guns from beneath blew forth stones by the force of ignited powers, \* \* \* and in the mean time our King, with his guns and engines, so battered the said bulwark, and the walls and towers on every side, that within a few days, by the impetuosity and fury of the stones, the same bulwark was in a great part broken down; and the walls and towers from which the enemy had sent forth their weapons, the bastions falling in ruins, were

<sup>10</sup> —— are we addrest.] i. e., prepared.

rendered defenceless; and very fine edifices, even in the middle of the city, either lay altogether in ruins, or threatened an instant fall; or at least were so shaken as to be exceedingly damaged. \* \* \* \* And although our guns had dismasted the bulwark, walls, and towers during the day, the besieged by night, with logs, faggots, and tubs on vessels full of earth, mud, and sand to stones, piled up within the shattered walls, and with other barricades, refortified the streets. \* \* \* The King had caused towers and wooden bulwarks to the height of the walls, and ladders and other instruments, besides those which he had brought with him for the assault." — We are then told that the enemy contrived to set these engines on fire "by means of powders, and combustibles prepared on the walls."

The History then states that "a fire broke out where the strength of the French was greater, and the French themselves were overcome with resisting, and in endeavouring to extinguish the fire, until at length by force of arms, darts, and flames, their strength was destroyed. Leaving the place therefore to our party, they fled and retreated beneath the walls for protection; most carefully blocking up the entrance with timber, stones, earth, and mud, lest our people should rush in upon them through the same passage."

"On the following day a conference was held with the Lord de Gaucourt, who acted as Captain, and with the more powerful leaders, whether it was the determination of the inhabitants to surrender the town without suffering further rigour of death or war. \* \* \* \* On that night they entered into a treaty with the King, that if the French King, or the Dauphin, his first-born, being informed, should not raise the siege, and deliver them by force of arms within the first hour after morn on the Sunday following, they would surrender to him the town, and themselves, and their property."

"And neither at the aforesaid hour on the following Sunday, nor within the time, the French King, the Dauphin, nor any one else, coming forward to raise the siege. \* \* \* \* The aforesaid Lord de Gaucourt came from the town into the king's presence, accompanied by those persons who before had sworn to keep the articles, and surrendering to him the keys of the Corporation, submitted themselves, together with the citizens, to his grace. \* \* \* \* Then the banners of St. George and the King were fixed upon the gates of the town, and the King advanced his illustrious uncle, the Lord Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset (afterwards Duke of Exeter) to be keeper and captain of the town, having delivered to him the keys."

Thus, after a vigorous siege of about thirty-six days, one of the most important towns of Normandy fell into the hands of the invaders. The Chronicler in the text informs us, that the dysentery had carried off infinitely more of the English army than were slain in the siege; that about five thousand men were then so dreadfully debilitated by that disease, that they were unable to proceed, and were therefore sent to England; that three hundred

men-at-arms and nine hundred archers were left to garrison Harfleur ; that great numbers had cowardly deserted the King, and returned home by stealth ; and that after all these deductions, not more than nine hundred lances, and five thousand archers remained fit for service.

Hume, in his History of England, relates that "King Henry landed near Harfleur, at the head of an army of 6,000 men-at-arms, and 24,000 foot, mostly archers. He immediately began the siege of that place, which was valiantly defended by d'Estotileville, and under him by de Guitri, de Gaucourt, and others of the French nobility ; but as the garrison was weak, and the fortifications in bad repair, the governor was at last obliged to capitulate, and he promised to surrender the place if he received no succour before the 18th of September. The day came, and there was no appearance of a French army to relieve him. Henry, taking possession of the town, placed a garrison in it, and expelled all the French inhabitants, with an intention of peopling it anew with English. The fatigues of this siege, and the unusual heat of the season, had so wasted the English army, that Henry could enter on no further enterprise, and was obliged to think of returning to England. He had dismissed his transports, which could not anchor in an open road upon the enemy's coasts, and he lay under a necessity of marching by land to Calais before he could reach a place of safety. A numerous French army of 14,000 men-at-arms, and 40,000 foot, was by this time assembled in Normandy, under the constable d'Albret, a force which, if prudently conducted, was sufficient either to trample down the English in the open field, or to harass and reduce to nothing their small array before they could finish so long and difficult a march. Henry, therefore, cautiously offered to sacrifice his conquest of Harfleur for a safe passage to Calais ; but his proposal being rejected, he determined to make his way by valour and conduct through all the opposition of the enemy."

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. ROOM IN THE FRENCH KING'S PALACE.

*Trumpets sound.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others, L.H.*

*Fr. King. (c.)* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

*Con. (B.C.)* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau. (R.)* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us ;  
They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high<sup>1</sup> and swift corantos ;<sup>2</sup>  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence :  
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
Up, princes ! and, with spirit of honour edg'd  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
With pennons<sup>3</sup> painted in the blood of Harfleur :  
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
And in a captive chariot into Rouen  
Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.  
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march ;  
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,

<sup>1</sup> —— *lavoltas high*] A dance in which there was much turning, and much capering.

<sup>2</sup> —— *swift corantos* ;] A corant is a sprightly dance.

<sup>3</sup> *With pennons*) *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted.

And, for achievement offer us his ransom.<sup>4</sup>

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;  
[CONSTABLE crosses to L.

And let him say to England, that we send  
To know what willing ransom he will give.—

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient; for you shall remain with us.—  
Now, forth, lord constable (*Exit CONSTABLE, L.H.*), and  
princes all,

And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt L.H.*

*Trumpets sound.*

## SCENE II—A VIEW IN PICARDY.

*Distant Battle heard.*

*Enter GOWER, L.U.E., meeting FLUELLEN, R.H.*

*Gow.* (c.) How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from  
the bridge? (A)

*Flu.* (a.c.) I assure you, there is very excellent service  
committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-  
memnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul,  
and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living,  
and my uttermost powers: he is not (Heaven be praised  
and blessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge  
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an  
ensign there at the pridge,—I think in my very conscience  
he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no  
estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called—ancient Pistol.<sup>5</sup>

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter PISTOL, R.H.*

*Flu.* Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

<sup>4</sup> *And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.*] i. e. instead of fight-  
ing, he will offer to pay ransom.

<sup>5</sup> — *ancient Pistol.*] Ancient, a standard or flag; also the  
ensign bearer, or officer, now called an ensign.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well;  
Fla. Ay, I praise Heaven ; and I have merited some love  
at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom valour,<sup>4</sup> hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone.—<sup>5</sup>

Fla. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted  
plind, with a muffler before her eyes,<sup>6</sup> to signify to you  
that fortune is plind ; And she is painted also with a wheel,  
to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turn-  
ing, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities : and  
her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which  
rolls, and rolls, and rolls :—In good truth, the poet makes  
a most excellent description of fortune : fortune, look you,  
is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;  
For he has stolen a *piz*,<sup>7</sup> and hang'd must 'a be. (B)  
A damned death !  
Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free, [*Crosses to H.M.*  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For *piz* of little price.  
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

[*Crosses to H.M.*

Fla. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then, rejoice therefore.

Fla. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at :  
for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the

<sup>4</sup> Of buxom valour,] i.e., valour under good command, obedient to its superiors. The word is used by Spencer.

<sup>5</sup> —— upon the rolling restless stone,—] Fortune is described by several ancient authors in the same words.

<sup>6</sup> —— with a muffler before her eyes,] A muffler was a sort of veil, or wrapper, worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time, chiefly covering the chin and throat.

<sup>7</sup> For he hath stolen a *piz*,] A *piz*, or little chest (from the Latin word *pizis*, a box), in which the consecrated host was used to be kept.

duke to use his goot pleasure, and putt him to executions : for disciplines ought to be used.

*Fle.* Fie for thy friendship!<sup>10</sup>

*Fle.* It is well.

*Fle.* The fig of Spain!<sup>11</sup>

[*Exit Pistol, R.R.*

*Fle.* Very goot.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; a cut-purse ; I remember him now ;

*Fle.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. You must learn to know such slanders of the age,<sup>12</sup> or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Fle.* I tell you what, Captain Gower ;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is : if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*March heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming ; and I must speak with him from the pridge.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, WESTMORELAND,*  
*Lords, and Soldiers, L.H.V.E.*

*Fle.* (n.) Heaven bless your majesty !

*K. Hen.* (c.) How now, Fluellen ! cam'st thou from the bridge ?

*Fle.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge : the French has gone off, look you ; and there is gallant and most prave passages : Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge ; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge : I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

<sup>10</sup> *Fie for thy friendship!*] Fie is fig—it was a term of reproach.

<sup>11</sup> *The fig of Spain!*] An expression of contempt or insult, which consisted in thrusting the thumb between two of the closed fingers, or into the mouth ; whence *Bite the thumb*. The custom is generally regarded as being originally Spanish.—NARES.

<sup>12</sup> — *such slanders of the age,*] Cowardly braggarts were not uncommon characters with the old dramatic writers.

<sup>13</sup> — *I must speak with him from the pridge.*] From for about—concerning the fight that had taken place there.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Fle.* The perdition of thy army hath been very great, very reasonable great: Harry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty knows the man: his face is all bubuckles,<sup>14</sup> and whelkes,<sup>15</sup> and knobs, and flames of fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.<sup>16</sup>

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off.

[*Trumpet sounds without, R.*

*Enter Montjoy and Attendants, R.H.*

*Mont.* (*uncovers and kneels.*) You know me by my habit.<sup>17</sup>

*K. Hen.* Well, then, I know thee: What shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep. Tell him, he shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance.<sup>18</sup> Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

<sup>14</sup> —— *bubuckles.*] A corrupt word for carbuncles, or something like them.

<sup>15</sup> —— *and whelkes.*] i.e., stripes, marks, discolorations.

<sup>16</sup> —— *his fire's out.*] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph.

<sup>17</sup> —— *by my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions.

<sup>18</sup> —— *admire our sufferance.*] i.e., our patience, moderation.

King. Then dost thou offer fairly? Turn these back,  
 And tell thy king.—I do not seek <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~  
 But could be willing to march on to Calais  
 Without impeachment;<sup>19</sup> for, to say the sooth  
 (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage),  
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
 My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
 Almost no better than so many French;  
 Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
 I thought, upon one pair of English legs,  
 Did march three Frenchmen.—Forgive me, Heaven,  
 That I do brag thus!—this your air of France  
 Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.  
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;  
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;  
 My army but a weak and sickly guard:  
 Yet, Heaven before,<sup>20</sup> tell him we will come on,  
 Though France himself,<sup>21</sup> and such another neighbour,  
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.  
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
 Discolour: (c) and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
 The sum of all our answer is but this:  
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;  
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:  
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. (MONTJOY rises from his knee.)  
 Thanks to your highness.

[Exit MONTJOY with Attendants, R.H.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in Heaven's hand, brother, not in theirs.  
 March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:  
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;  
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt, R.H.

March.

<sup>19</sup> Without impeachment.] i.e., hindrance. *Empeachment*, French,

<sup>20</sup> Yet, Heaven before,] In the acting edition, the name of God is changed to Heaven. This was an expression in Shakespeare's time for *God being my guide*.

<sup>21</sup> Though France himself,] i.e., though *the King of France* himself.

END OF ACT THIRD.

## HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT THIRD.

(a) *Come you from the bridge?*] After Henry had passed the Somme, Titus Livius asserts, that the King having been informed of a river which must be crossed, over which was a bridge, and that his progress depended in a great degree upon securing possession of it, despatched some part of his forces to defend it from any attack, or from being destroyed. They found many of the enemy ready to receive them, to whom they gave battle, and after a severe conflict, they captured the bridge, and kept it.

(b) *Fortune is Bardolph's for, and frowns on him,  
For he hath stol'n a pix, and hanged must 'a be.*] It will be seen by the following extract from the anonymous Chronicler how minutely Shakespeare has adhered to history—"There was brought to the King in that plain a certain English robber, who, contrary to the laws of God and the Royal Proclamation, had stolen from a church a pix of copper gilt, found in his sleeve, which he happened to mistake for gold, in which the Lord's body was kept; and in the next village whers he passed the night, by decree of the King, he was put to death on the gallows." Titus Livius relates that Henry commanded his army to halt until the sacrifice was expiated. He first caused the pix to be restored to the Church, and the offender was then led, bound as a thief, through the army, and afterwards hung upon a tree, that every man might behold him.

(c) *Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour:*] My desire is, that none of you be so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall colour and make red your tawny ground with the effusion of Christian blood. When he (Henry) had thus answered the Herald, he gave him a great reward, and licensed him to depart.—*Hastilshed.*

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Cho.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night  
 The hum of either army still sounds,<sup>1</sup>  
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :<sup>2</sup>  
 Fire answers fire ;<sup>3</sup> and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :<sup>4</sup>  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boist'rous neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty<sup>5</sup> French

<sup>1</sup> —— *stilly rounds,*] i.e., gently, lowly.

<sup>2</sup> *The secret whispers of each other's watch.*] Holinshed says, that the distance between the two armies was but 250 paces.

<sup>3</sup> *Fire answers fire,*] This circumstance is also taken from Holinshed. "But at their coming into the village, fires were made by the English to give light on every side, as there likewise were in the French hoste."

<sup>4</sup> —— *the other's umber'd face.*] *Umber'd* means here discoloured by the gleam of the fires. *Umber* is a dark yellow earth, brought from Umbria, in Italy, which, being mixed with water, produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance. Shakespeare's theatrical profession probably furnished him with the epithet, as burnt umber is occasionally used by actors for colouring the face.

<sup>5</sup> —— *over-lusty]* i.e., over-saucy.

Do the low-rated English play at dice;<sup>6</sup>  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly watch, doth limp  
 So tediously away,

*Scene opens and discovers the interior of a French tent, with the DAUPHIN, the CONSTABLE, ORLÉANS, and others, playing at dice.*

Dau. Will it never be day?

Con. I would it were morning; for I would fain be  
 the ears of the English.

Dau. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty  
 English prisoners?

Orl. The prince longs to eat the English.

Con. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of Eng-  
 land! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Dau. If the English had any apprehension, they would  
 run away.

Con. That island of England breeds very valiant crea-  
 tures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Dau. Foolish curs, that ran winking into the mouth of  
 a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten  
 apples! You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that  
 dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just: give them great meals of beef, and iron  
 and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only  
 stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm:  
 Come, shall we about it?

Dau. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten  
 We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

SCENE CLOSES IN.

<sup>6</sup> Do the low-rated English play at dice;] i.e., "to play them away at dice." Holinshed says—"The Frenchmen, in the meanwhile, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumph; for the captains had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the soldiers the night before had played the Englishmen at dice."

Che. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and duly ruminate  
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts.

[Scene re-opens, discovering the English camp, with  
group of soldiers praying. After a pause the  
scene closes.

O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!  
For forth he goes and visits all his host;  
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,  
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath encircled him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night;  
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;  
That every wretch, pining and pale-before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
Then, mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night:  
And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
The field of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;  
Minding true things<sup>7</sup> by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

<sup>7</sup> Minding true things] To mind is the same as to call to remembrance.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—THE ENGLISH CAMP AT AGINCOURT. (A) NIGHT.

*Enter KING HENRY and GLOSTER, U.E.L.H.*

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger ;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.

*Enter BEDFORD, R.H.*

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—Gracious Heaven !  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out ;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter EPPINGHAM (B) L.H.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Epingham :  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers  
both,  
Conseil me to the princes in our camp ;  
Do my good morrow to them ; and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD, R.H.*

Epp. Sir knight attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;  
Go with thy brothers to my lords of England :

[*EPPINGHAM crosses to R.*

I and my bosom must debate a while;  
And then I would no other company.

*Hyp.* Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Act II. SCENE III. MURKIN'S CHAMBERS.]

*K. Hen.* Gad-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL, n.n.*

*Pist.* Qui va là?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?<sup>1</sup>  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?<sup>2</sup>

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so. What art thou?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.<sup>3</sup>

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock,<sup>4</sup> and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame;<sup>5</sup>

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry le Roi.

*Pist.* Le Roi! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish  
crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Knowest thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,  
Upon Saint Davy's day.

[Crosses to R.

<sup>1</sup> —— popular] i.e., one of the people.

<sup>2</sup> —— you are a better than the king.] i.e., a better man than the king.

<sup>3</sup> The king's a bawcock,] A burlesque term of endearment, supposed to be derived from *baw cog*.

<sup>4</sup> —— an imp of fame,] An *imp* is a young shoot, but means a son in Shakespeare. In this sense the word has become obsolete, and is now only understood as a small or inferior devil.

In *Holinshed*, p. 951, the last words of Lord Cromwell were preserved, who says:—" —— and after him, that his son, Edward, that godly man, may long reign over you."

*K. Hen.* Did not you wear your dagger in your side that day, lest he knock that about you?

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The ~~ago~~ for thee, then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you: Heaven be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd.

[Exit, R.H.]

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN, L.H., and crosses to R., and GOWER,  
U.N.B.H., following hastily.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* (R.C.) So I in the name of Heaven, speak lower.<sup>\*</sup> It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not known; if you would take the pains but to examine the ~~wise~~ of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble in Pompey's camp.

*Gow.* (L.C.) Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your owa conscience, now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN, R.H.*]

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter BATES and WILLIAMS, L.H.*

*Will.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

\* *Is cords]* i.e., it agrees.

\* *— speak lower.*] Shakespeare has here, as usual, followed Holinshed; "Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was first set in battle array, that no noise or clamor should ~~sound~~ in the host."

K. Hen. A friend, sir. [Comes down, 2.  
Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. (L.) He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. (Crosses to centre.) For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions:<sup>7</sup> therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. (o.) By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. (L.) Then 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks I cou'd not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.<sup>8</sup>

Will. (R.) That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if

<sup>7</sup> — conditions:] i.e., qualities. The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him, and, when he feels fear, it is like the fear of meaner mortals.—JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.] In his address to the army, King Henry called upon them all to remember the just cause and quarrel for which they fought.—HOLINshed.

the more he wrongs, our obedience to the king wipes the sin out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off i' the battle, shall join together at the latter day,<sup>10</sup> and cry—We died at such place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe;<sup>11</sup> some, upon their children rawly left.<sup>12</sup> I fear'd there are few did well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandising, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea; the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

Bast. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be remissed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: But, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his

<sup>10</sup> ——— the latter day,] i.e., the last day, the day of Judgment. Shakespeare frequently uses the comparative for the superlative.

<sup>11</sup> ——— their children rawly left,] i.e., left young and helpless.

Will. That's a pretty ~~after~~<sup>out</sup> of an old gun; that I poor and private displeas. I can do against a man! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feathers. You'll never break my word after I come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round<sup>11</sup>. I will be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me my gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, This is my glove, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: (*Crosses to WILLIAMS, R.*) we have French quarrels enough; if you could tell how to reckon. [Exeunt Soldiers, R.R.

K. Hen. Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,

Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all.

O hard condition, twin-born with greatness,

Subjected to the breath of every fool.

What infinite heart's ease must king's neglect,

That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form;  
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being feared  
Than they're fearing.

<sup>11</sup>—too round:] i. e., too rough, too unceremonious.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of meage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery ! O, be sick, great greatness,  
And tell thy credulity [tis the case] !  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it ? No, that proud dream.  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose :  
I am a king that find thee; and I know,  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant within,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distasteful bread ;  
And but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

*Enter ERPINGHAM, R.H.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
Collect them all together at my tent :  
I'll be before thee. [*Gives back the Cloak to ERPINGHAM.*

*Erp.* I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit, R.H.*

*K. Hen.* O God of battles ! steel my soldier's hearts ;

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now

The sense of reckoning, lest the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them ! — Not to-day, O Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown !

I Richard's body have interred new ; (c)

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,

Than from it issu'd forsworn drops of blood :

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood :

More will I do —

[*Trumpet sounds without, R.*

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exit, R.H.*

## SCENE II.—THE FRENCH CAMP—SUNRISE.

*Florent of trumpets.**Enter DAUPHIN, GRANDYAL, RAMBURES,<sup>13</sup> and CHARENT.**Dau.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords! My horse! varlet! *I do quay!* ha! [Servants sound hastily.*Grand.* O brave spirit!*Dau.* Cousin Orleans,*Enter CONSTABLE, L.H.**Now, my lord Constable!**Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,And dout them<sup>12</sup> with superfluous courage. Ha!*Con.* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood? How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?*Enter MONTJOY, R.H.**Mont.* The English are embattled, you French peers.*[Exit R.H.]**Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse! Do but behold yon poor and starved band.

There is not work enough for all our hands;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins, To give each naked curtle-ax a stain.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, That our superfluous lackeys, are enough To purge this field of such a hilding foe.<sup>14</sup>

A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound:

For our approach shall so much daur the field,

That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter ORLEANS, (D) hastily, R.H.**Orl.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?<sup>13</sup> *Rambures.*] The Lord of Rambures was commander of the cross-bows in the French army at Agincourt.<sup>14</sup> *And dout them.*] *Dout*, is a word still used in Warwickshire, and signifies to do out, or extinguish.<sup>14</sup> — *a hilding foe.*] *Hilding*, or *hinderling*, is a low wretch.

You island carions,<sup>15</sup> droppings of their bones,  
Ill-fav'ry because the world is dead :  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,<sup>16</sup>  
And our air shakes them mournfully :  
Big Mars seems barding in their hoggar'd heat,  
And their executors, that knavish crew,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself to words  
To démonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

Con. On, to the field !  
Come, come, away !  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt, R.H.  
*Flourish of trumpets.*

### SCENE III.—THE ENGLISH POSITION AT AGINCOURT.

*The English Army drawn up for battle ; (E) GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, EPPINGHAM, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. (E.C.) Where is the king ?

Bed. (L.C.) The king himself is rode to view their battle.<sup>17</sup>

West. (L.) Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. (L.C.) There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Erp. It is fearful odds.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,— [Crosses to L.  
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—  
Warriors all, adieu ! [Crosses back to R.

<sup>15</sup> *You island carions,*] This description of the English is founded on the melancholy account given by our historians of Henry's army, immediately before the battle of Agincourt.

<sup>16</sup> *Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,*] By their ragged curtains, are meant their colours.

<sup>17</sup> *The king himself is rode to view their battle.*] The king is reported to have dismounted before the battle commenced, and to have fought on foot.

*West.* O that we now had there  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day ! (F.)

*Enter KING HENRY, Attended. (S) U.E.L.H.*

*K. Hen. (c.)* What's he that wishes so ?  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin :  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian : (H)  
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,<sup>18</sup>  
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian .  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say, those wounds I had on Crisp n's day.  
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember *with advantages*<sup>19</sup>  
What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glester,—(r)  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by.

<sup>18</sup> —— on the *vigil feast his friends,*] i. e., the evening before the festival.

<sup>19</sup> —— *with advantages,*] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times.—JOHNSON.

## KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

[ACT IV.]

From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be rememb'red.  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:<sup>20</sup>  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accura'd they were not here;  
And hold their manhoods cheap whilst any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Enter GOWER, hastily, U.E.L.H.*

*Gow. (B.C.)* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:  
The French are bravely in their battles set,<sup>21</sup>  
And will with all expedience charge on us.

*K. Hen. (C.)* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from England,  
cousin?

*West. (L.)* Would you and I alone, my liege,  
Without more help, might fight this battle out!

*Trumpet sounds without, L.H.*

*Enter MONTJOY, and attendants, U.E.L.H.*

*Mont. (uncovers and kneels.)* Once more I come to know  
of thee, King Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy mest assured overthrow.

<sup>20</sup> *From this day to the ending]* It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history.—JOHNSON.

<sup>21</sup> —— *gentle his condition:]* This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms,<sup>22</sup> except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and publick meetings.—TOLLET.

<sup>22</sup> —— *bravely in their battles set.]* Bravely, for gallantly.

*K. Hen.* (c.) Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back :  
Bid them achieve me,<sup>23</sup> and then sell my bones.  
Good Heaven ! Why should they mock poor fellows thus ?  
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
Let me speak proudly :—Tell the Constable,  
We are but warriors for the working-day:<sup>24</sup>  
Our gayness and our guilt<sup>25</sup> are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field,  
And time hath worn us into slovenry.  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;  
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service.  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. (*Rises from his Knee.*) And so, fare thee well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exit with Attendants, U. E. L. H.*

*K. Hen.* Advance banners. Now, soldiers, march away :—

And how thou pleasest, Heaven, dispose the day ! (x)

*Trumpet March.* [*Exeunt L.H.*

#### SCENE IV.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

*Alarums.* Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and Others, hastily, and in confusion, L.H.

<sup>23</sup> Bid them achieve me,] i. e., gain, or obtain me.

<sup>24</sup> — warriors for the working-day:] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed ; we have not on our holiday apparel.

<sup>25</sup> — our guilt] i.e., golden show, superficial gilding. The word is obsolete.

Dow. (c.) All is confounded, all !  
Reproach and everlasting shame,  
Sits mocking in our plumes.

[Alarums, &amp;c.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.  
Dau. O perdurable shame!<sup>26</sup>—let's stab ourselves.  
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?  
Orl. (L.C.) Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?  
Dau. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!  
Let us die in honor: Once more back again.  
Con. (c.) Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!...  
Let us in heaps go offer up our lives  
Unto these English, or else die with fame.  
Dau. (R.C.) We are enough, yet living in the field,  
To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.  
Con. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:  
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

Alarums.

[Exeunt L.H.]

### SCENE V.—THE FIELD OF AGINCOURT AFTER THE BATTLE.

[The bodies of the DUKE OF YORK (L) and EARL OF SUFFOLK are borne across the stage by soldiers.

*Trumpets sound.*

Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English forces; WARWICK, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others, L.H.

K. Hen. (c.) I was not angry since I came to France,  
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: (x)  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field;<sup>27</sup> they do offend our sight:  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;

<sup>26</sup> O perdurable shame!] *Perdurabile* is lasting.

<sup>27</sup> Or void the field,] i. e., avoid, withdraw from the field.

And make them skirr away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian wings.

*K. Hen.* Go, and tell them so. [Exit Herald with Trumpeter, R.H.

*Eze.* The Duke of York commands him to your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,  
I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Eze.* In which array, (brave soldier), did he lie,  
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,  
(Yoke fellow to his honour-owing wounds),  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lay.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the hand; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud:—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:*  
*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast:*  
*As in this glorious and well-foughten field,*  
*We keep together in our chivalry!*

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,<sup>20</sup>  
And with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear, my lord,*

*Commend my service to my sovereign*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-nding love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

[Re-enter ENGLISH HERALD and Trumpeter, R.H.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not:  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With yonstful eyes, or they will issue too.

[Trumpet without, R.

<sup>20</sup>—caught me his hand,] Caught is the old pretense of the verb to reach.

*Aud.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.  
*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they w'd to be.

*Enter Montjoy (n) and attendants, R.H. Montjoy uncovers and kneels.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald?  
 Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.* No, great king:  
 I come to thee for charitable licence,  
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field  
 To book our dead, and then to bury them;  
 To sort our nobles from our common men,  
 For many of our princes (woe the while!)  
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;  
 (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
 In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds  
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage  
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,  
 To view the field in safety, and dispose  
 Of their dead bodies!

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
 I know not if the day be ours or no;  
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer  
 And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be Heaven, and not our strength, for it!—  
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it—Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,  
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

[*Loud flourish of Trumpets, and shouts of the soldiers.* Montjoy rises from his knee, and stands R.]

*Flu.* (L.) Your great grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* (o.) They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true; if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshman did goot service in a

garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;<sup>29</sup> which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour;  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that: Heaven bless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Heaven, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* Heaven keep me so!—Our herald go with him: Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—[*Eustace Montjoy and attendants, with English Herald, R.H.*  
Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams, who is standing in the ranks up the stage, L.*

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* (c.) Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* (kneels R.) An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

[*Rises from his knee.*

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

<sup>29</sup> —— Monmouth caps;] Monmouth caps were formerly much worn, and Fuller, in his "Worthies of Wales," says the best caps were formerly made at Monmouth.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* (l.) He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,<sup>20</sup> quite from the answer of his degree.<sup>21</sup>

*Flu.* Though he be as good a gentleman as the town is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge with literature in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege.

[Exit, R.H.]

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, (o) I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my ent.

*Flu.* (l.) I will fetch him. [Crosses to R., and exit R.H.]

*K. Hen.* (l.c.) My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloucester, [Both advance to the KING.]

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

<sup>20</sup> —— great sort,] High rank.

<sup>21</sup> —— quite from the answer of his degree,] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree.

The glove which I have given him for a favour  
 May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;  
 It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should  
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

[WARWICK crosses to R.

If that the soldier strike him (as, I judge,  
 By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)  
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it;  
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,  
 And, touch'd with choleric, hot as gunpowder,  
 And quickly will return an injury:  
 Follow, (GLOSTER crosses to R.) and see there be no harm  
 between them.—

[WARWICK and GLOSTER cross to R.H.

Go you with me, Uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt Omnes, R.H.

*Trumpets sound.*

## SCENE VI.—BEFORE KING HENRY'S PAVILION.

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS, R.H.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN, R.H.*

*Flu.* Heaven's will and pleasure, captain, I beseech you  
 now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward  
 you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* (a.) Know the glove! I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* (n.c.) I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal  
 'orld, or in France, or in England!

*Goso.* (l.c.) How now, sir! you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsown?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his  
 payment in plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his  
 majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the duke  
 Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER, (P) R.H.*

*Glos.* (*crosses to c.*) How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Gloster, here is (praised be Heaven for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, and others, U.E.L.H.*

*K. Hen.* (*coming down centre.*) How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* (*L.H.*) My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* (*R.C.*) My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met the man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood) what an aillant, rascally, beggarly, knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

{ *WILLIAMS falls on his knee.*

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offence, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man: witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—(WILLIAMS rises.) Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns :—  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

[The KING goes up the stage with EXETER,  
BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you ; and I pray you to serve Heaven, and keep you out of praws, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will ; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : Come, wherefore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so goot : 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

[Exit WILLIAMS, R.H.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, R.H.

*K. Hen.* (coming down c.) Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

[HERALD uncovers, kneels, and delivers papers.  
The KING gives one paper to EXETER.

*K. Hen.* (c.) What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

*Exe.* (l.c.) Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ; John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt : Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* (c.) This note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six : added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :<sup>as</sup> So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

<sup>as</sup> Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :] In ancient times, the distribution of this honor appears to have been customary on the eve of a battle.

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:<sup>23</sup>  
 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,  
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!—(a)  
 What is the number of our English dead?

*Eas.* (l.c.) Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire:  
 None else of name; and of all other men  
 But five and twenty.

*K. Hen.* O Heaven, thy arm was here;  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
 Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss  
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, Heaven,  
 For it is only thine!

[*Returns papers to Herald, who rises and stands l.*

*Eas.* 'Tis wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village:  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host  
 To boast of this, or take that praise from Heaven  
 Which is his only.

*Flo.* (n.c.) Is it not lawful, and please your majesty, to tell  
 How many is killed?

*K. Hen.* (up the stage c.) Yes, captain; but with this  
 Acknowledgment,  
 That Heaven fought for us.

*Flo.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites: (n)

[*The curtains of the Royal Pavilion are drawn aside, and discover an Altar and Priests.*

Let these be sung *Nun nobis et Te Deum*;  
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay:  
 We'll then to Calais; and to England then;  
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Organ music; all kneel, and join in Song of Thanksgiving.*

END OF ACT FOUR.

<sup>23</sup> Sixteen hundred mercenaries; i.e., common soldiers, hired soldiers.

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HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FOURTH.

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(A) *The English Camp at Agincourt.*] The French were about a quarter of a mile from them at Agincourt and Ruiuanville, and both armies proceeded to light their fires, and to make the usual arrangements for a bivouac. The night was very rainy, and much inconvenience is said to have been experienced in each camp from wet and cold, accompanied, among the English, by hunger and fatigue. It was passed in a manner strictly consistent with their relative situations. The French, confident in their numbers, occupied the hours not appropriated to sleep in calculating upon their success; and in full security of a complete victory, played at dice with each other for the disposal of their prisoners, an archer being valued at a blank, and the more important persons in proportion; whilst the English were engaged in preparing their weapons, and in the most solemn acts of religion. \* \* \* \* The Chronicler in the text states, that from the great stillness which prevailed throughout the English camp, the enemy imagined they were panic-struck, and intended to decamp. Monstrelet relates that the English "were much fatigued and oppressed by cold, hunger, and other annoyances; that they made their peace with God, by confessing their sins with tears, and numbers of them taking the sacrament; for, as it was related by some prisoners, they looked for certain death on the morrow."

(B) *Sir Thomas Epingham.*] Sir Thomas Epingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. In Henry the Fifth's time Sir Thomas was warden of Dover Castle, and at the battle of Agincourt, was commander of the Archers. This venerable knight is described by Monstrelet to have grown grey with age and honour; and when orders were given for the English army to march toward the enemy, by Henry crying aloud, "Advance banners," Sir Thomas threw his truncheon in the air as a signal to the whole field, exclaiming, "Now strike;" and loud and repeated shouts testified the readiness with which they obeyed the command.

(C) *I Richard's body has interred now;*] Henry was anxious not only to repair his own misconduct, but also to make amends for

those inquiries into which policy or the necessity of ambition had betrayed his father. He expressed the deepest sorrow for the fate of the unhappy Richard, did justice to the memory of that unfortunate prince, even performed his funeral obsequies with pomp and solemnity, and cherished all those who had distinguished themselves by their loyalty and attachment towards him.—*Hume's History of England*.

(D) *Enter Orleans.*] Charles Duke of Orleans was wounded and taken prisoner at Agincourt. Henry refused all ransom for him, and he remained in captivity twenty-three years.

This prince was a celebrated poet, and some of his most beautiful verses were composed during his confinement in the Tower of London. He married Isabella of Valois, daughter of Charles VI. and Isabeau of Bavaria, eldest sister to the Princess Katharine, Queen of Henry V.

Isabella was the widow of our Richard the Second, when she married the Duke of Orleans.

After the victory of Agincourt, the following anecdote is related by Remi:—"During their journey to Calais, at a place where they rested, Henry caused bread and wine to be brought to him, which he sent to the Duke of Orleans; but the French Prince would neither eat nor drink. This being reported to the King, he imagined that it arose from dissatisfaction, and, therefore, went to the duke. 'Noble cousin,' said Henry, 'how are you?' 'Well, my lord,' answered the duke. 'Why, then, is it,' added the King, 'that you will neither eat nor drink?' To which Orleans replied, 'that truly he had no inclination for food.' 'Noble cousin,' rejoined Henry, 'be of good heart. I know that God gave me the victory over the French, not that I deserved it, but I fully believe that he wished to punish them, and if what I have heard is true, it is not to be wondered at, for never were there greater disorders, sensuality, sins, and vices seen than now prevail in France; which it is horrible to hear described, and if God is provoked, it is not a subject of surprise, and no one can be astonished.' Many more conversations are said to have passed between the King and the Duke of Orleans, and the commissation and courtesy of the former to his prisoners is mentioned by every writer in terms of just praise."

(E) *The English army, draws up for battle,*] The victory gained at Agincourt, in the year 1415, is, in a great measure, ascribed to the English Archers, and that there might be no want of arrows, Henry V. ordered the sheriffs of several counties to procure feathers from the wings of geese, plucking six from each goose. An archer of this time was clad in a cuirass, or a hauberk of chain-mail, with a salade on his head, which was a kind of basinet. Every man had a good bow, a sheaf of arrows, and a sword. Fabian describes the archer's dress at the battle of Agincourt. "The yeomen had their limbs at liberty, for their jackets were fastened with one point, and their jackets were easy to:

in, so that they might draw bows of great strength, and shoot arrows a yard long. Some are described as without bows or caps, others with caps of boiled leather, or wicker work, crossed over with iron; some without shoes, and all in a very dilapidated condition. Each bore on his shoulder a long stake, sharpened at both extremities, which he was instructed to fix obliquely before him in the ground, and thus oppose a rampart of pikes to the charge of the French Cavalry.

(v) *O that we now had here*

*But one ten thousand of those men in England*

*That do no work to day!* A certain lord, Walter Hungerford, knight, was regretting in the king's presence that he had not, in addition to the small retinue which he had there, ten thousand of the best English Archers, who would be desirous of being with him; when the King said, Thou speakest foolishly, for, by the God of Heaven, on whose grace I have relied, and in whom I have a firm hope of victory, I would not, even if I could, increase my number by one; for those whom I have are the people of God, whom He thinks me worthy to have at this time. Doest thou not believe the Almighty, with these his humble few, is able to conquer the haughty opposition of the French, who pride themselves on their numbers, and their own strength, as if it might be said they would do as they liked? And in my opinion, God, of his true justice, would not bring any disaster upon one of so great confidence, as neither fell out to Judas Maccabeus until he became distrustful, and thence deservedly fell into ruin.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

(c) *Enter King Henry, attended.*] Henry rose with the earliest dawn, and immediately heard three masses. He was habited in his "cote d'armes," containing the arms of France and England quarterly, and wore on his basinet a very rich crown of gold and jewels, circled like an imperial crown, that is, arched over. The earliest instance of an arched crown worn by an English monarch.—*Vide Planche's History of British Costume.*

King Henry had at Agincourt for his person five banners; that is, the banner of the Trinity, the banner of St. George, the banner of St. Edward, the banner of St. Edmund, and the banner of his own arms. "When the King of England had drawn up his order of battle he made a fine address to his troops, exhorting them to act well; saying, that he was come into France to recover his lawful inheritance, and that he had good and just cause to claim it; that in that quarrel they might freely and surely fight; that they should remember that they were born in the kingdom where their fathers and mothers, wives and children, now dwelt, and therefore they ought to strive to return there with great glory and fame; that the kings of England, his predecessors, had gained many noble battles and successes over the French; that on that day every one should endeavour to preserve his own person and the honor of the crown of the King of England." He more

told them that the French boasted they would draw three arrows from the right hand of every soldier they should take, so that their shot should never miss their heroes. Henry cried out loudly, saying, "Now we prove God give you a good hit, and the victory over your enemies." — *Norden's History of Agincourt*.

The banner of the Oriflammes would have unshamed by the French for the last time at Agincourt.

(x) *The feast of Crispian.*] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon, the 25th of October, 1415, St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, is as follows:—"Crispianus and Crispinus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; but the Governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints." — See Hall's *Chronicle*.

(xi) *Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester.*] Although Shakespeare has adhered very closely to history in many parts of Henry V., he has deviated very much from it in the *Dynastic Personae*. He makes the Duke of Bedford accompany Henry to Harfleur and Agincourt when he was Regent of England. The Earl of Exeter, or, more properly speaking, the Earl of Dorset, was left to command Harfleur; the Earl of Westmoreland, so far from quitting England, was appointed to defend the marches of Scotland, nor does it appear that the Earl of Salisbury was either at Harfleur or Agincourt. The Earl of Worcester had returned to England ill from Harfleur. The characters introduced in the play who really were at Agincourt, are the Dukes of Gloucester and York, and Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Molinius states that the English army consisted of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse and 40,000 infantry—in all, 100,000. Walsingham and Hardinge represent the English as but 9,000, and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7,000. The battle lasted only three hours.

(xii) *How thou pleasest, Heaven, dispose the day.*] At the battle of Agincourt, having chosen a convenient spot on which to martial his men, the king sent privately two hundred archers into a low meadow, which was on one of his flanks, where they were so well secured by a deep ditch and a marsh, that the enemy could not come near them. Then he divided his infantry into three squadrons, or battles; the van-wards, or avant-guard, composed entirely of archers; the middle-wards, of bill-men only; and the rare-

\* Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He did not obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

wings of bill-men and archers mixed together; the bowmen, as wings, kept on the flanks of each of the battles. He also caused stakes to be made of wood about five or six feet long, headed with sharp iron; these were fixed in the ground, and the archers so placed before them that they were entirely hid from the sight of the enemy. When, therefore, the heavy cavalry of the French charged, which was done with the utmost impetuosity, under the idea of cutting down and riding over the archers, they shrunk at once behind the stakes, and the Frenchmen, unable to stop their horses, rode full upon them, so that they overthrew their riders, and caused the utmost confusion. The infantry, who were to follow up and support this charge, were so struck with amazement that they hesitated, and by this were lost, for during the panic the English archers threw back their bows, and with axes, bills, glaives, and swords, slew the French, till they met the middle-wards. The king himself, according to Speed, rode in the main battle completely armed, his shield quartering the achievements of France and England; upon his helm he wore a coronet encircled with pearls and precious stones, and after the victory, although it had been cut and bruised, he would not suffer it to be ostentatiously exhibited to the people, but ordered all his men to give the glory to God alone. His horse was one of fierce courage, and had a bridle and furniture of goldsmiths' work, and the caparisons were most richly embroidered with the victorious ensigns of the English monarchy. Thus is he represented on his great seal, with the substitution of a knight's cap, and the crest, for the chaplet. Elmham's account, from which this is amplified, is more particular in some of the details; he relates, that the king appeared on a palfrey, followed by a train of led horses, ornamented with the most gorgeous trappings; his helmet was of polished steel, surmounted with a coronet sparkling with jewels, and on his surcoat, or rather jupon, were emblazoned the arms of France and England, azure, three fleurs-de-lis or, and gules, three lion's passant guardant or. The nobles, in like manner, were decorated with their proper armorial bearings. Before him was borne the royal standard, which was ornamented with gold and splendid colours. An account of the memorable battle of Azincourt, or Agincourt, fought on the 26th of October, 1415, is thus related by Mr. Turner:—"At dawn the King of England had mastiffs and the mass chaunted in his army. He stationed all the horses and baggage in the village, under such small guard as he could spare, having resolved to fight the battle on foot. He sagaciously perceived that his only chance of victory rested in the superiority of the personal fortitude and activity of his countrymen, and to bring them face to face, and arm to arm, with their opponents, was the simple object of his tactical dispositions. He formed his troops into three divisions, with two wings. The centre, in which he stationed himself, he planted to act against the main body of the French, and he placed the right and left divisions, with their wings, at a small distance only from himself. He so chose his ground that the village protected his rear, and hedges and briars

defended his flanks. Determined to shun no danger, but to be a conspicuous example to his troops on that day when no individual exertions could be spared, he put on a neat and shining armor, with a large and brilliant helmet; and on this he placed a crown, radiant with its jewels, and he put over him a tunic adorned with the arms of France and England. He mounted his horse, and proceeded to address his troops. The French were commanded by the Constable of France, and with him were the Dukes of Orleans, Burgundy, Berry, and Alençon, the Marshal and Admiral of France, and a great assemblage of French nobility. Their force was divided into three great battalions, and continued formed till ten o'clock, not advancing to the attack. They were so numerous as to be able to draw up thirty deep, the English but four. A thousand speared horsemen skirmished from each of the horns of the enemy's line, and it appeared crowded with balistes for the projection of stones of all sizes on Henry's little army. Henry sent a part of his force behind the village of Agincourt, where the French had placed no men at arms. He moved from the rear of his army, unperceived, two hundred archers, to hide themselves in a meadow on the flank of the French advanced line. An old and experienced knight, Sir Thomas Erpingham, formed the rest into battle array for an attack, putting the archers in front, and the men at arms behind. The archers had each a sharp stake-pointed at both ends, to use against the French horse. Sir Thomas having completed his formation, threw up his truncheon in the air, and dismounted. The English began the attack, which the French had awaited, not choosing to give the advantage as at Poictiers; but when they saw them advance, they put themselves in motion, and their cavalry charged; these were destroyed by the English archers. The French, frightened by the effect of the arrows, bent their heads to prevent them from entering the visors of their helmets, and, pressing forward, became so wedged together as to be unable to strike. The archers threw back their bows, and, grasping their swords, battle-axes, and other weapons, cut their way to the second line. At this period the ambushed archers rushed out, and poured their impetuous and irresistible arrows into the centre of the assailed force, which fell in like manner with the first line. In short, every part successively gave way, and the English had only to kill and take prisoners."

(1) The Duke of York commanded the van guard of the English army, and was slain in the battle.

This personage is the same who appears in Shakespeare's play of King Richard the Second by the title of Duke of Aumerle. His christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son of Edmund Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the same play, and who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward, Duke of York.

(2) *Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:*] After the battle,

"There were small bodies of the French on different parts of the plain, but they were soon routed, slain, or taken."

(N) Enter Montjoye.] He (the king) asked Montjoye to whom the victory belonged, to him or to the King of France? Montjoye replied that the victory was his, and could not be claimed by the King of France. The King said to the French and English heralds, "It is not we who have made this great slaughter, but the omnipotent God, as we believe, for a punishment of the sins of the French." The king then asked the name of the castle he saw near him. He was told it was Agincourt. Well, then, said he, since all battles should bear the name of the fortresses nearest to the spot where they were fought, this battle shall from henceforth bear the ever durable name of Agincourt."—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt*

(o) When Alençon and myself were down together.] During the battle, the Duke of Alençon most valiantly broke through the English line, and advanced, fighting, near to the King, insomuch that he wounded and struck down the Duke of York. King Henry, seeing this, stepped forth to his aid, and as he was leaning down to raise him, the Duke of Alençon gave him a blow on the helmet that struck off part of his crown. The king's guard on this surrounded him, when, seeing he could no way escape death but by surrendering, he lifted up his arm, and said to the king, "I am the Duke of Alençon, and yield myself to you;" but as the king was holding out his hand to receive his pledge, he was put to death by the guards.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt*.

(p) Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.] The noble Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, pushing himself too vigorously on his horse into the conflict, was grievously wounded, and cast down to the earth by the blows of the French, for whose protection the king being interested, he bravely leapt against his enemies in defence of his brother, defended him with his own body, and plucked and guarded him from the raging malice of the enemy's, sustaining perils of war scarcely possible to be borne.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt*.

(q) Here was a royal fellowship of death!—] There is not much difficulty in forming a correct estimate of the numbers of the French slain at Agincourt, for if those writers who only state that from three to five thousand were killed, merely meant the men-at-arms and persons of superior rank, and which is exceedingly probable, we may at once adopt the calculation of Monstrelet, Elmham, &c., and estimate the whole loss on the field at from ten to eleven thousand men. It is worthy of remark how very nearly the different statements on the subject approach to each other, and which can only be explained by the fact that the dead had been carefully numbered.

Among the most illustrious persons slain were the Dukes of Brabant, Barre, and Alençon, five counts, and a still greater proportion of distinguished knights; and the Duke of Orléans, the Count of Vendôme, who was taken by Sir John Cornwall,

the Marshall Boucicault, and numerous other individuals of distinction, whose names are minutely recorded by Monstrelet, were made prisoners. The loss of the English army has been variously estimated. The discrepancies respecting the number slain on the part of the victors, form a striking contrast to the accuracy of the account of the loss of their enemies. The English writers vary in their statements from seventeen to one hundred, whilst the French chroniclers assert that from three hundred to sixteen hundred individuals fell on that occasion. St. Remy and Monstrelet assert that sixteen hundred were slain.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

(a) *Do we all holy rites:*] Holinshed says, that when the king saw no appearance of enemies, he caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chaplains to sing this psalm—*In exitu Israel de Egypto*, and commanding every man to kneel down on the ground at this verse—*Non nobis domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. which, done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving ~~not~~ and praise to God and not boasting of his own force, or any human power.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
 That I may prompt them.  
 Now we bear the king  
 Towards Calais : grant him there ; there seen,  
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,  
 Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>1</sup> 'fore the king  
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;  
 And solemnly, see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath.  
 How London doth pour out her citizens !  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.  
 Now in London place him. There must we bring him ;  
 Show the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France.

[Exit.

<sup>1</sup> —— *a mighty whiffler*] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of publick solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *hussier*. — HANMER.

## HISTORICAL EPISODE.

## OLD LONDON BRIDGE

FROM THE SURREY SIDE OF THE RIVER.

RECEPTION OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH  
ON ENTERING LONDON,  
AFTER THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.\*

\* Extracts of King Henry's reception into London from the anonymous Chronicler, who was an eye-witness of the events he describes :—

" And when the wished-for Saturday dawned, the citizens went forth to meet the king. \* \* \* \* viz., the Mayor† and Aldermen in scarlet, and the rest of the inferior citizens in red suits, with party-coloured hoods, red and white. \* \* \* When they had come to the Tower at the approach to the bridge, as it were at the entrance to the authorities to the city. \* \* \* Banners of the Royal arms adorned the Tower, elevated on its turrets; and trumpets, clarions, and horns, sounded in various melody; and in front there was this elegant and suitable inscription upon the wall, ' Civitas Regis justicie'—('The city to the King's righteousness.') \* \* \* \* And behind the Tower were innumerable boys, representing angels, arrayed in white, and with countenances shining with gold, and glittering wings, and virgin locks set with precious sprigs of laurel, who, at the King's approach, sang with melodious voices, and with organs, an English anthem.

\* \* \* \* \* " A company of Prophets, of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, with their heads covered and wrapped

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† The Lord Mayor of London, A.D. 1415, was Nicholas Wotton.

EPISODE.] KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

in gold and crimson, sang with sweet harmony, by  
ground, a psalm of thanksgiving.

"Beneath the covering were the twelve kings, ~~messengers~~ and  
confessors of the succession of England, their loins girded with  
golden girdles, sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads,  
who chaunted with one accord at the King's approach in a sweet  
tune.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"And they sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed  
with wafers, equally thin and round. And there proceeded out  
to meet the King a chorus of most beautiful virgin girls, elegantly  
attired in white, singing with timbrel and dance; and then innume-  
rable boys, as it were an angelic multitude, decked with cele-  
stial gracefulness, white apparel, shining feathers, virgin locks,  
studded with gems and other resplendent and most elegant array,  
who sent forth upon the head of the King passing beneath mines  
of gold, with bows of laurel; round about angels shone with  
celestial gracefulness, chaunting sweetly, and with all sorts of  
music.

"And besides the pressure in the standing places, and of men  
crowding through the streets, and the multitude of both sexes  
along the way from the bridge, from one end to the other, that  
scarcely the horsemen could ride through them. A greater as-  
sembly, or a nobler spectacle, was not recollect'd to have been  
ever before in London."

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—FRANCE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD  
OF TROYES.

*Enter Fluellen and Gower, L.H.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; but why wear you ~~your~~ <sup>my</sup> day? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, prating knave, Pistol,—he is come to me, and brings me bread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so bold as to wear ~~is in~~ my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell ~~him~~ a little piece of my deshes.

*Enter Pistol, R.H.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.—Heaven bless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Heaven bless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?<sup>1</sup>

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek. [Crosses to L.H.]

*Flu.* I peseach you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* (crosses to R.H.) Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

<sup>1</sup> To have me fold up, &c.] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death.

*Flu.* There is one goot for you. [Strikes him.  
Will you be se goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Heaven's will is: I will desire you to live, in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. (Striking him again.) You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree.<sup>2</sup> I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain: you have astonished him.<sup>3</sup>

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for you.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and eke I swear—

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, thow none away, the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them, that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat!

*Flu.* Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels. Heaven be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

*Pist.* (crosses to L.H.) All hell shall stir for this.

[Crosses to R.H.]

<sup>2</sup> — a squire of low degree.] That is, I will bring thee to the ground.

<sup>3</sup> — astonished him.] That is, you have stunned him with the blow.

*Gloz.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave! Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleaning<sup>4</sup> and galling<sup>5</sup> at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.<sup>6</sup> Fare ye well. [Exit, L.H.]

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the huswife<sup>7</sup> with me now? Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. To England will I steal: And patches will I get unto these scars, And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit, R.H.]

## SCENE II.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT TROYES IN CHAMPAGNE.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter, at one door, U.E.L.H., KING HENRY, (A) BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WABWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, U.E.R.H., the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, (B) Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train. The two parties, French and English, are divided by barriers.

*K. Hen.* (L.c.) Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.<sup>8</sup>

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,

<sup>4</sup> —— *gleeking*, i.e., scoffing, sneering. *Gleck* was a game at cards.

<sup>5</sup> —— *English condition.*] Condition is temper, disposition of mind.

<sup>6</sup> *Doth fortune play the huswife?*] That is, the *jilt*.

<sup>7</sup> The dresses of Queen Isabella, her ladies, and the Princess Katharine, were taken from Montfaucon Monarchie Françoise

<sup>8</sup> —— *wherefore we are met?*] i.e., Peace, for which we are here met, to this meeting.

Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine;  
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd.)  
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all;

[*All the French party bow to King Henry.*

*Fr. King.* (s.c.) Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* (s. of F. King.) So happy be the issue, brother  
England,

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:<sup>1</sup>  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

[*All the English party bow to Queen Isabella.*

*Bur.* (s.) My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England!  
Let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub or what impediment there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;  
Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

<sup>1</sup> *The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.*] It was anciently supposed that this serpent could destroy the object of its vengeance by merely looking at it.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursory eye  
O'er-glanc'd the articles : 'present' your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.<sup>15</sup>

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Bedford,—and you, brother Gloster,—  
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king ;  
And take with you free power, to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, at your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
And we'll consign thereto.—[*Barriers removed. The English*

*Lords, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, WARWICK,  
and HUNTINGDON, cross to the KING OF FRANCE,  
and exount afterwards with him.*

Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them :  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us :  
She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the fore rānk of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave. [*Trumpets sound.*  
[*Exeunt all through gates, L.E.B. and L., but  
HENRY, KATHARINE, and her Gentlewomen.*

*K. Hen. (L.C.)* Fair Katharine, and most fair !  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

*Kath. (R.C.)* Votre majesté shall mock at me ; I cannot  
speak vptre Anglais.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly  
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it  
brokēnly with your English tongue. Do you like me,  
Kate ?

<sup>15</sup> —— we will, suddenly,

Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.] i.e., our answer shall be  
such as to leave no room for further questioning in the matter.  
" We will peremptorily make answer.

*Kath.* Pardon me, I cannot tell what is—like me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

*Kath.* Que dit-il? que je suis semblable aux anges?

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I durst not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

*K. Hen.* What say you, fair one?

*Kath.* Dat de langues of da mens is the full of deceipts.

*K. Hen.* I faith, Kate. I knew no ways to make it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

*Kath.* Me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging, be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. But, before Heaven, I cannot look greenly,<sup>11</sup> nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only doweright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-buring, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true, but—for thy love, by the lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;<sup>12</sup> for a good leg will fall;<sup>13</sup> a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart,

<sup>11</sup> —— *look greenly,*] i. e., like a young lover, awkwardly.

<sup>12</sup> —— *take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;*] *Un-coined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unshifted and unshaken.*

<sup>13</sup> —— *a good leg will fall,*] i. e., shrink—fall away.

## KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

[ACT V.]

*Kate.* Is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Est il possible dat I should love de enemy de la France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, *Kate*: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* Vat is dat?

*K. Hen.* *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much Engli; Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to hear those parts in me that you love with your heart. If ever thou be'st mine, *Kate*, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) shall there not be a boy compounded between Saint Dennis and Saint George, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople<sup>16</sup> and take the Turk by the beard? shall he not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse*?

*Kath.* Votre majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceive *la plus sage demoiselle* dat is en France.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, *Kate*: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and un-

<sup>16</sup> —— shall go to Constantinople] Shakespeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry the Fifth had been dead thirty-one years.

tempting effect of my visage. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick, for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please *le roi mon père*.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laisser, laisser.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* Dat is not be de fashion pour les dames de la France.

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs curst' by to great kings. We are the makers of manners, Kate; therefore, patiently, and yielding. (*Kisses her.*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. (*Trumpets sound.*) Here comes your father.

[*The centre gates are thrown open, and*

*Re-enter the FRENCH KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND. The other French and English Lords as before, U.E.R. and L.*

*Bur. (R.)* My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen. (C.)* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth;<sup>15</sup> so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* (l.c.) So please you.

*Exe.* The king hath granted every article:  
His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,  
According to their firm propos'd natures.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son;  
That the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*K. Hen.* Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness  
all,  
That ~~more~~ I take her as my sovereign queen.

[*The KING places a ring on KATHARINE's finger.*  
Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,  
My lord of Burgundy, ~~take~~ your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of ~~our~~ leagues.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate, ~~and~~ to me;  
And may our oaths well kept, and prosp'rous be! (o)

[*Flourish of Trumpets.* *Curtain descends.*

<sup>15</sup> —— my condition is not smooth;] i.e., manners, appearance.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIFTH.  
— — —

(A) *Enter KING HENRY,*] At this interview, which is described as taking place in the Church of Notre Dame, at Troyes, King Henry was attired in his armour, and accompanied by sixteen hundred warriors. Henry is related to have placed a ring of "inestimable value" on the finger of Katharine, "supposed to be the same worn by our English queen-consorts at their coronation," at the moment when he received the promise of the princess.

(B) *The PRINCESS KATHARINE,*] Katharine of Valois was the youngest child of Charles VI., King of France, and his Queen, Isabella of Bavaria. She was born in Paris, October 27th, 1401. Monstrelet relates, that on Trinity Sunday, June 3rd, the King of England wedded the lady Katharine in the church at Troyes, and that great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his princess, as if he had been king of the whole world. Katharine was crowned Queen of England February 24, 1421; and shortly after the death of her heroic husband, which event took place August 31st, 1422, the queen married a Welch gentleman of the name of Owen Tudor, by whom she had three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Edmund, married Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the house of Somerset. His half-brother, Henry VI., created him Earl of Richmond. He died before he reached twenty years of age, leaving an infant son, afterwards Henry VII., the first king of the Tudor line. Katharine died January 3rd, 1437, in the thirty-sixth year of her age, and was buried at Westminster Abbey.

(C) — *may our oaths well kept and prop'rous be;*] The principal articles of the treaty were, that Henry should espouse the Princess Catherine: That King Charles, during his life time, should enjoy the title and dignity of King of France: That Henry should be declared and acknowledged heir of the monarchy, and be entrusted with the present administration of the government: That that kingdom should pass to his heirs general: That France and England should for ever be united under one king; but should still retain their several usages, customs, and privileges: That all the princes, peers, vassals, and communities of France, should swear, that they would both adhere to the future succession of

Henry, and pay him present obedience as regent : That this prince should unite his arms to those of King Charles and the Duke of Burgundy, in order to subdue the adherents of Charles, the pretended dauphin ; and that these three princes should make no peace or truce with him but by common consent and agreement. Such was the tenour of this famous treaty ; a treaty which, as nothing but the most violent animosity could dictate it, so nothing but the power of the sword could carry it into execution. It is hard to say whether its consequences, had it taken effect, would have proved more pernicious to England or France. It must have reduced the former kingdom to the rank of a province : It would have entirely disjointed the succession of the latter, and have brought on the destruction of the royal family ; as the houses of Orleans, Anjou, Alençon, Britanny, Bourbon, and of Burgundy itself, whose titles were preferable to that of the English princes, would, on that account, have been exposed to perpetual jealousy and persecution from the sovereign. There was even a palpable deficiency in Henry's claim, which no art could palliate. For, besides the insuperable objections to which Edward the Third's pretensions were exposed, he was not heir to that monarch : If female succession were admitted, the right had devolved on the house of Mortimer : Allowing that Richard the Second was a tyrant, and that Henry the Fourth's merits in deposing him were so great towards the English, as to justify that nation in placing him on the throne, Richard had nowise offended France, and his rival had merited nothing of that kingdom : It could not possibly be pretended that the crown of France was become an appendage to that of England ; and that a prince who by any means got possession of the latter, was, without farther question, entitled to the former. So that, on the whole, it must be allowed that Henry's claim to France was, if possible, still more unintelligible than the title by which his father had mounted the throne of England.—*Hume's History of England.*